









**RACE INTERESTS**  
**KING GEORGE.**

**A WIFE**  
**TH MILLIONS**  
Catcher of Chicago  
in Portland, Or.  
Sole agent, Now Own  
Department Store.  
Solomon Neuberger,  
of Windy City.

**Frank Verbeck Victor.**

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**PANAMA-PACIFIC ROAD RACE: LOS ANGELES-SACRAMENTO**  
**ELAPSED TIME CHART.**

Rank	Car	Driver	Time
1	Cadillac	Soules	12:27:44
2	Ford	McKelvy	12:44:12
3	Buick	Nikrent	12:47:28
4	Overland	Morris	12:46:52
5	Stutz	Siefert	12:46:52
6	Mercer	Morris	12:44:48
7	Kaiser	Morris	12:16:56
8	Moon	Morris	12:37:49
9	...	...	...
10	...	...	...

for the supreme test is known only to themselves. Memento of a heroic struggle, they will bluster on the desert or not in the hills.  
**DESERT TAKES TOLL.**  
Of all the toll taken by the desert for the mad interruption of its dread silence, none was more cruel than that demanded of the racers. They had many times during the race. First at Elizabethtown, then at the wind, the steering arm of their machine broke. How they saved themselves from death as the car leaped and writhed in the sand they cannot say. They were too busy to remember. They walked back over the course for repair materials only to find back empty handed. But finally they managed to patch the splintered arm and went on, their lives hanging by a piece of rope with which they connected the broken rod.  
Though hours behind the lead they were not discouraged. They reached the desert, sped through the blinding sand clouds into the very heart of that arid stretch, far from the checking station and thirty miles from Bakersfield, then the steering gear broke again. It was past repairing. Hopefully they tried the gas oil machine and watched the dawn disappear before the sun. In an hour they were scorching. Their radiator was boiling. It could not be used. By 7 o'clock they could endure the heat no longer. They crawled beneath their machine, shedding all the clothing they could and waited for what? They did not know.  
A touring car crowd, containing a party which had witnessed the part of the mad race in the hills, passed. Davis shouted to them to send him back a steering rod and knuckle. They went on. The blistering sun, mercilessly beating down on them, leaving them not even the car's shadow, was driving them to distraction. A member of the auto parties who had passed the drivers called up a garage at Bakersfield and told the chauffeur on the desert road a steering gear. That was all. The garage didn't have one, couldn't get one elsewhere and not knowing the racers' plight, paid no more attention to it, until the Times scout car sped in to Bakersfield for help. Davis and Blair were on the desert twelve hours when finally rescued.  
**A CLOSE CALL.**  
Another gift of fortune was bestowed on Van Housen and W. W. Starr, two Los Angeles boys who, a party who started to Bakersfield for the Los Angeles County Sheriff closed the roads to the entrants in the Los Angeles to Sacramento race and who were caught between the racing cars at their rear on the narrow trail of the Tejon and Bakersfield. A thunderous blast from a motor at their backs aroused them to their danger. They had turned a steep down grade and were blocked from the sight of the racing machine. They turned to get out of the way and backed down a declivity hundreds of feet to the bottom, their car turning over. Fortunately they were thrown from it before the first somersault. Both young men rolled several hundred feet down the drop but their injuries are not serious. They crawled to the trail again, signaled the next car by and waited all day for the arrival of wheels and other parts with which to repair the damage. After the last racer had passed they began the work of putting the machine together that it might carry them on.  
Despite the tortuous passage on the San Francisco and down the grade to Chandler's ranch, many auto parties were camped along the wide parts of the trail and at the Chandler checking station 500 persons, men, women and children, excited and impatient, awaited sight of the lights of the first car which was finally sighted far up the mountainside, the searchlight appearing and disappearing much as a firefly until finally turned full toward the expectant crowd. The lights grew with each passing second, finally flaring forth in a blinding ray as the roar of the Cadillac motor deafened the cheers. For an instant it stopped, then was away to be followed closely by another racing machine, then another and another. A few stopped for oil or water to adjust some mechanical irregularity but the pause were short.  
**BUICK FASTEST TO BAKERSFIELD.**  
The fastest time made by any car to Bakersfield was made by the Buick. No. 45 in the race, which made this checking station in four hours and eleven minutes, beating its nearest contemporary by three minutes. The Buick was driven by Edward Waterman of Fresno. The time made by the Buick beats the previous Los Angeles to Bakersfield time by sixteen minutes, the previous record having been established by George Dora, who drove a Cadillac over the route in 1911.  
**NATIONAL WRECKED.**  
The National six-cylinder, known as No. 23 in the race, and driven by C. P. Sitt, with Art Calkins as mechanic, was wrecked five miles out from Bakersfield, on Union avenue. The car turned three complete somersaults and landed against a fence, bottomside up. The driver and mechanic were saved, each escaping with but few injuries. Norman Beaudette, the mechanic in No. 18, a Mercer, driven by C. E. Ruckelshaus, fainted while going through the Tejon Pass, and fell from the car. Ruckelshaus went on without him and came late



There are thousands of homes in this Southland that need and have been waiting for the Chickering Player Piano; thousands of people who have hesitated to purchase until the famous House of Chickering would produce the ideal instrument. To these people we extend a cordial invitation to see, hear and try this wonderful piano.

**Southern California Music Company**  
332-4 BROADWAY  
LOS ANGELES  
STORES AT RIVERSIDE - POMONA - SAN DIEGO - SAN BERNARDINO



**French Honor the Fourth.**  
Government Sends Pictureque Republican Guards to Banquet of the American Chamber of Commerce.  
The French government honored the occasion by sending a detachment of Republican guards, who in the picturesque uniforms were disposed at intervals behind the long guest table.  
The Minister of Commerce, Louis Mame, and other government representatives were present.

**Dr. W.F. Huddel** Reliable Dentist  
202 1-2 S. Broadway  
WEBB'S HAIR TONIC  
Cures Dandruff—stimulates growth of hair—prevents falling. The best hair tonic ever produced. For sale by BOWELL & NOYES, 50c 300 South Broadway, Corner Third.

**WESTERN BUILDING INVESTMENT COMPANY**  
A. GREENE & SON, Exclusive Ladies' Tailors  
Showing a most handsome and exclusive line of up-to-date woollens  
321-5 W. SEVENTH ST., Third Floor

**back East Exclusions**  
—most cities East  
—many in the South  
—on sale certain days in July, August and September  
Fast transcontinental trains through the most interesting part of the great southwest. Stopovers permitted for Grand Canyon and Petrified Forest.  
Santa Fe service—we believe has set a standard of excellence not yet equalled—Would be glad to make up your itinerary and arrange details of trip for you—



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LY 5, 1913.—[PARTIAL]  
ARE DEAD  
ANY INJURED

TO THE TIMES.]

Year	Dead	Injured
1913	4	12
1912	7	10
1911	8	10
1910	9	10
1909	10	10
1908	11	10
1907	12	10
1906	13	10
1905	14	10
1904	15	10
1903	16	10
1902	17	10
1901	18	10
1900	19	10
1899	20	10
1898	21	10
1897	22	10
1896	23	10
1895	24	10
1894	25	10
1893	26	10
1892	27	10
1891	28	10
1890	29	10
1889	30	10
1888	31	10
1887	32	10
1886	33	10
1885	34	10
1884	35	10
1883	36	10
1882	37	10
1881	38	10
1880	39	10
1879	40	10
1878	41	10
1877	42	10
1876	43	10
1875	44	10
1874	45	10
1873	46	10
1872	47	10
1871	48	10
1870	49	10
1869	50	10
1868	51	10
1867	52	10
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1848	71	10
1847	72	10
1846	73	10
1845	74	10
1844	75	10
1843	76	10
1842	77	10
1841	78	10
1840	79	10
1839	80	10
1838	81	10
1837	82	10
1836	83	10
1835	84	10
1834	85	10
1833	86	10
1832	87	10
1831	88	10
1830	89	10
1829	90	10
1828	91	10
1827	92	10
1826	93	10
1825	94	10
1824	95	10
1823	96	10
1822	97	10
1821	98	10
1820	99	10
1819	100	10

# Our Tennis Star Was Beaten (III.)

Each Cross Battered Down Bud Anderson.

By Harry Carr.

Leach Cross was like a... the superior mind... the East Side Jew... the greatest rounds of fighting ever seen... the Vernon Arena.

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Leach Cross, the wonderful Little East Side Jew, in his corner with his seconds.



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## CROSS'S EXPERIENCE TOO MUCH FOR ANDERSON.

Jimmy Britt Thinks that the Eastern Dentist Is Entitled to Next Fight that Ritchie Has—Leach Fought Very Heady Battle—Bud Slowed Up After the Sixth Round.

BY JIMMY BRITT.

Well, the Anderson-Cross fight resulted in a knock-out victory for Cross. Just as I predicted it yesterday's article in The Times. Cross had too much experience and was too crafty for his younger opponent.

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# The Story of the Big Prize Fights.

RIVERS LOSES BATTLE OWING TO HIS WEAKNESS.

Knocked Out in the Eleventh Round After Having All the Best of the First Seven—Ritchie Won on His Gameness, for He Was Weak, Because He Had to Make Weight.

BY DE WITT VAN COURT.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

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## BLOW ON HEAD RESTORED ED FINNEY'S HEARING.

Players Have Received Injuries Only to Have the Effect Offset by Another—Wolverton's Arm "Came Back" While Making Hard Throw to First—Accident Makes Him a Third Baseman.

BY HARRY A. WILLIAMS.

**I**NJURIES out considerable loss in baseball. This metaphor is employed because it is now July, and surprised to be too warm for comfort.

More than one pennant has been lost because of a dent being placed in the physical well-being of a star or two at a critical time. Other clubs have won pennants because of injuries that didn't happen.

It was like the pin which the younger asserted had saved many lives "because no one had swallowed it." But paradoxical as it may seem, there are two separate and distinct varieties of injuries—harmful and beneficial.

This statement applies strictly to baseball. A banker or a newspaper man could not possibly hope to derive any benefit from being hit on the head with a baseball, but I happen to know of an umpire who owes his present acute sense of hearing to the fact that his cerebellum once acted as the shock absorber for a foul tip.

All of which is merely preface to proving that the diamond is one place where not all injuries are injurious.

**FINNEY INJURED.** S. Edward Finney was umpiring balls and strikes in Portland one bright summer day, when the ball slipped off a bat and landed with considerable force against his left ear, mauling his outer ear on the south-paw side.

This not only caused Ed considerable anguish at the time, but he was chagrined the following day when he discovered that he could not hear on that side of his head.

In short, the blow had made him deaf in the left receiver. This arrangement, of course, had certain advantages, as no player could eavesdrop on him. At the same time there is a certain satisfaction in knowing that other people are saying about you, and Ed greatly regretted the loss of half his hearing facilities.

Finney finally reconciled himself to going through life with a crippled ear drum. Imagine his surprise, therefore, when he stuck his "bean" in front of a foul tip in Sacramento one time later and found his hearing again in good working order.

The latter blow simply righted the wrong inflicted by the first one. It knocked back into place some part of his hearing apparatus which had been disarranged by the original blow, and today his hearing is in the best of health—he is as ambidextrous with his ears as the next fellow.

**HARRY GETS HIS.** But for a "beneficial injury" Harry Wolverton might today be engaged in

manual labor instead of directing the destinies of the Sacramento club. Wolverton broke into the professional ranks with the Dubuque club, about the time that Dillon blossomed out with Rockford. Harry started as a pitcher, and it so happened that something snapped in his good right arm one day when he was pitching to Dillon.

Wolverton's wing was in a bad way, and it looked like curtains for him as a baseball athlete. True, this ended his career as a pitcher, but eventually made him a star at third base—a position to which he was better adapted. A couple of weeks later, the manager, finding himself hard pressed for help, stuck Wolverton at third. Harry stationed himself at the hot corner with many misgivings. He doubted his ability to get the ball across the diamond. Every move stood for real agony.

The first few chances were easy. All that he had to do was to lob the ball across the diamond. Finally there was one hit down to him that necessitated a real throw to get the man at first. Wolverton hit his lips, uttered a prayer and cut loose with all the fervor of his being. With the effort something popped in his arm or shoulder. It was a misplaced nerve or ligament slipped back into its place.

From that moment his wing was whole, and he was never bothered with it afterward.

**DILLON RECOVERS.** Frank Dillon had a similar experience, except that it was his neck instead of his arm.

Whenever Ping Bodie landed at first base, something was pretty sure to befall Dillon. On this particular occasion, Ping bumped into Frank while hastening back to first in order to avoid the base from the pitcher's mound. He bumped Dillon in the head with his shoulder, and a bone and muscle specialist informed Frank the next day that a vertebrae or two had been partially dislocated.

Dillon's neck not only was exceedingly sore and stiff, but when he turned his head the operation was accompanied by an unpleasant grinding sensation as if two bones grating upon one another.

Despite these things, Frank returned to his post the following day. Bodie, in the course of human events, reached first base. He took the usual lead, and Nagle shot the ball to Dillon. The throw was a bit low, Dillon bent over just as Ping threw himself into the base. His bulk landed against Dillon's lowered head, and the latter was jarred clear to his toes.

Said shock was exceedingly unpleasant at the time, but Dillon felt fully compensated when, on examination, he found that said disarranged links in his spine had been knocked back into the position intended for them by nature.

After the Fight.

## "WHO IS WINNING?" SAID BUD'S UNCONSCIOUS LIPS.

**I**F THE climax of the Anderson-Cross battle, where cultivated brains secured another great victory, was dramatic, the dramatic was even more so, though perhaps featured this portion of the affair more than anything else.

When Leach Cross, coolly and almost cruelly, put over that crushing blow that laid the pride of Oregon low, he sent him into the land of dreams, and it looked for a time as though it was only a one-way ticket.

After Anderson's trainers and attendants had carried his wilted form into the dressing room, the dark side of the fighter's life was shown. Hardly a word was spoken as Bud lay there breathing heavily, while his eyes had that glassy stare which comes with complete suspension of the mental faculties. A slight moan escaped his puffed and swollen lips now and then, and at last he muttered something.

They bent low to catch the feeble words. "Make it cool," was what he said. The door was opened and towels were swung. Bud took a few long shuddering breaths, then lay still again. After this, he seemed to relax a little more naturally.

At last he was dressed, but had to be like a little child, through the arms and out to the street, where the auto was waiting him. He walked with a shuffling gait and had to be led into the machine.

As he sank into the seat, a little breeze, cool and refreshing, brushed across his face and seemed to revive him more than anything prior to this time.

As they were making him comfortable, one asked, "How is it now, Bud?" "Who's winning?" started the fallen lad. "Give me one more round and I'll be all right; but, God, it's hot."

Yes, it was hot and that is one thing that hurt Bud and for this reason. He has been living at the beach and training, where the salty ocean fills the air, and the dead heat of Vernon got to him. On the other hand Dr. Cross knew it was going to be hot, and while he suffered intensely from the heat all through the battle, he never extended himself unless it was to gain an advantage.

He said afterwards that he was nearly smothered several times and in the sixth round the breathing was bad, but he knows ring generalship, so won the fight.

"All these fighters are problems to me," said Leach, "and before you can solve any problem you have to make a few mistakes and maybe start on the wrong track once or twice, but one must never make the same mistake twice, then you'll win."

How About This?

## GRANEY MAY LOSE MONEY ON THE CONTEST.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

**S**AN FRANCISCO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, July 4.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The receipts of the Ritchie-Rivers fight were announced tonight by Promoter Eddie Graneey as being \$29,420. Of this amount, the champion, Ritchie, had been guaranteed \$18,000 for his end, and by a prior agreement he turned over \$10,000 of that amount to his discarded manager, Billy Nolan, in full for all services, which left Ritchie \$11,420 as his share of the receipts.

Joe Rivers, through Manager Joe Levy, elected to take 25 per cent. of the receipts, which made his earnings for the eleven rounds \$7,155. This would leave the promoter \$4,465 to cover all his expenses.

Graneey was under a heavy expense for the way of handling the show, in addition to paying Coffey \$1500 for the use of his arena, so it is to be said that the promoter will have little for his trouble when all of his accounts are settled.

The small attendance was a distinct disappointment. Graneey had been confident from the advance sale of tickets that the house would be close to the \$40,000 mark, but when it came down to the day of the match there was a falling off and that was particularly noticeable in the bleacher sections, which were anything but

crowded and could have accommodated a third more people.

"There isn't any way to explain it," said Graneey. "For some reason the people didn't turn out as well as we had expected they would do."

**HARVEY CRAWFORD TERRIBLY INJURED.**

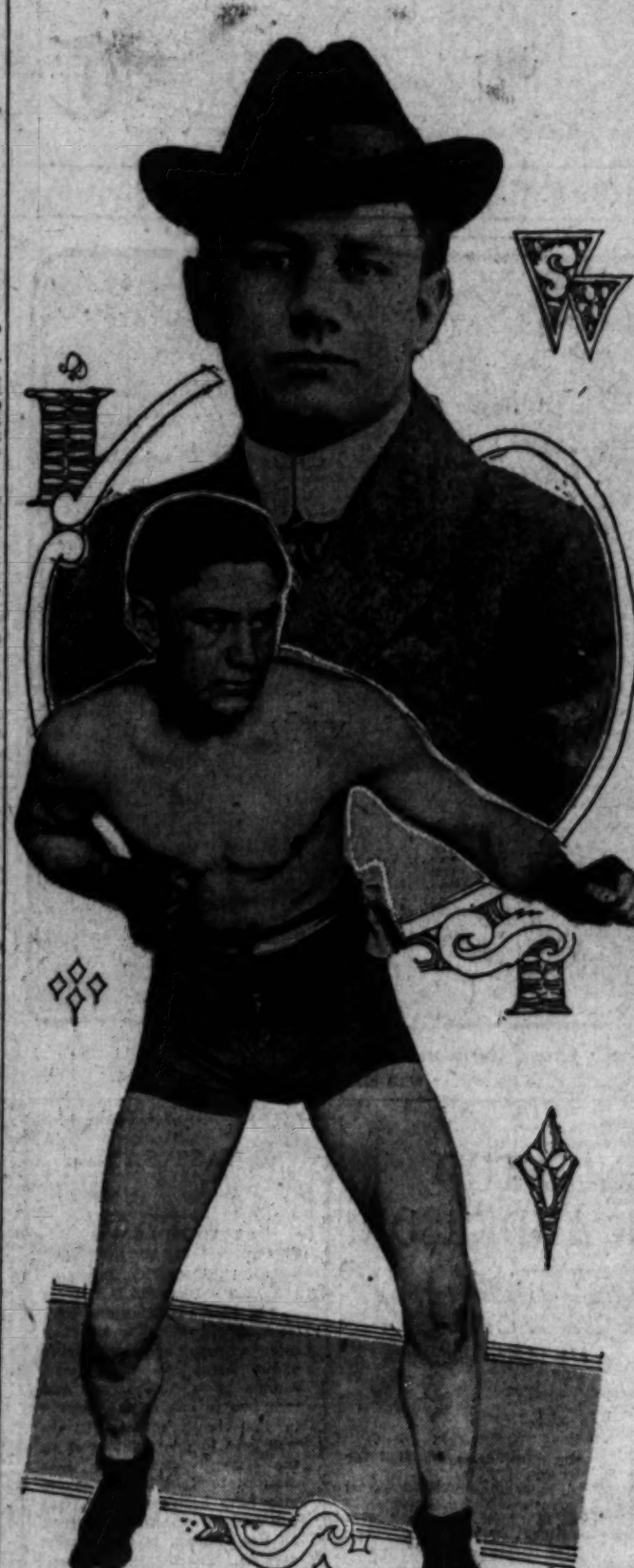
[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] PROSSER (Wash.) July 4.—Harvey Crawford, a young aviator, under contract with a carnival company of Seattle, was probably fatally injured late yesterday when his aeroplane turned turtle as he was making a landing after an exhibition flight here.

His right arm was broken, his body was frightfully bruised, and it is believed he was internally injured.

**Submarine Is Launched.**

SEATTLE (Wash.) July 4.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] United States submarine torpedo boat H-3 was launched today from the part of the Seattle Construction and Drydock Company. Another United States submarine, the H-4, and the Chilean submarine, Antofagasta, are still on the ways at the yard.

DELICIOUS ANCHORED AT SEA. The boat was anchored today when it was launched.



Willie Ritchie,

The world's champion, who demonstrated his real class yesterday.

## RIVERS—RITCHIE ROUNDS.

**ROUND ONE.**

The fighters got into action going close together. After some ineffectual exchanges Ritchie, meeting the Mexican's rushes, put in a right uppercut to the jaw and soon after whipped right and left to the jaw in quick succession. Rivers took command and worried the champion with several lefts to the jaw. Just before the bell rang they exchanged wicked rights to the jaw.

**ROUND TWO.**

After a clinch Ritchie drove right and left to the body and then whipped back fiercely, landing left and right hooks to the body and face, and Ritchie had slightly from the mouth.

Rivers set a fast pace and landed a terrific left to the solar plexus, slipping to his knees after delivering the blow. Ritchie staggered his man with right cross to the jaw as the bell rang, but Rivers had the advantage of the round, which was fiercely contested.

**ROUND THREE.**

The fighters started the third round at a fast clip, Ritchie driving a forearm left to the jaw. The Mexican went in close and staggered the champion with two rights to the body and a left to the jaw. Rivers gave his man little time to set, wading in and flinging right and left to the several standards great was his onslaught that again he fell to the mat from its force. It was Rivers' round, and Ritchie seemed worried as he took his seat.

**ROUND FOUR.**

Rivers, covering up, closed in and attacked the champion's stomach. Ritchie, however, was wary and saved himself many times. Rivers, however, finally penetrated his opponent's guard, hooking thrice with lefts to the body. A right cross to the jaw almost felled the champion, who found difficulty in maintaining his poise.

They measured a left and it found his antagonist's jaw, and a powerful right and left delivered at close range by the southerner closed the round with the honors still in his favor.

**ROUND FIVE.**

Rivers opened with a straight left to the face, the champion countering with right and left to the body. After Ritchie had landed several straight lefts to the face, Rivers landed two lefts and a fierce mid-ring rally followed, the champion peppering his man with solid left and right swings to the jaw. Ritchie kept up this pace till the round ended and took his seat with the great crowd cheering tumultuously. Ritchie's round.

**ROUND SIX.**

Rivers rushed fiercely to close quarters, the San Franciscoan sending him back with a volley of ripping right and left short-arm punches. Ritchie clearly outboxed his vicious adversary. Time and again Ritchie sent his right and left crossing to the body and face, slowing up the Mexican and drawing him into a protecting clinch.

Ritchie outboxed and outgeneraled

the Los Angeles fighter and again had the advantage as the round ended.

**ROUND SEVEN.**

Ritchie coolly outboxed Rivers and easily avoided intended counters. His left and right, delivered with lightning-like precision, time and again found refuge on the Mexican's mouth and face, on well-defined punch opening Rivers' eye. Suddenly the Mexican threw himself at the champion and all but sent him between the ropes with the combined force of his right swings and his body. Rivers kept up this "lick" and held the champion at a disadvantage until the bell ended an even round.

**ROUND EIGHT.**

Rivers took the aggressive and an exchange of straight lefts to the face preceded a long clinch. After some sparring the champion sent in a trio of facers, bringing the blood from the Mexican's mouth. Rivers retaliated with a left and right hook to the clinch. Rivers missing several terrific swings, Ritchie had the round, outboxing his man.

**ROUND NINE.**

Rivers opened with a beautifully placed hook to the jaw. After Rivers missed several right swings, the champion volleys fiercely with right and left short-arm blows to the jaw, and left short-arm blows to the jaw. Rivers worked in two rights to the jaw that more than evened up the tide of battle. The fighters bitterly contested every inch and it was give and take, with honors even.

**ROUND TEN.**

After Rivers had opened with two lefts to the face, the champion straightened him up with several facers that wound up in a clinch. Rivers chopped a hard left on the face and only Ritchie's clever defensive work saved him from several blows of a similar kind. Ritchie then almost lifted the Mexican off his feet with a terrific left uppercut to the jaw which was followed by a succession of half-arm jolts to the face, and Rivers declared Ritchie's round a taste of whiskey during the minute's intermission.

**ROUND ELEVEN.**

The champion scored twice to the jaw with right and Rivers took the mat. The Mexican took the count, and gasping rose to his feet. The champion went at him like a panther and left short-arm blows to the jaw, followed with a left uppercut to the jaw, followed with a left uppercut to the jaw. Rivers' championship ambitions glimmered. Referee Eddie Graneey declared Ritchie the winner after Timeskeeper Harding had counted ten.

**Warrant Out for Dentist.**

SAN FRANCISCO, July 4.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] Charging betrayal and white slavery against Dr. Harrison H. Keene, a dentist of Eureka, Cal., Miss Myrtle Kellett, a resident of Eureka, yesterday secured a Federal warrant for his arrest, and the United States Marshal has begun a search for the doctor, who is missing.

**FED WITH WHISKY.**

Bud must have been hurt, for at the end of this round, his seconds began giving him whisky out of a bottle that they held half concealed in a sponge. His manager, Dick Donahue, told me after the fight that Bud did not swallow the booze, but he acted as though he were dazed with

## JOE RIVERS REFUSES TO TALK OF HIS BIG HOLIDAY FIGHT.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

**S**AN FRANCISCO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, July 4.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Joe Rivers and Manager Joe Levy will remain in San Francisco for several days, according to Levy. The Los Angeles boy has no excuses to offer, but the chances are that he will go right along in the boxing game.

"Rivers is a good boy but Ritchie is a little better," said Levy late night. "As for our plans, they are not decided at the present. McCarey has wired me that Rivers can get a match at home any time he wants it, and Coffey has also offered me a match. Rivers is a boy as yet, and I am inclined to go slow with him."

Rivers himself refused to be interviewed for publication, and referred everybody to Manager Levy, who did all the talking for the little fighter. "I don't want to talk about the fight. I did the very best I could," he declared, and then he begged to be excused from explaining anything.

## Leach Cross Wins.

(Continued from First Page.)

his arms, his cold, little gray eyes watching for a chance.

The fight was a sensation from the start. Cross getting a lump as big as a range of mountains over one eye, and Bud being knocked to the floor in the first round.

As they came together at the top of the bell, Cross made a swipe with his famous left that nearly landed foul. Bud jumped and grinned sheepishly like a schoolboy who has tripped on the stairs.

The very next second, he landed hard with his right on Leach's eye, raising a big black lump. Cross rose with his left, then sent a right hook into Anderson's face.

**FIRST KNOCK-DOWN.**

It was astonishing that so slight and unobtrusive a man could strike so hard a blow. We were sitting right under the fighters. Bud's arms dropped to his sides, his eyes closed and he fell back slowly, like an old tree toppling over, his stiffened body hitting the floor with a smashing noise.

He was evidently half out, but the jar of his fall had the effect of bringing him to again. He scrambled to his hands and knees. His seconds were crawling out under the ropes, trying to signal to him to take the full count, but he gamely got back on his feet.

In the rounds that followed Leach gave a marvelous exhibition of the art of ring fighting. He had everything. He fought in the clinch, he roughed it; then boxed. He had no specialist; everything was his. He was like a surgeon reaching swiftly and unobtrusively at his bull-like young strength against the slight physique of the New Yorker.

Although the place was filled with men who had bet 2 to 1 against Leach, the crowd cheered loudly over his honest admiration for his workmanship. When a frantic yell of admiration greets the way a fighter clinches, I think it can be assumed that his technique was pretty good. To clinch well enough to bring applause seems to be the highest test.

In the third round Bud began bleeding from the mouth; but he had been hitting Cross some hard blows, too, and was smiling and confident of the ultimate effect of his bull-like young strength against the slight physique of the New Yorker.

**BUD WORRIED.**

Bud was boxing cleverly and gained a round of applause once or twice for the skill and speed with which he parried the blows that threatened to destroy him. At the end of the third round he landed hard with his right on Leach's face.

Bud began to be worried in the fifth. Leach seemed to have selected this round for a killing. When the bell rang he stood in his crotch as they took the chair out, making Bud cross the ring to him; then lashing out, one-two, with furious right and left, he landed hard in Bud's face and body. You could see the Medford boy winking and shaking his head as though to clear his brain from Leach's face.

**INSTANTLY KILLED WHEN RACER  
TURNS OVER.**

When Car Right Its Body Falls Out and Is Crushed by Machine That Is Following—Accident Caused by the Blowing of Rear Tire—Had Been Declared Out of Race.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] COLUMBUS (O.) July 4.—Harry C. Knight of Indianapolis, known as the "hero of the Indianapolis speedway," was almost instantly killed and his mechanic, Milton McCallis of Houston, Tex., was fatally injured today when Knight's car blew a right rear tire and turned turtle on the one hundred and tenth lap of the 248-mile automobile race given under the auspices of the Columbus Automobile Association. McCallis died in the hospital tonight.

Knight had been out of the race for thirty minutes because of engine trouble, and had just re-entered. He was said to have been running at seventy miles an hour when the accident occurred. Johnny Jenkins of Springfield, O., was following Knight at a short distance and according to some of the witnesses, ran over Knight's body.

Knight's head was badly mashed, and the top part torn off. His legs were driven to his armpits and the remainder of the body mangled. When the tire blew up, the car turned over twice and landed in an upright position. McCallis was thrown out at the first turn and suffered a fractured skull. Knight was pinned and mangled under his steering wheel, but fell out just as the car finally righted. He died almost immediately. Ralph De Palma, who was following Knight and Jenkins, managed to shove by the wrecked car.

The accident occurred almost immediately in front of the grandstand and was witnessed by thousands of spectators.

Although Knight gave his residence as Indianapolis, his parents live at Jonesboro, Ind., near Marion. He was 23 years old and gained the title of "hero of the Indianapolis speedway" several years ago when he smashed into a brick wall in preference to running down a driver who had been thrown from his car to the track.

Just previous to the time he had started again, Knight had been officially declared out of the race because of time lost with engine trouble. Regardless of the officials, he re-entered the race.

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## ANGELS AND SEALS

Dillon Grabs Morning  
Loses Afternoon

Howard Brothers  
Their Teams

Del Gets Gay and  
Two Cushions

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] SAN FRANCISCO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, July 4.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Stunt by the Angels in the morning game at Coliseum came back strong in the first inning, pointed out by the Angels' pitchers at such opportunities the outcome was hardly even.

Perhaps, too, the result of the Ritchie-Rivers fight, after the beginning of the fight, the holiday spirit spread over the field, and the fans yelling at every play, the Angels' pitchers exhibited their loyalty in which bids fair to bring the team, or make a strong team.

The Howard family was the day, and the funny part of the game was the fact that the first inning he stole home, the third, after doubling to home, and second home, took third by a home run. He was caught in an effort to make a double steal with Cross.

The Angels' Howard,



ANGELS AND SEALS SP

Dillon Grabs Morning Loses Afternoon.

Howard Brothers Star Their Teams.

Del Gets Gay and Two Cushions.

1ST DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES. SAN FRANCISCO BUREAU. THE TIMES, July 4. [Exclusive Dispatch.] Stung by their defeat in the morning game at Oakland, Seal came back strong this afternoon, and starting with a two-run in the first inning, pounded the pitchers at each opportunity.

For the first time, the Seal's offense was as good as the Angels' defense. The Seal's offense was as good as the Angels' defense.

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ANDERSON-CROSS ROUNDS.

Anderson and Cross fought a hard battle in the first round. Anderson was the aggressor, but Cross was the more powerful.

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BRITTON STOPS CHARLEY WHITE.

LA. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES. NEW ORLEANS, July 4.—Sheriff Marrero of Jefferson parish stopped the scheduled twenty-round fight between Jack Britton and Charlie White in the eighteenth round at the West Side Athletic Club this afternoon to save White from a knockout.

Joy riders in Pennsylvania will hereafter have to ride in peril of a fine of \$100 or imprisonment for three months. That is the penalty provided in a bill, recently signed by the Governor, prohibiting the use of an automobile without permission from the owner.

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A good job for Joe Rivers. Will be devoting the rest of his time to his dreamy young wife, who is with him in his automobile. Above is Joe's right hook which availed him not.

EDWARDS WINS AT DEL MONTE.

Los Angeles Golfer in Form in Northern Tourney.

Every Scratch Player Loses in First Round.

Mrs. C. F. Ford Is Defeated by Eastern Woman.

DEL MONTE, July 4.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] It was the case of the "fall of the mighty" in the first round of the Del Monte Independence Day golf tournament, as every scratch golfer bade farewell to the event in its inception. In two instances the back-marker failed to play anything like his usual brand of golf and met with the expected consequences; but Chapin Tubbs, the winner of the California tournament, was defeated by Bruce Heathcote, although he made the course in 74 strokes.

In the afternoon, the Claremont player met his Waterloo at the hands of F. H. Edwards in one of the closest matches of the day. Edwards is a Southern California player and was a member of the Los Angeles team which recently won the Tom Morris memorial competition.

NICKEL IN FORM. George Nickel was in excellent form all day and won his matches from E. K. Johnston and Dr. C. F. Ford in impressive fashion. At his best, the San Francisco player can hold his own with all the first-flighters on a fair handicap basis, as he is a seasoned tournament player and has a Tartar in P. W. von Schrader, who is considered one of the most improved players of the Pacific Coast.

ONE VISITOR THERE. In the second flight, the quartette to reach the semi-finals were F. E. Miller of the Skokie Club, Chicago; John G. Levison of the Presidio Golf Club; Howard Martin of the Marin Golf and Country Club, and P. W. Selby of the Burlingame Country Club.

Miller's match with Knox Maddox was one of the features of the afternoon. The San Francisco player reached the semi-finals after a hard battle with Knox Maddox, who was defeated by Miller in the first round.

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Rivers Loses Battle.

Continued from First Page.

eral clinches with no particular damage to either boy.

TWO FATAL PUNCHES. The eleventh brought the finish. Shortly after the round started Willie crowded Joe into the northeast corner of the ring. Joe led with his left and Willie caught him coming in with a right uppercut to the jaw and dropped him for the count of nine.

When Joe rose he hit him with his right on the point of the chin, and Rivers fell on his hands and knees and then stretched out flat on his face.

When Ritchie was seen at the baths after the fight he said: "Rivers is a strong boy and shook me up many times with his left arm. He would land on my back with his wrist and it hurt. He also puzled me at the start, as I could not get any line on his style."

Rivers shook his head with Willie before they left the ring and said: "You beat me fair, Willie, and knocked me out. Let us be friends and I will give you a kick."

Later in the hotel, where he went immediately after the fight, he said: "It is no disgrace to lose." But it was plain that he felt more than he would care to say.

MUCH EASY MONEY. There was probably not more than \$10,000 in the house and the promoters lost a lot by giving the \$1.50 seats to the deadheads instead of the \$10 ones.

Many of the deadheads and others that paid for their seats slipped into the \$10 ones and some made money while the promoters lost it.

The first preliminary between Young Volgas and Johnny Aron was stopped in the third round and awarded to Aron.

The second between Salinas Jack Robinson and Joe Lannen was decided in Robinson's favor at the end of the fourth round.

CHESSE NOTES. Frank J. Marshall, United States chess champion, who is now professionally touring the leading cities of the West, expects to be in Los Angeles tomorrow, Tuesday and Wednesday, when he will meet all comers at the Chess and Checker Club of Southern California.

Simultaneous play is scheduled for the first two nights, the third to be devoted to five simultaneous consultation games.

Marshall has been engaged constantly in professional chess for nearly twenty years, during which period he has met all the greatest masters in tournament play, winning the highest honors in two international affairs at Cambridge Springs and Havana.

Losing his title to the championship of this country to Capablanca in a set match, he resigned it when the Cuban-American assumed the broader title of Pan-American champion after victoriously touring both continents, and negotiations have been broached looking toward a return match.

A characteristic of Marshall is his willingness to play at all times, and in any country, his record being prolific of ups and downs in tournament scores, but always marked by individuality and assertiveness.

MORE GOOD ROADS. Between Elton and Perryville, Md., a concrete road is approaching completion, and will be open for travel within the next two weeks. This will be good news to the large number of motorists who tour from New York to Washington, as the Elton-Perryville stretch is a part of the shortest route between Wilmington and Baltimore. In the past there has been much trouble on that section, which is principally low land just east of the Susquehanna River. The State road from Baltimore to Washington is now practically complete, and the greater part of the old pipe between Baltimore, Frederick and Harpersport has been or is being improved. Tourists will also find a much better road than formerly from Washington through Rockville, Frederick, and Emmitsburg to Gettysburg, though the last ten miles are still somewhat rough. These improvements will add greatly to the amount of travel south and west through Maryland, especially next year and thereafter.

CHANCE'S MEN GET EASY VICTORY. [BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] NEW YORK, July 4.—Washington easily shut out the New York Americans in the morning game here today, 5 to 0. Groom held the locals helpless. Warhop was hit hard with men on bases.

New York won the afternoon game from Washington, 5 to 2. It was the game which the New Yorks have won from an eastern American League team on their home grounds this season. McConnell was in superb form.

Washington filed the bases in the ninth inning, but Moeller fled to Hartnett for the last out. Score: Washington, 5; New York, 2.

RENO (Nev.) July 4.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] The Jess Willard-Al Williams fight was stopped in the eighth round and the decision given Willard.

CHAVEZ BEATS BELL. TRINIDAD (Colo.) July 4.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] Benny Chavez of Trinidad defeated Harry Bell of San Francisco by a knockout in the eleventh round of a scheduled twenty-round bout here this afternoon. Chavez made the greatest fight of his career, leading by a big margin in every round but three.

FIVE CARS FINISH ENDURANCE RACE. [BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] ALBUQUERQUE (N. M.) July 4.—Five out of nine cars finished at the first automobile endurance race to be run in New Mexico, with Albuquerque of engine trouble and injury to the cars. A Velle car driven by Jack Weighman made the best time, doing the sixty-two miles in 2:02:00. The car left Santa Fe on the return trip starting at 3 o'clock, at 15-minute intervals.

TRY MURINE REMEDY FOR RED, Weak, Watery Eyes and Irritated Eyelids. ARROWHEAD SPRING WATER at your favorite club or cafe. Phone Main 5265.

WILDING WINS CHAMPIONSHIP.

McLoughlin Finally Loses in Tournament.

New Zealander Too Steady for Californian.

England Also Wins Doubles Championship.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] WIMBLEDON (Eng.) July 4.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] While the United States were celebrating the anniversary of a triumph over England and Englishmen, A. F. Wilding of New Zealand, was triumphing over Maurice McLoughlin of San Francisco in the all-England tennis singles championship. The American's defeat was the biggest surprise yet sprung in the titular events, as he was picked by the staunchest English supporters to win.

The New Zealander's victory came about in three straight sets by scores of 6-4, 6-3 and 10-8. Wilding has held the title since 1910.

McLoughlin was a puzzle to the defender in the first games, his service going hard and true. He made some beautiful chasers and drives in the second game, but the match grew older, however, Wilding began playing back on his line, with the result that he met the drives with well-timed precision. His return was accurate and he took two games of the second set from McLoughlin on service.

Wilding's marvelous physique served as the basis of his attack on McLoughlin's service. He looked like a giant when standing beside the Yankee, who has been nicknamed "The Kid."

The winner played the entire match without a sign of fatigue or perspiration. McLoughlin was greatly disappointed, but lauded his opponent's game and the conduct of the crowd which numbered close to 7000. He said he believed his defeat was due to the weakening of his back-handed stroke.

England triumphed again in the doubles, H. Roper Barrett and C. P. Dixon, the title-holders, successfully defending against Frederick Wilhelm Rahe and Heinrich Klein-schroth of Germany. The scores were, 6-2, 6-4, 4-6, 6-2.

LORDSBURG MEET A HOWLING SUCCESS. [BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] LORDSBURG, July 4.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The largest crowd ever gathered on the Lordsburg race track was present today at the second race meet given by the La Verne Motor-cycle Club.

Events and winners were as follows: Three-mile stripped stock, single cylinder—Dietrich, Santa Ana, first; time, 3:45 1-5. Osborne, Santa Ana, second.

Four-mile S.S. twin cylinder—P. Burke, Pomona, first; time, 4m. W. Cramer, Lordsburg, second; C. Levensood, Pomona, third.

Four-mile free-for-all, single cylinder—Burke, Pomona, first; time, 4:13. Levensood, second; Dietrich, third.

Ten-mile open professional—Dave Perry, Pomona, first; time, 13:25 1-5. Charles Toby, Los Angeles, second.

Four-mile relay between Pomona and La Verne clubs, won by Pomona; time, 4:13.

Seven-mile S.S. twin—Levensood, Pomona, first; time, 6:48 2-5. Perry, Pomona, second; Fred Tebo, Chino, third. Burke of Pomona came in first, but was ruled out account of foul.

Five-mile free-for-all, single cylinder—Burke, Pomona, first; time, 3:24 1-5. Levensood, Pomona, second; Rosier, Santa Ana, third.

Eight-mile S.S. twin cylinders—Burke, Pomona, first; time, 7:43. Levensood, second; Tebo, third.

Ten-mile open professional—Dave Kinney, Los Angeles, first; time, 9:27. Burke of Pomona, second; Toby, Pasadena, third.

In the forenoon ball game, Pomona lost to Lordsburg, 4 to 1.

HAWAIIAN SETS UP THREE PACIFIC COAST RECORDS.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] SAN FRANCISCO, July 4.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Record breaking in the Hawaiian Islands was the order of the day at the Pacific Coast championships, held this morning at Sausalito. Before a crowd of nearly 6000 spectators, the Hawaiian established three records in the 100-yard, 200-yard and 400-yard races.

The 100-yard dash—Kahanamoku (Hul Nalu) first; Langer (Redondo) second; Benton (S. F. Y.M.C.A.) third. Time, 1:14 1-5.

The 200-yard dash—Kahanamoku (Hul Nalu) first; Langer (Redondo) second; Benton (S. F. Y.M.C.A.) third. Time, 2:31 1-5.

The 400-yard dash—Kahanamoku (Hul Nalu) first; Langer (Redondo) second; Benton (S. F. Y.M.C.A.) third. Time, 5:41 1-5.

The 50-yard dash—Kahanamoku (Hul Nalu) first; Langer (Redondo) second; Benton (S. F. Y.M.C.A.) third. Time, 1:01 1-5.

The 100-yard dash—Kahanamoku (Hul Nalu) first; Langer (Redondo) second; Benton (S. F. Y.M.C.A.) third. Time, 1:14 1-5.

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The 50-yard dash—Kahanamoku (Hul N



## OAKS IMAGINE THEY'RE TIGERS.

Take Game While Laboring Under This Delusion.

Loss Uniforms and Borrow Togs from Venice.

Hogan's Players Turn Tables in Afternoon.

The Oaks imagined that they were Tigers for a couple of hours yesterday morning, and became so imbued with the idea that they won their first game of the series, 3 to 4.

By afternoon the delusion had departed, and Venice relieved the situation, winning by the same figures.

The Oaks should imagine that they are Tigers, and force in anything except their fielding, is something that calls for an explanation.

**FIRE BURNS CLOTHES.**

A heater in the Washington Park clubhouse was wrong in the way it was used yesterday morning, and that morning's structure was burned to the ground. Only a quick alarm prevented the plant from being destroyed. The right field bleachers being in a blaze before the flames were under control.

Among other things consumed were the Oakland uniforms, bats and gloves and Harry Allen's red undershirt.

Thus, when the Oaks arrived at the park for the morning game they found themselves in a predicament as far as baseball apparel is concerned.

It was first suggested that they appear in their B. V. D.'s, but this was found to be against the rules, although it is considered the correct thing in rugby circles.

**TIGERS TO RESCUE.**

A solution of the problem was reached when the Tigers gallantly loaned Oakland road uniforms. To have two teams on the field with "Venice" emblazoned across the breast of each, was very funny, indeed, and terribly puzzling to the strangers in our midst.

An extra set of stockings was rushed out to the park for the Oaks, and a new supply of shoes. There were some startling incidents. Cy Farkins' new shoes pinched his corns, and thereby caused him so much anguish that he shed them and appeared on the coaching line with his feet clad only in stockings.

This so shocked Mr. Guthrie's sense of propriety that he asked Cy back to the bench. No doubt he would have sent him to the clubhouse had there been any left. Bill Leard tried to wear Roy Brashear's suit. The elastic wouldn't hold at the knee, and Bill looked for all the world like he had on a pair of overalls.

**GREGORY GIVES UP.**

The afternoon game was a contest between Kieffer and Gregory to see which could win in spite of hard luck. Gregory decided by the sixth inning that he was the hopeless victim of circumstances, and gave it up. Cy Farkins, who finished the game, was also a victim.

A large and intelligent crowd, with one or two exceptions, returned from right headquarters, viewed the postmortem pastime.

Venice hung up its first run in the second. Gregory, whose control lacked considerably of being perfect, pitched Hoge, and Litchi singled him to third. McDonnell drew a pass, filling the bases. The next two men were easy runs. Gregory worked on Carlisle until the count stood three and two, and then shot over one that was wide and low, walking Carlisle and forcing Hoge across the plate. Kane was retired on a grounder to Leard.

**OAKS FORCE AHEAD.**

One real single, a walk, a sacrifice and a couple of scratches gave Oakland two in the third. Cook hit to center and Crisp walked. Gregory over-ruled. Leard bunted down the third base line, and beat Kieffer's throw by a stride. The ball really belonged to Litchi. Cook scored on the throw, and Crisp came in when Schirm beat out a high bouncer to McDonnell. Just to prove that these things were not his fault, Kieffer fanned Ness and Coy.

**ELLIOTT PUT OUT.**

Elliot was scored by a pitched ball in the fourth, which caught him on the right elbow, and was forced to retire from the game. Kieffer bucked on the arm.

Oakland increased its lead with two runs in the fifth. Schirm walked with one out, and stole second. Ness scored him with a hit to center, and Coy singled to right, chasing Ness around to third. Ness and Coy started a double steal, and after an interesting

chase on the line, O'Rourke threw low to Litchi, and Ness scored. Again Kieffer felt the task of retiring the side rested solely on him, and mowed Zacher and Hitting down at the plate. That was absolutely the last thing of a scoring nature heard from the Oaks.

**VISITORS GO WRONG.**

Gregory was placed in a position to sympathize with Kieffer in the fifth, when his support fell apart and the Tigers evened the count with four runs. Carlisle and Kane singled. Bayless drove to left, Schirm let the ball slip through his legs and the whole clubhouse, including Bayless himself, scored.

O'Rourke drove to Hitting, and reached second when Gus threw the ball against the bleachers. He was sacrificed to third by Hoge, and registered when McDonnell bounced the ball over Hitting. The whole club batted in that round.

Gregory gave it up in the sixth after Carlisle had walked and scored on Bayless' hit. Farkins went in and prevented further scoring just then.

But in the seventh the Tigers put another over, Litchi being spared by Cook's low throw to first and scoring on a hit by Crisp. O'Rourke's double and Hoge's hit gave the Tigers their final run in the eighth.

**RALEIGH DROPS ONE.**

In the morning it was Bill Malarkey versus John Raleigh, and the latter was considerably worried, partly through bad support.

Roy Brashear tripped crossing first base in the opening inning, and while on his hands and knees he was hit on the neck. He was severely shaken up, and retired in favor of O'Rourke.

Oakland scored in the second inning. Zacher was with a pitched ball and landed safely at second when O'Rourke dropped Elliott's throw. Hitting scored him with a double to left.

Kane forced O'Carroll in the third, stole second and delivered the tying tally on Bayless' hit to right.

Singles by Malarkey and Schirm, and a triple by Leard prompted two Oakland rallies in the fifth.

They clinched it in the eighth, hits by Ness, Zacher and Cook, a punctured batsman and a brace of errors yielding four runs. Doubles by Leard and Ness brought the total up to eight in the ninth.

Venice picked up a couple of tallies in the eighth on hits by Bayless, O'Rourke and Hoge and Zacher's bat shot to third. Carlisle tripped neatly in the ninth, and counted on Kane's out.

Oh, well, it would be a poor sport who would begrudge the champions one game a week.

**MORNING GAME.**

**OAKLAND.**

**VENICE.**

**VENICE.**

**VENICE.**

**VENICE.**

**VENICE.**

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**VENICE.**

## LEADERS KEEP IN FRONT BY DEFEATING BOSTON.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

**PHILADELPHIA, July 4.**—Philadelphia kept both Independence Day games from Boston, winning the morning contest by the score of 3 to 2 and the afternoon game 6 to 1. Rixey held Boston to four scattered hits in the afternoon. The visitors escaped a shutout in the fourth inning when Sweeney scored on a pass, Myers' two-bagger and Whaling's sacrifice fly. Scores:

	A.	R.	E.	P.	O.	A.
Philadelphia	3	2	0	0	0	0
Boston	2	0	0	0	0	0
Total	5	2	0	0	0	0

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## HOOPER'S ERROR PERMITS ATHLETICS TO WIN ONE.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

**BOSTON, July 4.**—Hooper dropped a line drive from Brunk's bat in the eighth inning of the afternoon game today, allowing Philadelphia to score three runs and win by 5 to 3. The morning game, which was called in the seventh inning, resulted: Boston, 13; Philadelphia, 6.

In the afternoon contest Boston held the lead until the eighth inning, but after the visitors went to the front the home team could do nothing with Plank's pitching.

Hooper started Boston's scoring by hitting the first ball that Plank pitched for a home run. Scores:

	A.	R.	E.	P.	O.	A.
Boston	13	0	0	0	0	0
Philadelphia	6	0	0	0	0	0
Total	19	0	0	0	0	0

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## INSANE FOURTH AT PORTLAND.

Forty-three Swats Made Bunch of Pitchers.

**Bill James Forced to Quit Two Weeks.**

**Wolves Tie First Game Win the Second.**

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## GOLDEN GATE CRICKET MEN ARE EASY WINNERS.

The Golden Gate Cricket Club of San Francisco simply smothered Los Angeles yesterday at Vineyard, winning the match by ten wickets. The locals took the field without having practiced once this season and accepted the challenge of the north-easterners as a mere matter of course.

Cochrane and Higgins played the best innings for the home side. The latter drove Sarjeant clean out of the field for a six hit, the first big drive of the match. Cochrane played carefully and kept his end up by real hard effort.

With only 45 runs required to win, the Golden Gateers lost four of their best batsmen for only 13 wickets. Tansell and Lewis made a great stand and practically won the watch. Lewis hit the winning stroke.

Following is the full score and bowling analysis:

**LOS ANGELES.**

**LOS ANGELES.**

**LOS ANGELES.**

**LOS ANGELES.**

**LOS ANGELES.**

## PIRATES TIE FIRST AND LOSE SECOND.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

**PITTSBURGH, July 4.**—St. Louis and Pittsburgh went eleven innings to a 3 to 3 tie in the morning game. Hurke and Ballew between them walked ten hits and ten walks with a wild pitch and a sacrifice fly thrown in got Pittsburgh only three runs.

They had nineteen men left on

## HONORS SPLIT IN DOUBLE-HEADER.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

**ST. LOUIS, July 4.**—St. Louis and

I desire to enter the contest to send me the necessary material that may assist in my work. My age is 40.

Address: 1234 Main St., St. Louis, Mo.

Signature: [Signature]



two days of hard pitches and Dawson seems to be the same. Should they be able to improve their team work they will force Strachan and Griffin to their utmost. The scores of yesterday's matches are: Herd and Dawson beat Bacon and Young, 3-1; 4-8, 4-1, 4-0; Ketchum and Barber beat Freeman and Gorham, 7-5, 4-8, 4-5; Griffin and Strachan beat Rinebaugh and Wayne, 6-3, 4-1; Bird and Brown beat John defeated Johnston and Fottrell, 6-3, 4-1, 4-2; Herd and Dawson beat

today's game to the locals by an 11-1 to 3 score. The Saints showed a complete reversal of form from what they have been playing for the past two weeks.

**HICKS WON ON FOUL.**

WINNIPEG (Man.) July 3.—(W) A. F. Night Wire.] Freddie Hicks won on an unintentional foul in the seventh round of his scheduled yesterday night with Tony Caputo here tonight.



## ANGLO-YIDDISH MODERN TRAGEDY

"God's Punishment" Last Offering of Adler's Players.

Third Act Creates Unusual Local Sensation.

Frances Adler's Remarkable Histrionic Talent.

BY HECTOR ALLIOT.

In their dramatic interpretation the Adler players gave last night at the Auditorium a new phase of their repertoire, an Anglo-Yiddish tragedy "God's Punishment."

On the introduction of words and even phrases in English, the somewhat complex theme could be followed far better than in former plays.

Adella, the wife of Dr. Landau, a Jewish prison chaplain, was the mother of a girl before her marriage. She placed her in a foundling asylum in Montreal, came to New York and became the wife of the rabbi.

Years passed and Adella kept her secret.

The play opens with the merry-making following the betrothal of Frieda, the daughter of the rabbi and Adella, to Julius Waldberg.

In the first act the importance of Jewish betrothal, the many phases of family interest both sentimental and practical are presented.

In the second act, Adella, the illegitimate child, appears to thank the chaplain for his interest in her behalf, his aid while in prison.

Adella, the "God's punishment" in the life of the honored chaplain, has suffered to the lowest plane. She is almost a social outcast.

With the third act the mother recognizes her own child, within the happiness of her own daughter and her father.

A more dramatic act has seldom been introduced in a play. The extraordinarily temperamental audience of Yiddish spectators in the playhouse last evening, at first silent, then moved, burst into tears and one woman swooned over the exhibition of intense feeling and emotion seldom witnessed in any audience.

The second daughter, Frieda, finding her engagement broken comes to her mother to lead a virtuous life, leaving the rabbi's house.

In the fourth act Dr. Landau finds Adella after an absence of two years, back to his home. She has reformed and "Franklin" in whom she has found her whole life, is willing to marry her.

Dr. Landau resigns his official position and marries the daughter of his wife to her sweetheart.

In this four-act drama Z. Libin has introduced a powerful appeal to the easily aroused emotions of the Yiddish audience.

Joseph P. Adler, discarding make-up and disguise, is in the role of Dr. Landau, admirable, just and kindly and gives a convincing impersonation of the prison chaplain.

"God's Punishment" affords Miss Adler one of the best roles. As the wayward girl, fallen from grace more through circumstances than personal depravity, this young actress brought out tears and enthusiastic applause.

Her "Mendel" is one of the best, which will soon be broadly recognized.

Mrs. Adler, who has played secondary parts, had a great role in Adella, the wife, the mother of Adella, which she presented in a notable manner.

Of lesser importance were the roles of Julius, very ably presented by Schindler; Waldberg, his father, by Teller; and Joseph, the musician, by Rubin.

The present engagement has met with such a success that it is not improbable that one or two performances will be given next week, presenting the realistic Yiddish drama of modern times.

**POSTAL SERVICE MOTORS.** There are now 1000 motor trucks in the British postal service. These have proved a great economy and money-saving talents very extensively on intercity parcel post service. A concrete example of this is the run between London and Birmingham. This is a run of close to 100 miles and is now being made by motor trucks instead of by rail. The amount of money saved can be realized when it is understood that the railroads get a little more than one-half the face value of the postage regardless of the distance the matter is carried. On a load of 1000 pounds, with an average charge of 12 cents per pound, the face value of the load would be \$120, and of this the railroads would get more than \$60, according to the contract with the government. This \$60 would go a long way into the expenses of the run by motor truck.

**Too Much Class.**

## JACK BRITTON MAKES MONKEY OF WHITE.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

NEW ORLEANS, July 4.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Jack Britton proved himself so much superior as a boxer and ring general to Charlie White of Chicago this afternoon, that the bout, scheduled for twenty rounds, was stopped in the eighteenth round and the decision was awarded to Britton.

At no stage in the entire go was Britton in danger, while he literally swamped White with his fusillades of jab and hooks. White during the latter half of the bout was in trouble and spent a great deal of the time in covering and holding.

The stopping of the bout came as the result of an order by Referee Bennett, who stated, after the bout, that he had stopped the fight simply to prevent its becoming brutal. It was Britton's wonderful ability as a boxer and a ring general that gave him a lead over White from the very first and enabled him to increase it with every round. At first White appeared dangerous, and both boys fought cautiously, but Britton's conclusion and continued jabbing, and



Five Melody Maids. And a man whose unique piano act is the hit of the Orpheum bill. From left to right, they are Marie Franklin, "Jappy" Judd, Estelle McNeal, Barbara Reed, Mabel Parker and W. J. Ward.

## WILL WARD HAS FIVE TROUBLES.

ALL OF THEM PRETTY, CLEVER AND ALLURING.

Five Melody Maids Lead Lone Man Merry Dance and So Far He Has Failed to Break the Combination. Too Much Sweetness Cloyed, and Ward Is Up a Stump.

"How happy I'd be with either, if 'others were only away!" This is the song that Will J. Ward mournfully sings, as the Five Melody Maids cluster about him at the Orpheum.

For why you ask? Most men would be delighted to be the only fellow about with five such stunning maidens. Most men would rejoice, and find in the multiplicity of femininity added charms—for men are only imperfectly monogamous, after all. And to be "put amongst the girls" in this fashion is rare good luck.

Sometimes, however, like Will Ward doesn't like his femininity collectively, so to speak; he prefers it seriatim—one at a time for him. And with these five, he can't have it that way.

For two reasons—he must keep his act intact. If he wishes to tour the rest of the Orpheum circuit with it, that is part of his contract. And he doesn't intend to break it. And he doesn't intend to break it.

Now, Ward is a scintillating chap, and he likes to enjoy a little supper after the show, or a joy-ride, or a trip to the beach, as well as the next fellow. And he delights in having a pretty girl to share it with him. He has no trouble on the latter score so far as the Melody Maids are concerned—they are pretty and all are eager to share his festivities.

Are—there's the rub; all are eager. Not one, or even one at a time, but all at one time. See?

In other words, to keep peace in his family of singing and playing, acrobatic Ward must not offer entertainment to one without including all. He dare not propose a little bite to eat, a little ride, a little sea bath, or any other form of amusement to any single girl, without including a quartette more. If he declares to Mabel Parker that she is the belle of the bunch Jappy Judd is likely to rise up and tell him "where he gets off." If he hints that Barbara Reed is playing better than the others, Mabel is sure to say that he can "let another girl" if he suggests that a "little support with Maria Franklin would be delightful, there are sure to be complications from Mabel, Jappy, Estelle and Barbara. And if he points out a likely sea-going taxi to Jappy, there are protests registered from Estelle, Marie, Barbara and Mabel without further delay.

So what's a poor chap to do? There are reports that Ward would dearly love to make one of the Melody Maids, Mrs. Ward, Rumor has it that "Ward" would be willing—but not one of the five knows which one is the adorable "she." You see, Ward dare not propose it, it would lead to complications and wreck the act.

"It's an awful existence," sighed Ward yesterday. "Never again! When this tour is over I would be glad to see one of these peaches and settle down."

"Which one? Lord, I don't tell you—let alone the girl! Ain't it hell?"

It sure is.

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**Remunerative Employment** can be obtained by a careful day-after-day reading of the "Help Wanted" columns of The Times "Liner" section.—Advertisement.

## COUNTRY CLUB GOSSIP.

BY ALMA WHITAKER.

THE country clubs were crowded with all the very nicest people yesterday afternoon and July 4th was decorously celebrated with all the nicest kind of sport. But we kept one eye on the other kinds of sport and received hourly bulletins about the Ritchie-Rivers and Cross-Anderson prize fights (I mean boxing contests, of course), to say nothing of a record of the motor race mishaps and all the horrible details.

**The President's Cup.** And E. F. Parsons is the winner of the president's cup. Serious Samuel believes in doing all things well and wears a somewhat pensive expression when, on occasion, all the selected world conspires to impede the progress of perfection. If he gives a dinner, for instance—he did last night—the waiter is sure to be an irresponsible, unemphatic, inarticulate, soulless creature.

But he defeated H. P. Taylor, the picked winner of the tournament, in thoroughly conclusive style—3 up and 7 after he had given him 10 strokes, too. So perchance the serious one will see life through rose-colored spectacles for a day or two now. They do say his party last night was a complete success and a fit celebration of the great event.

**Socially.** Everything was quite stunning, for the tennis and the fireworks combined had attracted a delightful crowd. Music and tea on the terrace when the tennis was over was intensely popular and fifty hosts and hostesses entertained immense parties of guests to dinner so that the clubhouse seemed peopled with extra-walters. The fireworks of the golf links proved highly diverting and the terrace an ideal grand stand—altogether one of the jolliest days the club has seen for months. The rain, however, spoiled the dance tonight in honor of the tennis.

**The Club Championship.** Eight qualified for the club championship although the most honorable Edward Tufts had said sixteen would qualify. It is the first time the automatics have not come to pass and my faith is shaking. The judge was best with 7, followed by R. D. Lapham and Norman Macbeth with 7, Jack Jevins with 8, W. H. Keller with 8, George H. Schneider with 8, E. H. Bagby with 9, and Edward Tufts with 9. That little nine hop between the first six and the last two looks rather like the stairs and the pit in a London theater.

**Cherry Circle performers** scored 42 points. The Irish-American Athletic Club of New York City was third, with 19 points. Three teams from the Boston Athletic Association, Illinois Athletic Club and University of Michigan tied for fourth place with 11 points each.

**Kohler Shines.** To Arthur Kohler, captain-elect of the University of Michigan track team, fell the honor of being the individual star and the only star to establish a new junior A.A.U. record. The Wolverine hurled the saucer-shaped missile 129 feet 3 inches, which the former mark of 126.95 feet held by E. Muller of the New York Irish-American Athletic Club.

**Summary.** Running high jump: Walker (N.Y. A.A.U.) first; Crane (Tacoma) and E. W. Nixon (Chicago A.A.) tied for second; height 5 ft. 11 1/2 in. Five mile run: Ray (Illinois A.C.) first; height 5 ft. 11 1/2 in. Second; no third; time 26:30.

The 220-yard dash: Howe (New Dorchester, Mass.) first; Upton (New Orleans Athletic Club) second; Van Winkle (N.Y.A.C.) third; time 8:22 1/2.

The 220-yard hurdles: Corey (Chicago A.C.) first; High (Boston A.A.) second; McDonald (N.Y.A.C.) third; time 8:26 3/4.

Shot put: Kantzler (C.A.A.) first; Kohler (Mich.) second; Lawlor (unaffiliated) third; distance 44 ft. 7 in. Pole vault: Shaw (Chicago A.A.) first; Culp (Illinois A.C.) second; Caldwell (L.A. A.C.) third; height 12 ft.

Broad jump: Stiles (C.A.A.) first; Whinery (N.Y.A.C.) second; Navina (C.A.A.) third; distance 22 ft. 7 in. One-mile walk: Nurndorfer (N.Y. A.C.) first; Schwartz (L.A. A.C.) second; Rens (Mohawk A.C.) third; time 7:44 1/4.

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his final, for which numerous dinner parties will be given.

**The Annandale Country Club.** There were gay doings at Annandale, too, and although that fascinating baseball game did not come off, the golf and tennis proved attraction enough.

The men's handicap match play against bogey was won by Ross Harris and W. W. Leithead, who tied for first honors with 10 up. The former made a medal score of 85 and enjoys 13 strokes' handicap. Mr. Leithead made a 78 and enjoys 4 handicaps. Bogey for the course is 84, par 78.

The women's medal play tournament had to be abandoned as there were not sufficient entries, but Mrs. E. R. Williams and Mrs. Herbert Munn had a good round in which the champion made an 89-14 out and 45 home. Mrs. Herbert Munn won the putting contest.

The tennis round robin was won by E. H. Lockwood, Jr., and Horace Cornett, second—both sons of golfers.

There, too, events closed with a dinner-dance in the evening. Which was also the case at the San Gabriel Country Club where much informal golf and tennis was enjoyed during the day. But H. N. H. Woodcock and Robert J. Tatum being away golfing at San Diego, no official tournament was instituted. No one else will take the responsibility and do the tuning.

**CROSS DESERT WITH HEAVY LOADS.** When the Winton owners in Arizona decide to come to Los Angeles they lose up their cars and start overland. The fact that there are miles of desert between them and their destination does not cause them to hesitate.

Among those who brought parties across the hot sand last week were R. G. Brady of Tucson and F. King of Phoenix.

"The roads were as bad as ever," said Brady, "and the sand just as hot and deep, but the Winton Six never faltered. We got into some mighty had places, but we always came through with flying colors. After my stay in Los Angeles we will drive back."

"While this road is bad in places it can be fixed and there will be a day not far distant when touring from Arizona to Los Angeles will be easy."

**TO YOSEMITE WITH JACKSON MOTOR.** H. A. Kaehler and family returned last week from a trip to the Yosemite. A Jackson that has already traveled 1500 miles was used and the party did not experience so much the puncture to mar the pleasure. They left the car at Wawona.

"The people everywhere in the valley are talking of the time when the roads will be opened to motor cars," said Kaehler. "It is expected that at least one road will be opened up some time in August. We went in by stage, but thousands more will make the run when it is possible to go right in to the resorts in machines. It is a beautiful trip and the roads will be opened to motor cars."

"My car gave wonderful service considering that it had previously run over 10,000 miles. We also had a change being necessary. The roads are in fair shape. We returned over the Coast road and found that the best roads are north of Los Olivos."

**Kohler Stars.**

**NATIONAL JUNIOR TRACK TITLE TO CHICAGO A.A.**

[BY FEDERAL (WIRELESS) LINE TO THE TIMES.]

**CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE DISPATCH.** July 4.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] With an evenly balanced team of athletes who scored points in ten of eighteen events, the Chicago Athletic Association yesterday won the junior national A.A.U. track and field championships which was the main attraction of the international games at Grant Park.

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**SEASIDE—ARAB SOUTH SEAS—\$525**

Honolulu, Samoa, Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti, etc. 19th in Class Award First World War Class.

Visiting 4 continents and world's great cities (stop-overs). Homebush—Sailings July 27, 1927; Aug. 15, 28, Sept. 4. Sydney—Aug. 29, Aug. 15, 28, Sept. 4. Genl. 25. Send for literature. Complete R. M. S. H.M.S. Harsh Ship. R. M. S. de Cature, etc.

**Great Reductions in First-Class Rates.**

**\$457.55 Around the World**

\$100 Europe and return. \$110 Honolulu and return. \$100 Alaska and return. \$100 Alaska trip. \$115 Tahiti and return.

**CITIZENS' TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK,**  
B. D. Ferguson, President, 100 Broadway,  
Room 1015, 110 South Broadway, Los Angeles.

**Shortest Ocean Passage to Europe—** Less than 4 days at sea—2 1/2 days on the St. Lawrence River. Canadian Pacific Atlantic Express—sail from historic old Quebec—other excellent steamers from Montreal. Ask about quickest transatlantic service.

**Quickest Time Across the**

**RIO DE JANEIRO**—18 days to Japan, 15 days to China on Empressess of the Pacific—Most luxurious vessels in Pacific service, shorten the voyage nearly a week. We will gladly give you descriptive booklet and detailed information as to both Atlantic and Pacific service. Call or write or phone.

**A. A. POLHEMUS, Gen. Agt.,**  
 760 So. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.  
 Or ask any ticket agency.

**Superb Routes of Travel.**

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR BERTHS OR MEALS.  
**Steamships** GOVERNOR, carrying 510 passengers.  
PRESIDENT, carrying 450 passengers.

**SAILING THURSDAYS**

**San Francisco Seattle or Tacoma**  
\$2.25 1st class; \$1.00 2d class; \$21.25 2nd class; \$11.25 1st class;  
\$2.25 2d class. \$21.25 2nd class; \$11.25 2d class.

**STEAMSHIP "QUEEN" carrying 583**  
passengers.

**SAILING SUNDAYS**

**San Francisco Seattle or Tacoma**  
\$7.25 1st class \$21.25 1st class  
\$2.25 2d class \$11.25 2d class  
San Diego, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Vancouver, Victoria, or Vancouver.  
San Diego Daylight Excursions every Wednesday and Saturday morning. \$2.50  
one way; \$4.50 round trip.

**FINEST OF SERVICE. LARGE MODERN STEAMERS.**  
Ticket Office, 545 S. Spring St. Phone—Room A2334, Main 47

## WILMINGTON TRANSPORTATION COMPANY

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND—Schedule to effect July 6, 1912.

Trains	Leave Los Angeles	Daily	Daily	Sat. Only
Pacific Electric Station (4th and Main Sts.)	7:15 a.m.	7:00 p.m.	8:00 p.m.	.....
(Avondale Depot)	7:45 a.m.	7:30 p.m.	8:30 p.m.	.....
Ball Lake Borneo (East First Street)	8:45 a.m.	8:30 p.m.	9:30 p.m.	.....
Steamer Leaves Avalon	10:45 a.m.	10:30 a.m.	10:45 a.m.	.....
Trains Arrive Avalon	12:15 p.m.	9:30 p.m.	8:15 p.m.	.....

	Daily	Ex-Sunday	Sundays Only
Trains Arrive Los Angeles	7:00 a.m.	8:45 p.m.	12:45 p.m.
Pacific Electric Station (4th and Main Sts.)	7:30 a.m.	9:15 p.m.	9:30 p.m.
P. Ry. (Avalon Depot)	8:30 a.m.	10:15 p.m.	10:30 p.m.
Ball Lake Borneo (East First Street)	11:35 a.m.	7:15 p.m.	11:45 p.m.

Trains leave Los Angeles at Southern Pacific Wharf, San Pedro only.

Excursion Steamer "Hermosa" 550 passengers. Excursion Steamer "Cabrillo" 154 passengers. Wilmington Transportation Co. reserves the right to change steamers and times of sailing without notice. Tickets \$1.50 good going July 4, 5 and 6. Returning up to including July 10. Tickets \$2.00 good going July 11, 12 and 13. Information at the SANTA CATALINA ISLAND TICKET OFFICE, 144 Pacific Electric Bldg., 4th and Main Sts. Phone: 384, Home 1044.

## BEST ROUTE FOR

See America First

**GREAT  
NORTHERN  
RAILWAY**

National Park Route

**BEST ROUTE FOR**  
Washington-British Columbia-Montana and  
**All Points East**  
IT COSTS NO MORE ON ONEWAY TICKETS  
J. W. Phalon, T. P. & P. Agent, 606 So. Spring St.  
Tel. Broadway 1314. Home F1364.

**Steamships.**

First Class      Second Class

**\$7.35 and \$8.35 San Francisco--\$5.35**  
**All Rates Include Berth and Meals**  
**Next Sailing Monday, July 7th**

**BAILINGS.**

July 12, 17, 22, 27, Aug. 1, 4, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31.  
SAN FRANCISCO, ASTORIA, PORTLAND—  
Without Charge.

Through Tickets to All Ports in United States  
and Canada via San Francisco, Portland  
and Puget Sound.

**NEWEST, MODERN COASTWISE STEAMERS**  
**THE SAN FRANCISCO & PORTLAND R.R. CO.**

Passenger Licenses  
\$84    104    451

C. G. KRUGGER, Dist. Pass. Agt., 417 S. Spring. Phones: Home A2761; Main 1964.

**Sydney** SHORT LINE—San Francisco to Australia, 16 days via Honolulu and thence, the fastest service ever obtained. Roundtrip \$1000.00 (includes food, cabin and stateroom) (Classed by British Lloyd 100 A1).

\$118 Honolulu and Sydney round trip.

**SEASIDE—ARAB SOUTH SEAS—\$525**

Honolulu, Samoa, Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti, etc. 19th in Class Award First World War Class.

Visiting 4 continents and world's great cities (stop-overs). Homebush—Sailings July 27, 1927; Aug. 15, 28, Sept. 4. Sydney—Aug. 29, Aug. 15, 28, Sept. 4. Genl. 25. Send for literature. Complete R. M. S. 613, Hartsch Ship Co., P.O. Box 20, Calcutta, India.

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**A. A. POLHEMUS, Gen. Agt.,**  
 760 So. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.  
 Or ask any ticket agency.







GERMAN BEATS MARCONI FEAT. Declares New System Revolutionizes Wireless. Talks Across the Atlantic with "Singing Wheel."

Sir Oliver Lodge Says It Will Rule Aerography.

THE WEATHER. (Special to the Times.)

Enclosed Liners.

DOG DISCOVERS BLOODY TOWEL. CARRIES LIKELY PENDELL CASE TO HIS MASTER.

Believed to Be Lavatory Article Missing from Money Lenders' Office—Detective Searching for Identification—New Line of Investigation Opened.

What may prove to be the most important discovery of the day, the discovery of the body of a man, was made yesterday by a dog belonging to C. H. Hendricks, 1449 Constance street. The towel, which was found in a bundle of laundry, was wrapped around a man's body, and the dog, which was named "Singing Wheel," was found with the bundle.

The significant part of the discovery is the towel, from which it was found that the man was a German, and that he was a member of the "Singing Wheel" organization. The dog, which was named "Singing Wheel," was found with the bundle, and the dog's master, C. H. Hendricks, was found with the bundle.

When reported to the police, the discovery was considered of great importance, and the police were notified. The police were notified of the discovery, and the police were notified of the discovery.

The writing on the envelope, which was found in the bundle, was found to be a letter from a man named "Singing Wheel," and the letter was found to be a letter from a man named "Singing Wheel."

The "Diamond" on No. 341, which was found in the bundle, was found to be a diamond, and the diamond was found to be a diamond.

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Los Angeles Daily Times

NAVY ENLISTMENTS INCREASE. Cruise to Europe and Panama and Visit to Pacific Expositions Prove Good Drawing Cards. (BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) WASHINGTON, July 4.—The records of naval enlistments for April, May and June show a substantial increase over those of corresponding months in the previous four years. The enlistment for the three months this year were: April, 1285; May, 1393, and June, 1432, as compared with 1214, 1333 and 1348 for last year, and greatly in excess of the enlistments in those months in 1909.

It now seems probable, says Secretary Daniels, "that the full quota of enlisted men allowed by law may be reached prior to the sailing of the fleet for Europe next winter. Many young men enlisting now have an opportunity to participate in the opening of the Panama Canal as well as to be present at the celebration in honor of this event at San Francisco and San Diego."

OLD MONEY FOR OHIO. Young Rockefeller Offers Forty-Three Thousand Dollars to Restore Three Flood Damaged Y.M.C.A. Buildings. (BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) COLUMBIA (O.) July 4.—John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has offered \$43,000 for the restoration of the Y.M.C.A. buildings at Dayton, Hamilton and Marietta, which were badly damaged by the March floods, according to a telegram received from New York yesterday by Dr. Andrew Timmerman, chairman of the Ohio State Y.M.C.A. board.

CATHOLIC ASSEMBLY FORMED. NEW ORLEANS, July 4.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] The tenth annual general assembly of the National Catholic Educational Association closed its three-day session here last night with public meetings at the Knights of Columbus Hall. Among the speakers was the Rev. Peter C. Yorks of Oakland, Cal., on "The World's Desire."

BOUND FOR LOS ANGELES. CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, July 4.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Christian Endeavor delegates from Illinois left the Union Station on a special train yesterday for the twenty-third annual convention to be held July 9 to 14 in Los Angeles.

SHIPPING. PORT SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES. ARRIVED—FRIDAY, JULY 4. Steamer Harvard, Capt. James, from San Diego. Steamer Green, Capt. Alexander, from San Francisco. Steamer Santa Clara, Capt. James, from San Francisco. Steamer Santa Clara, Capt. James, from San Francisco. Steamer Santa Clara, Capt. James, from San Francisco.

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PORT TIDES. Pacific Coast Steamship Company's steamer Queen arrived from San Francisco, via Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, at 10:30 a.m. The steamer Queen is scheduled to leave for San Francisco at 11:00 a.m. The steamer Queen is scheduled to leave for San Francisco at 11:00 a.m.

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JULY 5, 1913.—[PART II]

# The Los Angeles Times

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 5, 1913.

POPULATION | By the Federal Census (1910)—253,199  
By the City Directory (1913)—454,417XXII<sup>ND</sup> YEAR.

On Old-New Field.

## CITY OF PATRIOTISM HAULS UP THE FLAG.

Los Angeles' Own Demonstration Has  
Center of the Stage.

Ten Thousand Go to Exposition Park for Interesting  
Municipal Programme of Many Features—Odd and  
Exciting Races, Sports, Daylight Fireworks, Speak-  
ing and Music—Opening of Museum a Surprise.

LOS ANGELES was officially and publicly at home yesterday afternoon in the broad acres of Exposition Park to her children, her uncles, cousins and her aunts. Ten thousand of them swarmed the sward and kicked up the dust and drank unlimited lemonade, enjoyed the races, cheered the daylight fireworks, made faces at the sun and otherwise gave evidence that as a host the municipality had their approval.

"This is only the beginning," said Mayor Alexander, who had the time of his official life helping the police keep the crowds back, making a speech and awarding the prizes. "This will become a yearly feature, and it

the first time the magnitude and possibilities of the city's newest and greatest playground.

It was warm out there. One man assured his companions that it was "hotter than the hives of hell," but nobody cared. They were having too good a time—especially the kids, who were there in a full line of assortment, and entered into the spirit of the occasion with a gusto which indicates that already they do not regret the day of the exploding firecracker and the missing finger.

The daylight fireworks were a feature, and for twenty minutes the air was filled with queer aerial shapes, bursting bombs, miniature airships, paper battleships, men on horseback and brightly tinted pyrotechnics which wiggled their way through the air in the most amazing shapes. When

KATS UP THE FARM.

Railway Corporation's Little Piece of Work at Second and Broadway Costs Eleven Thousand Dollars.

Few of those who paused the past week at Broadway and Second street to watch the lamp-light activities of Los Angeles Railway Corporation employees knew that a berth was there being prepared for 150,000 nickel fares. Yet that is the connotation of the corporation's announcement that the place of special work, which kept that crossing in eruption for the larger part of a week, cost \$10,000. Moreover the street car folk paid out \$2000 additional for incidentals in the way of labor, ties, gravel and paving material.

The piece of special work itself consists of a double-track crossing and a two-way curve of manganese steel that weighs ninety pounds to the yard. Upended it would reach to the fifth story of a modern skyscraper, while the total weight is put down at 150,000 pounds.

TO DISCUSS SECURITIES LAW.

The "blue sky law" will be discussed before the Knickerbocker Club on Thursday evening next, by Charles A. Elder, president of the Los Angeles Investment Company, and Lee C. Gates, member of the State Senate. As they hold widely divergent views on the subject, an interesting debate is anticipated.

TEASING THE FISH.

W. J. Doran, John Richardson and W. T. Helms, deputies in the District Attorney's office, are on a fishing trip. Before their departure they promised to make a record catch of trout in the Big Bear Valley district.

Reputation.

## LEAVE TRIO IN SELF-DUG HOLE.

Earl-Haynes-Norton Ring of  
Referendums Outlawed.

Goaded Supervisor Snarls a  
Threat of Initiative.

Hard-Working Subordinates  
Are Chief Sufferers.

Disgusted with the unfair methods charged to the Earl-Haynes-Norton coalition in efforts to gain control of the reins of county government, many county officials yesterday declared their intention of repudiating the rebater boss if the charges of fraud in getting signatures for the referendum petition are sustained by the grand jury.

It is believed that both fraud and perjury will be shown in securing names when the checking is completed under the direction of County Clerk Leanda. Little progress was made yesterday owing to the holiday and the unwillingness of the County

AMERICAN FRIEND HERE.

Noted Citizen of Japan, Spreading  
the Gospel of Peace, to Address  
Local Japanese.

A noted citizen of Japan is in Los Angeles to place the soft pedal on the talk of war between the Sunriser Empire and the United States, over the California alien land laws. He is Y. Yamaguchi, a special representative of the American Friend Society of Japan. His mission may be regarded as semi-official since he is one of the powerful leaders of the Constitutional party which now controls the political affairs of the empire. The messenger of peace is at the Alexandria.

Yamaguchi is the guest of the local Japanese Society. He will address a meeting of Japanese probably Monday. The statesman has addressed mass meetings of Japanese at Seattle, Portland, Tacoma, San Francisco, Oakland and other Coast cities. He counsels peace in all his public addresses and expresses the belief that differences between the two countries over the land laws will be settled amicably by diplomacy.

The members of the American Friend Society of Japan are men who have resided in the United States, former diplomats, and other government officials, merchants and scholars. The purpose of the organization is to encourage friendly relations between the two countries. Its members are strongly opposed to war and to war talk. The society recently erected a monument to Commodore Perry at Uruga, near Yokohama.

## Store Closed Today

See Sunday's papers for particulars of  
two important July Sales!

## Summer Dresses and Home Furnishings

It will profit you to read every word of  
these announcements. They will be  
events of real economy.

N. B. Blackstone Co.

## Store Closed Today

Take Advantage  
Monday  
of our

Clearance of  
PLAYER  
PIANOS

Because of our discontinuance of the following agencies on July 1st,  
we are enabled to offer you any of these celebrated Player Pianos at  
the extraordinary reductions below. These Special Prices apply to  
Hamer-Cecilian, Farrand-Cecilian, Kurtzmann, Laffargue, Howard.

5000 Players	\$750	5000 Players	\$575
5000 Players	\$650	5000 Players	\$475
5000 Players		5000 Players	\$395

Discounts of \$100 to \$300 on

Weber, Steck,  
Wheelock, Stroud,  
Stuyvesant Pianola  
Player Pianos

"WHERE MUSIC WELLS AND QUALITY DWELLS"

Geo. J. Birkel Co.

446-448 South Broadway

## Renco Belt Corsets Have Exclusive Features

which are strikingly simple, successful  
and comfortable. Every model is boned  
with double watch spring steel, and is  
guaranteed not to rust.

Model Number 315—a medium  
bust style, particularly commends  
itself to the woman of average  
figure

but any Renco Belt model will give  
you true corset satisfaction. Number  
315 sells at \$8.50.

Newcom's 533  
CORSET SHOP

Remont Avenue

WATCHES

Dr. COLEGROVE, Dentist

Over the Bank

MANUFACTURING CO.

Japanese Roof Tiles,

Flower Pots, etc.

LOOKING TEETH

High-grade Millinery at Popular

Prices. Hats for everybody.

Men's Famous Wear

Benjamin Clothes

JAMES SMITH & CO.

will grow until it includes every public  
park in its scope.

It was the biggest crowd Exposition  
Park, by its predecessor, Agricultural  
Park, ever had, but the space is so large  
that even the thousands who were there  
could not find a place to sit. The police  
stand was inspected and hundreds of  
patrolmen had no trouble in preserving  
order and preventing accidents, and  
as a safe, sane and patriotic Fourth  
it was a great success.

HORSE RACES INTEREST.

Besides the speaking and the sports  
the Los Angeles Driving Club presented  
an entertaining programme of races,  
and the inspiring cry "They're off" once  
more awoke the echoes of the old park now  
galvanized into new life. Close finishes  
were lacking, but the track is in fine shape,  
and the thud of the thoroughbreds as they  
swung into the home stretch was music  
to the ears of thousands from whom the  
impersonal sputter of an automobile engine  
can never take the place of straining sinews  
and extended nostrils of the nags hurrying  
toward fame and prize.

The Museum and the State building  
were open and crowded during the  
afternoon; the uncompleted grand stand  
was inspected and hundreds of  
patrolmen perched themselves beneath its  
shade. To many of the visitors the park was  
a revelation, and they understood for

these had served their purpose there  
was a merry scramble to secure the  
place of honor. Grandpa was not  
too dignified to vie with the youngsters  
in searching for the trophies of the sky.

At the city's celebration of the Fourth.  
Showing a part of the large crowd in Exposition Park. Miss Grace James,  
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At the city's







Happenings on the Pacific Slope.

**FREE A CIRCUS IN PRISON YARD.**  
Convicts Enjoy Day of Sport and Feasting.

**Among Prisoners Are Contestants in Hundred-Yard Dash.**

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**OUT DOWN BY VANDALS.**  
Paraguayan Flag on Display in San Francisco Removed From the Consulate.

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**FISH LICENSE GETS THE GAFF.**  
Thousands Sign Petitions to Kill the Law.

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**Store Closed Today**  
Read Sunday papers for detailed account of our semi-annual

**Pre-Inventory Sale**  
Beginning Monday, July 7

**Pre-Inventory Sale**

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**Unique's ANNUAL SALE EVENT Begins Monday**  
Watch Sunday's Times For Important Offerings

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**NO OTHER SO GOOD**

**The Los Angeles Times**

**Illustrated Weekly**

**Illustrated Weekly**

**Illustrated Weekly**

**Illustrated Weekly**

**Illustrated Weekly**

**Illustrated Weekly**

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**Echo Park Celebration.**  
(Continued from First Page.)

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**THE BANANA TRADE.**  
The United States Consumes Sixty Million Bunches Annually and the Consumption is Increasing.

**THE BANANA TRADE.**

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**Blood Bath**  
Knocks Rheumatism

**Blood Bath**

**Blood Bath**

**Blood Bath**

**Blood Bath**

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**Remarkable Effects of a Remedy That Actually Irrigates the Entire Blood Supply.**

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**Yellow Metal.**

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**Yellow Metal.**

**Yellow Metal.**

**Semi-Monthly Magazine**

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**FIND PAY DIRT GOLD IN AN OLD GRAVEL PIT.**

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**Section of the Times**

**Section of the Times**

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**Valuable Jewelry**

**Valuable Jewelry**

**Valuable Jewelry**

**Valuable Jewelry**

**Valuable Jewelry**

**Low Rates East**

**Low Rates East**

**Low Rates East**

**Low Rates East**

**Low Rates East**







## HIS QUARTER CENTURY GOAL.

Woolen Preacher Succeeds in Los Angeles.

Papers in a Greek Theater Sunday Evening.

Dr. Walker Will Speak at the Men's Meeting.

The blessed Fourth of July, when the nation celebrates its birth, is a day of great significance. It is a day when the people of the United States are reminded of the sacrifices made by their forefathers for the freedom and independence of the nation. It is a day when the people are called upon to reflect on the principles of liberty and justice for all, and to strive to uphold these principles in their own lives. The celebration of the Fourth of July is a time when the people of the United States are reminded of the sacrifices made by their forefathers for the freedom and independence of the nation. It is a day when the people are called upon to reflect on the principles of liberty and justice for all, and to strive to uphold these principles in their own lives.

Pen Points: By the

Why not make Senator Martin

In these summer days let us

While they are at it, the Demo

Among other pleasant features

It is but a little more than

John D. Rockefeller says he

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The woman who threw a sea

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Fifty-three dentists have

The attention of the local

President Wilson is said to be

One in three marriages in

The Dukehorns in Saskatch

Los Angeles was honored by

A BONG.

What a pathway is after wh

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## RELIGIOUS BRIEFS.

COMES TO TAKE A LOOK.

Dr. Thomas H. Walker of Port-

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Dr. Thomas H. Walker of Port-

## YOUR BIBLE LESSON.

Helps Prepared for "The Times" by Dr. G. Campbell

Morgan, the World-Famous Expositor.

THE CHILD MOSES SAVED FROM DEATH.

Canaan. In the opening part of

From the standpoint of human

THE STORY.

In this quarter's lesson we pass

THE GOLDEN TEXT.

The golden text reveals the one

THE CHRISTIAN WHO DARES.

These Comments upon the Uniform

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

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# Day's Events Below Tehachepi's Top.

NEWS REPORTS FROM CORRESPONDENTS OF THE TIMES.

## MOTORCYCLE KILLS A MAN.

### Race Ends with a Fatal Accident.

### Other's Receive Painful Lower Injuries.

### Small Floats Were Featured in Morning Parade.

### Went to the Times.

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## Bell and Wing

By FREDERICK FANNING AYER

The spirit and genius of poetry.—Crydon Chronicle, England.  
Great originality and depth of feeling.—Boston Times.  
A subtle thinker, and one who is also the master of the language of imaginative expression.—Publishers' Circular, England.  
Vivid and militant.—Brooklyn Times.  
Fierce vigor of expression.—The Light, England.  
An informing soul which vitalizes.—Rochester Post.  
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, Publishers, N. Y. Price \$2.50

## City of Patriotism.

(Continued from First Page.)

this side of the pond we are pleased to call "America."  
Then J. D. Radford, chairman of the day, told the multitude that Uncle Sam is 127 years old. He explained the destiny of Exposition Park, the city's playground, a place for athletic meets, with exhibition buildings, a race track and eventually a sunken stadium.

The mayor recalled a Fourth of July fifty years ago which he spent in the trenches at Vicksburg. He is a time that has changed in that half-century, and assured his hearers that this is now a united country with many a North, South, East or West.

"The nation," he said, "leads in everything that is good, and we ought to be proud, not only of the nation, but of the city of Los Angeles, and work together to make the city and country the best in all the world."

Charles Follette of the Los Angeles High School read the Declaration of Independence, and Seward Adams Simons made his bow as the "orator of the day."  
The day was good, and what pleased the crowd better, it was short. The nation's birthday, he said, stands for life and hope to all civilized people. Our flag is honored and revered all over the world, and the Fourth of July means that we have demonstrated the enduring power of liberty, and that the great Virginian was right when he wrote the immortal words, "All men are created equal."

The speaker referred to the country's glorious history through all the 137 years of the Civil War and the devotion of the Union by the boys of '61 under Abraham Lincoln; of the reunion this week on the field of Gettysburg, where the veterans of both armies met; of the great monument which stands for the eternal peace of this country. "Let us hope that we may all go on in the development of liberty, and the principle of equality and justice."

## UP GOES THE BANNER.

Miss Grace James sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," and, as the last clear note rang, a banner was hoisted in the middle of the field was hoisted aloft, opening as it rose, revealing from its giant folds thousands of tiny stars, which descended in a rain of red, white and blue upon the crowd. Every flag was specially saluted, and for the remainder of the afternoon the colors were in almost every hand.

One veteran failed in his efforts to get a flag. His knees were stiff and a boy of 10 grasped the coveted bit of bunting first. The old man was so disappointed that tears gathered in his eyes. He said to the boy, "Won't you give me the flag, sonny? I fought for it fifty years ago today at Gettysburg. I'd like to have it."

## FIREMEN STRONGER.

Then came the races, and for hours there was fun and glory enough to go 'round. The first event was a tug of war between selected teams from the police and fire departments. Chief Eley was on hand and almost blew up as he rooted for his boys. Sergeant Hartmeyer was in command of the cops and Ed Durand, but the husky fire-eaters were too much for the first-street boys, and took two successive heats. The first in an minute and forty seconds and the second in ten seconds. Chief Sebastian arrived too late to do any good except in the expression of polite regrets.

The firemen with the pull are Gates, Chamberlain, Phelps, Kelley, Bertram, Feltman, Drake, Cooney and Holmes. Kelley was captain of the squad. The khaki-clad men of brown who went down to a perishing defeat at the hands of the firemen, Cooke, Leland, Benson, Ferns and Taylor.

Feltman of the fire department broke into the hall of fame a little later when he won a fifty-yard dash with F. V. Cooney second and W. J. Shores third. The time was so fast that the stop watches failed to register. The police also partimed for a few fleeting seconds in a fifty-yard sprint of their own, which H. B. Benson won. W. C. Cooney second, and after two trials to decide a dead heat, B. N. Cooke third. The chief said he would give a day off to the officer who covered the distance in four seconds, but the force will all be at work today. The prize for the tug-of-war winners, according to the programme, is a pair of gloves for each member of the winning team. Suitable prizes went with every win and including almost everything from a sweater to a bathing suit.

## MILE RELAY.

One of the most interesting races of the afternoon was a mile relay between teams representing the intermediate districts of the Sentosa and Thirtieth-street schools for a bronze trophy given by the city to be competed for annually. Twenty-two runners took part in the race which was won by Sentosa-street in 2:15. The boys who ran in relays of two are: Sentosa-street, Lucian Griffin, Richard Feltman, Drake, Cooney and Helde. George Woods, Webster Sidwell, Kenneth Ward, Al Rogers, Lee Thomas, Lawrence Smith, John Wallace and Sam Smith, captain. For Thirtieth-street: Charles Ilich, Leonard Miller, Jimmy Bluet, Sandor Smith, M. Franklin, John Bluet, Norman Hall, Leslie Shinn, Alan Bruce, Charles Fitzsimmons and Horace Brooks.

The trophy was presented to Sol Smith by the mayor. Bernal Dias was active in arranging the programme of sports and in seeing that it was properly carried out. C. B. Taitt was referee, and these were assisted by an able corps of judges and assistants. R. Daugherty was field manager.

The flag race for girls 12 to 14 years old was won by Agnes Smith, Hazel Allen second, Margaret Albright third.

The sack race for boys 9 to 12 years old was won after many tribulations by Louis Clark, Lindley Potts second, Edward Radman third.

The 50-yard dash for girls of 9 years and under was captured by Edith Delmonico, Gladys Richards second, Mamie Dewese third.

## CLASSIC IN LEATHER.

The shoe race for boys 12 to 14

## ANNUAL FIRE ON SCHEDULE.

### San Bernardino Man Suffers a Third Visitation.

### New Assessment Roll Shows an Enormous Loss.

### Highway Commission Plans a Business Meeting Today.

### Went to the Times.

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## Christopher's

### SPECIAL SUNDAY BRICKS

Solve the Desert Problem

50¢

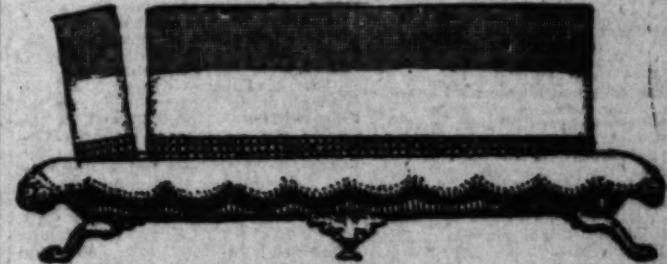
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JULY 5, 1913. [PARTIAL]

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Cor. Seventh and Spring

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Unique Magazine of the Sensuous Southwest



1913

10th Year—New Series.  
Volume III, No. 27.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1913.

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Or at News Agencies,

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New York Herald.



Almost Persuaded.  
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



Help!  
San Francisco Call.



THE NEW PARTNER.  
Cleveland Plain Dealer.



ENFORCED SELF PUNISHMENT.  
Baltimore American.



BE QUICK ABOUT IT! NONE OF THIS "INCH AT A TIME" BUSINESS.  
New York Herald.



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None

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H. G. OTIS, President,  
 For The Times-Mirror Company, Owners.

(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of June, 1913.

[SEAL]

T. L. CHAPIN,  
 Notary Public.

Form 3526.

5-6012

In and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.  
 (My commission expires Nov. 2, 1915.)

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## At The Times Catalina Island Camp

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## Illustrated

## THE TIMES MIRROR

Established Dec. 5, 1897. Recd. Jan. 4, 1913, and No.

Devoted to the development of Southern California, the exploitation of resources and the word-painting of beauties. Popular descriptions strong in fact, statement and editorial, correspondence, poetry, Home, the Garden, the Farm and California in tone and color; character, with the flavor of the mountains, canyons, slopes, "Land of Heart's Desire."

An independent weekly vehicle of platitude and description; a and convictions; the steady and freedom in the industries, all good men and women, with honestly seeking to better their serve the cause of home, country.

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Entered as second-class matter Jan. 4, 1913, under Act of March 3, 1879.

## Los Angeles Illustrated

Under the Editorial Direction of HARRISON GRAY OTIS

Regular Weekly Issue

## EDITOR

No, Not Russia.

In No other land is the spirit as that which Jacob Schiff believes have to go to Russia.

With all deference to the great Progressive reformer of the Empire, differ from his conclusion could come nearer home that this intolerance same spirit as that which the party which past which Jacob Schiff believes have to go to Russia.

## You Must

Adversity has beaten you. You're bruised, talons of doubt are in your throat; you've fought of your endurance from the back of your mind. But what of it? Every man. There's as gold in the sands it's up to you to find it.

If you're a weakling you'll surrender. But if you're a son of a single surge of endurance left in you will see a man emerge. Fair weather doesn't ship; mock battles it takes storm and strife.



White Roof?

Malthoid

Pick Out

ofed with

Malthoid

and durable. The imitations look  
on worthless as a protection, a  
er.a little more—but you get more  
satisfaction. You can't afford  
it consulting us. We make, by  
proofing.Paint Company  
Security Building

Main 664

DAH, Manager.

er Vacation  
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Times

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on for California youngsters under  
competent management. Three big  
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d attendants.

oating—Swimming

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Win This Great Outing

Southern California who secures  
and Sunday Times for one monthwho sells 50 copies of the Sunday  
(Isn't that easy?) Will Be GivenThe Times Catalina Camp. If  
may stay longer. For further

es Camp Manager

First and Broad

## Illustrated Weekly

## THE TIMES MAGAZINE.

Established Dec. 5, 1897. Reconstructed Jan. 6, 1912.  
Jan. 4, 1913, and May 31, 1913.]Devoted to the development of California and the Great  
Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural  
resources and the word-painting of their wonders and  
beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles  
strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant  
editorial, correspondence, poetry and pictures; the  
flora, the fauna, the farm and the range.California in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and  
character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the  
mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the  
"Land of Heart's Desire."An independent weekly vehicle of present day thought, ex-  
planation and description; a journal of views, opinions  
and convictions; the steady champion of liberty, law  
and freedom in the industries, holding up the hands of  
all good men and women, without distinction, who are  
honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to  
improve the cause of home, country and civilization.The Illustrated Weekly, being complete in itself, is served to  
the public separate from The Times news sheets when  
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Illustrated WeeklyUnder the Editorial Direction of  
HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

Regular Weekly Issue Over 91,000

## EDITORIAL.

No, Not  
Russia.In New York the other day, discuss-  
ing the anti-alien  
land law of Califor-  
nia, Jacob H. Schiff  
declared that the  
California act is the  
same as the spirit in  
Russia.With all deference to the opinion of  
the great Progressive statesman and  
former of the Empire State, we beg  
to differ from his conclusion. We  
would come nearer home, and point  
out that this intolerance is just in the  
same spirit as that which character-  
izes the party which passed it and to  
which Jacob Schiff belongs. We do  
not have to go to Russia for a paral-The  
College  
GraduateTwo friends were  
heard conversing on  
a street corner. One  
said to the other:  
"What are you go-  
ing to do with your-  
self tonight?" "I am  
going," was the re-  
ply, "to hear a lecture on the Age of  
Pericles. Won't you come along?"  
"No indeed," said the person ad-  
dressed. "I don't care how old Peri-  
cles was. I prefer to go to the cir-  
cus."A criticism not altogether unwar-  
ranted upon collegiate life and learn-  
ing is that some students give much of  
their time to Greek iambics and col-  
lege girls and accord but little atten-  
tion to the business of the modern  
world with which they must, when  
they leave college, come in contact.The chief value to the student of the  
higher education is that it instructs  
him how to learn. The ability to  
translate Homer or Herodotus from  
the original Greek is not of practical  
value of itself, but it is most valuable  
in that in acquiring a knowledge of  
Greek the mental faculties have been  
trained, so that the student is better  
fitted for his struggle with the world  
for bread and butter.Yet there are some college gradu-  
ates—happily not many—who remain  
college graduates, and nothing else,  
all their lives. They live in a dream-  
land of their own creation and, after  
they leave Yale or Harvard they sit  
on its doorsteps instead of walking  
into the thronged thoroughfare of life  
and pushing their way to success. And  
one must push if success is to be  
achieved.The late Senator Stanford once  
said to the writer: "A young man,  
the son of an old and dear friend, came  
to me from the East the other day and  
presented me with a letter from his  
father asking me for the sake of 'auld  
lang syne' to give the young fellow  
employment. I was anxious to oblige  
my old friend, and I cast about to find  
him a job in some of the enterprises  
under my control."He was a graduate of Yale. He  
was well up in the classics and ancient  
languages. He could have talked He-  
brew with Moses and explain in  
Greek the true proportions of a dithy-  
rambic. The 'Iliad' and the 'Odys-  
sey' were familiar to him, and he could  
tell the exact date of Caesar's assassi-  
nation. But he did not know the dis-  
tance in miles or the difference in pop-  
ulation between San Francisco andSan Jose. He did not know how  
many cubic feet or gallons of water  
constituted a miner's inch. He did  
not know whether a eucalyptus was a  
tree or a bug."If he had been able to speak French  
and German and Spanish instead of  
Latin and Greek and Hebrew; if he  
had known as much about bridge-  
building as he did about the architec-  
ture of the Areopagus; if he had been  
as apt in metallurgical as he was in  
astronomical science, I could have  
found him profitable employment in a  
commercial house, or in the engineer-  
ing or construction department of the  
railroad, or with a mining company.  
But he did not know how to do any-  
thing that the world wants done. The  
best thing I could offer him was a  
place as conductor on a street railway  
car. He did not want such a position.  
The next I heard of him he was a bar-  
keeper in a saloon."Mr.  
Bryan's  
TommyrotOur very amiable  
and presumably able  
Secretary of State is  
Jacksonian in his  
Democracy in one  
respect. In his in-  
most heart he treas-  
ures that Democrac-  
ic principle of government expressed  
in the immortal words: "To the vic-  
tors belong the spoils."There are certain appointive offices  
which for many years have been sac-  
red from the vandal hand of partisan  
politics. Among these is the diplo-  
matic and consular service of the  
country.The ambassadors' and ministers'  
posts abroad are fat and therefore de-  
sirable. Mr. Bryan wants these  
places for partisan purposes, and is  
determined to fill them, if not with  
Wilson Democrats then with those of  
the Bryan brand.Of course he resorts to a subterfuge  
and pleads that the diplomatic service  
will be best filled by men "fresh from  
the people."The reductio ad absurdum is a  
pretty good logical argument and  
therefore in carrying out this prin-  
ciple we beg to suggest to Mr. Bryan  
the embassy to Japan should be offered  
to Gov. Johnson of California, the real  
author of the anti-Japanese law, or  
better still, to Mr. Tveitmo, the head  
of the anti-Japanese League. Of  
course, Mr. Bryan is treating us to a  
big dose of tommyrot, and he knows it.Tax on  
Bananas.One of the largest  
items of food of the  
fruit kind in the  
regime of the Amer-  
ican people is the ba-  
nana. The con-  
sumption of this  
fruit runs to some-  
thing like 60,000,000 bunches a year.  
They retail in the country at from less  
than a cent to 2 cents apiece, and they  
are among the most hearty of all the  
fruit-food products. Perhaps only ap-  
ples can be compared to the banana  
in the quantity used, in the cheapness  
of the food, in its power to sustain  
life, and in its health-giving qualities.There is none of this fruit produced  
in the United States, and therefore the  
importations compete with no home  
producer. According to the principle  
followed in levying duties for fifty  
years in America, bananas have prop-  
erly come in duty-free.It is one of the vagaries of the party  
now in power to propose a change in  
this custom, and to levy duties on ba-  
nanas. If the contention of that party  
be true, that the duty increases the cost  
of a commodity to the consumer, then  
the effect of this proposal will be to  
increase the price of bananas. What  
good is to come of this radical change  
is a very dark secret to most minds,  
unless it be to raise revenue and pre-  
vent a deficit in the treasury produced  
by the taking of duty off of wool and  
sugar, imports of which commodities  
do directly and gravely compete with  
American industries.If the administration at Washington  
would only turn its attention to the  
trust which controls the banana mar-  
ket, break that up and allow free com-  
petition in the importation of bananas,  
the fruit might be sold at half a cent  
apiece, or even less in most markets in  
the country, and the good effect to  
the people as a whole would be very  
large.

## Modern Antiquities.

During recent excavations in Rome there  
were found in the Palace of the Caesars on  
the Palatine Hill three big elevators, one  
shaft being 120 feet deep. Hero of Alexan-  
dria in 125 B. C. invented mechanical toys.  
These included a steam engine of the type  
known today as Avery's patent and a dou-  
ble forcing pump to be used as a fire en-  
gine. The same inventor was responsible  
for the penny-in-the-slot idea. The sub-  
marine was suggested in a book published  
in Paris in 1644. Leonardo da Vinci made  
investigations into the possibility of aerial  
flight.

## You May Be Down; But You're Not Out.

Herbert Kaufman.

Adversity has beaten you to the  
ground. You're bruised, heartsick;  
doubts are kneading at  
your throat; you've fought to the  
end of your endurance; failure is  
coming from the background.What of it? We've all  
been there the same hour. It comes  
to every man. There's brass as  
gold in the sands of time.  
It's up to you to show your  
back.If you're a weakling and a quit-  
ter, you'll surrender.If you're a son of battle; if  
you're a single surge of vitality  
and endurance left in your carcass,  
a man emerge from the  
crisis.The weather doesn't teach sea-  
men; mock battles never incu-  
bate a real soldier.

It takes storm and stress and the

crash of disaster to transmute the  
recruit into dependability.Where's your second wind? If  
you can't find it you're lost. Any-  
body can smile and strive and per-  
sist when the game is in his favor,  
but genius and power are born in  
the brooding blackness of adver-  
sity.Opportunity doesn't always  
come with a welcoming smile and  
full-laden hands. She seeks her  
chosen few in the sweat of despair  
and the anguish of deprivation.If you can grin with the wolf  
fangs in your soul; if you can plan  
with a sorrow-drugged mind; if  
you can strike with fear's shackles  
on your wrists; if you can invest  
the last undecided moment with  
valor and tenacity, the struggle is  
won.

You aren't "gone" until you re-

linquish your ambitions. You  
aren't downed until you surrender  
to yourself.The world can't cry "quits" for  
you. All the predictions are mean-  
ingless if you estimate yourself un-  
vanquished and undaunted.Every generation turned a cold  
shoulder to its most distinguished  
children.Success doesn't thrive upon lady-  
fingers and cafe parfaits. It is  
nourished upon the black crusts of  
misconception and want.There are few momentous lives  
that are not scarred with the mem-  
ory of meager months.Read biography and find how  
many an inspiring pen has fed from  
an ink-well of blood.There are one hundred million of  
us, each endowed with the inalien-able right to be or have as much as  
our ability and stability can com-  
mand.At the outset we are all imbued  
with a common desire to surpass—  
to rise to seize the most and the  
best.We don't give to our betters—  
we give way to them, but only after  
we have opposed their progress and  
blockaded their roads.We are measuring you now. If  
there's a yellow streak in your  
make-up, we'll find it and batter  
you back to the mass.Hit out. Let us feel your force  
We choose our masters and deter-  
mine our servants by the ordeal of  
courage.It's the eleventh hour. Quail at  
its challenge and all your tomor-  
rows are yesterdays.

(Copyright 1913, by Herbert Kaufman.)



# By the Western Sea. Land of the Great Southwest.

## For the Inner Man.

IN THE eyes of many people the most encouraging thing about the development of the Great Southwest at the present time is the provision being made for education. The school board of the city of Los Angeles asks for \$4,000,000 for new schools for the coming year. The city of Fresno asks for \$400,000, and Glendale, a suburb of Los Angeles, wants \$100,000 for new educational buildings. So it goes throughout every city and town, large and small, all through the Great Southwest.

## Skidoo, Pessimists!

THERE is no room for pessimism in the heart of any one dwelling in the Great Southwest, and this is the most uncomfortable place in the world for the pessimist to attempt to live. Of all undesirable citizens he is the most so. The Southern Pacific Railroad is planning to make improvements in its lines through Arizona and California by spending \$10,000,000 from earnings, in addition to \$30,000,000 to be realized from a bond issue. The El Paso and Southwestern Railroad is planning an extension of its lines from Tucson to Phoenix, 135 miles. The Denver and Salt Lake, successor to the Denver, Northwestern and Pacific, is planning to use \$25,000,000 on the Utah extension. Right near Los Angeles the Pacific Electric will at once build a shorter road to Santa Monica and the beach at an expense of \$175,000 for construction and \$250,000 for equipment. The city of Los Angeles in six months shows an expenditure of \$18,000,000 in the construction of 6692 buildings. This is the largest record of any six months in the history of the city. If we take the fiscal year, twelve months ended June 30, the building permits issued in Los Angeles number a little over 17,270, and the money spent would reach \$34,000,000. The bank clearings keep pace in their increase with the building and other development, showing for the month of June total clearings of \$92,000,000, which is about \$3,000,000 more than the record for June a year ago, and yet the month was a slack one in banking compared to the other months of the current year. For the year 1912 the value of the mineral output in the State of California was \$90,000,000. This mineral wealth is scattered over every county in the State. Around Bisbee, Ariz., 5000 men are constantly employed by the mining companies operating in that section, the Copper Queen Company leading with 2800 employees.

## The Southwestern Fruit Crop.

IN THE short orange crop of this season the California citrus fruit growers stand to lose \$10,000,000 or perhaps more. Yet there are sections where the short crop will result in no financial loss whatever. At the city of Orange in the county of the same name oranges are bringing from \$4 to \$4.50, and lemons as high as \$7 a box. Everything in that section of the State shows every sign of prosperity. It is a small city, but it is spending \$90,000 in street improvement, \$50,000 in a High School, and the Lutheran people are planning to spend \$25,000 in a new church. At Pomona the fruit cannery is busy on apricots, one grower shipping 200 tons, and as in places the crop is bringing \$100 a ton, the growers are making good money. After the apricots will follow peaches, and the cannery has already contracted for 2000 tons. So the Hemet factory is running wide open and giving employment to 300 people, expecting to can 300 tons of apricots, which at the prices going is estimated to mean \$90,000 for the crop. There will follow the delivery of 2000 tons of peaches at \$50,000. So the growers will receive from these two crops \$140,000. On top of this will come the alfalfa crop worth \$15,000, and grain another \$15,000. The farmers there have olives, honey, apples and other fruit crops, potatoes and other vegetable crops, and they are anything but lacking in prosperity.

## An Unusual Blessing.

THE last part of the month of June was marked by an unusual rainfall throughout all of Southern California. The precipitation generally ran to about half an inch. Since the cold spell last January the whole of the Southwest country has been blessed

by weather seasonably perfect. The rainfall has been more than average for the six months, and the temperature has been absolutely delicious. Unseasonable weather is generally bad weather, but it is difficult to get an unseasonable rain in California that will do harm. The downpour of last week will result in general benefit, being a particular blessing to sugar-beet growers, bean growers, and those engaged in the production of berries and deciduous fruits generally. Of course to the citrus fruit orchards

it was an unexpected blessing and a great one. The same is true in its effect on the alfalfa meadows. The perfect weather dispensations blessing the whole of the southwestern part of the country are in marked contrast with the conditions prevailing elsewhere in the country. The Middle West has been visited by one weather disaster following another, almost unprecedented in number and extent of the calamities. There are before us in the Southwest about ten weeks more of summer weather. We may

be visited by one or two sharp severe heat, but they are not likely to be more than three days at a time. This condition of the country has been looked upon as an ideal place for chasers of winter beams, glad to escape from the severe weather present and to go throughout every other part of the American continent, from the Rio Grande to the North Pole. It is only recently that the section has come to be known as an ideal summer climate. Comparing weather reports from the Middle West the month of June with those for the veriest period of the winter months, it seems to a reflective mind as if the west would prove a stronger attraction for people forced to flee from the desolation of winter than for those escaping from the heat of summer than for those escaping from the severe cold of winter. You can go against the latter, but there is no escape from the torrid heat of the Central West.

## The Far Northwest.

THE acquisition of Alaska was a take on the part of the farthest, profoundly reflective American statesman who secured the territory from the Russians. The mineral wealth of Alaska is a great treasure-house, particularly of the most precious of all metals, and now with the experience years before them residents of the territory are planning to furnish the country with a large part of its supply. There is no reason why the acquisition of Alaska should not in a short time furnish a home for as many Americans as the combined populations of Norway and Sweden amount to. The coal of the Territory are of unknown extent, forest wealth is inexhaustible, and the fisheries will furnish food for millions of people. Added to the scenic attractions of the Rocky and Sierra Madre mountains, Alaska should draw thousands and thousands of tourists to the coast each year. This fact is borne in upon us by the festival in honor of the mission celebrated the other day at Fairbanks.

## Shortsighted Policy.

THE new State of Arizona politics furnishes an example of radical ship run to seed, and the seed of the dragon's teeth, Russian politics, to furnish anything like a simile for the foolishness practiced by radical politicians who govern the State. Of course Arizona has a corporate mission composed mostly of wild politicians who probably never accomplish anything in business on their own. This commission is blocking the way of the Southern Pacific Company from bonds, millions of dollars of which will be spent in adding to the efficiency of the company's services to the people of the State. The application laid before the mission stated that \$9,775,000 was spent in constructing new lines, old ones, building electric lines, boats, adding to the track and utilities, stations and shops, constructing bridges. Another corporation that is the dead hand of this political commission is the Pacific Gas and Electric Company of Miami.

## Our Peculiar Wealth.

QUICKSILVER or mercury is used for centuries in many ways, sought after all over the world. The ancient days got all their mercury from a deposit of ore known as cinnabar, called Almaden in Spain. This monopoly of the market of the world was broken by the discovery of American mercury. The uncovering of a vein of great riches just south of San Jose, Almaden and the other at Guadalupe mines, with the old one in Spain, the market of the world in supplying mercury. After all these years of discovery of a new ledge near the known as the Guadalupe mine.

## Where They Lack.

[Boston Transcript:] Poet: you think of my verses? Critic: Too many feet and head.

## Chief Geronimo, Apache.



[Drawn from life by E. A. Burbank.]

Geronimo was born about the year 1824. He had the reputation of being the most treacherous and brutal of all the American Indians. It cost the government more money to capture him than any other Indian, but in 1890 he was captured by Gen. Miles. He and his band were sent to San Antonio, Tex., and from there to Ft. Pickens, and, in 1893, to Ft. Sill, where, in 1909, he died of pneumonia. I was personally acquainted with Geronimo, as he sat for several portraits for me. As I knew him, he was a kind good-hearted man—especially so to his own people. He was very reliable, always keeping his appointments with me. He was not a chief; the Apaches did not recognize him as a chief. To them he was a medicine man and was looked up to as such.

Geronimo claimed to me that he had great powers; that no bullet could kill him. To prove it, he bared half of his body to the waist and showed me the bullet wounds in his body. Sure enough, he had plenty of them. I remarked he must have been a long ways off or he surely would have been killed. "No, no," he said. "No bullet could kill me."

He was an inveterate gambler, and very lucky. Generally, on Sundays, he would go where the Kiowas, Comanches and soldiers congregated in a secluded place and gamble. Geronimo had quite a stock of horses and, among them, some good fast running horses. He would always take one of them along in case some one wanted to race with him; and generally he had use for the

horse. He was well liked by all at Ft. Sill; but the soldiers called him "Gerry," much to his annoyance, as he wished to be addressed as "Chief." He was a United States scout for the government. The head of every Apache family served as a scout; there were thirteen of them. They received \$25 a month for their services. When they were dressed in their scouts' uniform, and astride their horses they were a fine-looking lot of men.

Geronimo had an invalid wife and one daughter, who also, at that time, was sickly. Geronimo was very kind to his family, and when his little daughter was in the hospital he visited her daily, and always brought her fruit or candy.

He owned a little farm of ten acres and worked it himself, raising principally vegetables. It was a common sight to see him peddling his vegetables in the fort. He had a large stock of cattle. His first visit from the reservation was to the Omaha Exposition and then to the expositions at Buffalo and St. Louis. At these places he made lots of money by writing his signature, as the soldiers had taught him to do; also selling the buttons from his coat. He had a good stock of buttons in his tent. I was told by the man who had him in charge at Buffalo that when Geronimo left there he had \$800 in his trunk. He was very domestic in his habits. His house was scrupulously clean, kept so by himself. His great ambition was to go back to his old home in Arizona to spend his last days; but this the government refused him.

E. A. BURBANK.

## Illustrated with An Iron

## PALA RESERVE

MUCH has been written about various great things which the government has done, but I imagine that the occasion when the Pala reserve was officially turned over to the beautiful San Luis Obispo county. Pala possesses several features among Indian reservations, a home of a band of dusky people, who were forcibly exiled, like the "Evangeline" of the north, and farms which for many years have been considered their own; and who go out to till the soil of the peasants of a French



Indian builders at Pala.



Headgate at Pala.

It is the only tribe of Indians in this country whose homes are still standing. At an old Franciscan Mission Sunday hear mass before the ruins of the Frailes' mission nearly 100 years ago. When the mission of San Luis Obispo was established in 1771, the padres went up the mountains and took out water in an open ditch. The broad grain fields beyond the mission for a time were allowed to fall into decay. The secularization of the property by the Mexican government put this territory at that time into ruins. When the padres carried across the mountains, it became leveled, and the mission was entirely washed away in the course of the river. The government, by the act of the United States, has installed a pump to draw water into a ditch which follows the course of the ditch that the padres so many years ago occupied the tops of the mountains. At that time was protected, but is now lined with



## Southwest.

visited by one or two sharp snaps of severe heat, but they are not likely to last more than three days at a time. This section of the country has been looked upon as an ideal place for chasers of winter sunbathers, glad to escape from the wrath of severe weather present and to come throughout every other part of the North American continent, from the Rio Grande to the North Pole. It is only recently that this section has come to be known as a summer climate. Comparing the weather reports from the Middle West for the month of June with those for the same period of the winter months, it would seem to a reflective mind as if the Southwest would prove a stronger attraction for people forced to flee from the destructive heat of summer than for those escaping the severe cold of winter. You can guess against the latter, but there is no refuge from the torrid heat of the Central West.

## The Far Northwest.

THE acquisition of Alaska was no more than a take on the part of the farseeing and profoundly reflective American statesman who secured the territory from Russia. The mineral wealth of Alaska is proving a great treasure-house, particularly of the most precious of all metals, and now with the experience of years before them residents of the Territory are planning to furnish the rest of the country with a large part of its supply. There is no reason why our portion of Alaska should not in a short time furnish a home for as many American citizens as the combined populations of Norway and Sweden amount to. The coal deposits of the Territory are of unknown extent, the forest wealth is inexhaustible, and the fisheries will furnish food for millions for a time to come if properly taken care of. Added to the scenic attractions of the Rocky and Sierra Madre mountain ranges, Alaska should draw thousands and tens of thousands of tourists to the Coast every year. This fact is borne in upon our mind by the festival in honor of the midnight sun celebrated the other day at Fairbanks.

## Shortsighted Policy.

THE new State of Arizona politically furnishes an example of radical statesmanship run to seed, and the seed being the dragon's teeth, Russian thistles, and the like, to furnish anything like an adequate simile for the foolishness practiced by the radical politicians who govern the State. Of course Arizona has a corporation commission composed mostly of wild-eyed politicians who probably never accomplish anything in business on their own account. This commission is blocking the way of the Southern Pacific Company from bonds, millions of dollars of which will be spent in adding to the efficiency of the company's services to the people of the State. The application laid before the commission stated that \$9,775,000 was to be spent in constructing new lines, extending old ones, building electric lines, new boats, adding to the track and yard facilities, stations and shops, constructing bridges. Another corporation that has the dead hand of this political commission is the Pacific Gas and Electric Company of Miami.

## Our Peculiar Wealth.

QUICKSILVER or mercury is a metal used for centuries in many ways sought after all over the world. The people of ancient days got all their mercury from a deposit of ore known as cinnabar at a place called Almaden in Spain. This mine has a monopoly of the market of America for ages. With the discovery of a vein of cinnabar in the uncovering of a vein of cinnabar, great riches just south of San Jose, where there were two mines opened there, one at Almaden and the other at Guadalupe, the market of the world in supplying mercury. After all these years come the discovery of a new ledge near the old known as the Guadalupe mine.

## Where They Lacked.

[Boston Transcript:] Poet: What do you think of my verses?  
Critic: Too many feet and too much head.

## An Irrigation System Opened for Indians.

By L. Worthington Green.

## PALA RESERVATION.

MUCH has been written in the papers and magazines of the country about various great irrigation projects which the government has built and about the occasion when, on June 2, the water was officially turned into a new irrigation system on the Pala Indian reservation in the beautiful San Luis Rey Valley of San Diego county.

The Pala possesses several features that are unique among Indian reservations; it is the home of a band of dusky Acadians, who were formerly exiled, like the people of Louisiana, from the village of Evangeline from the village of Acadia, and for many years they have considered their own; it is the only reservation of Mission Indians who live in a village and who go out to till their farms as do the peasants of a French community,

cement. It also waters the same olive trees that were set out and whose fruit was enjoyed by the padres.

Probably when the ditch was originally built its course was determined by the accurate eye of the Indians who did the work, as I have seen Mexicans in the Rio Grande Valley many years ago build ditches without the aid of any leveling instrument, but which conducted the water in an even and uniform flow. Now skilled engineers with the most approved modern instruments have found that they could not improve on the line selected by the primitive pioneers.

On June 2 this system was opened with impressive and interesting ceremonies. At 10 o'clock in the morning mass was celebrated in the old mission by Father Doyle, the resident priest at Pala, assisted by Father Collins of San Diego and Father

be independent, now, with the help the government had given them, aided by their own earnest and well-directed efforts, they were undoubtedly much better off than they would have been had they remained at Agua Caliente.

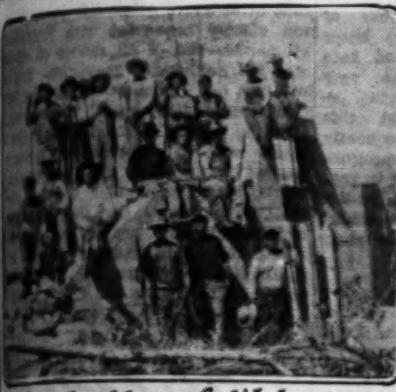
Mr. Runke then made an announcement that came as a great but most welcome surprise to the Indians. The lands of the reservation were allotted two years ago, but the Indians had not yet received their patents, and knowing that the allotment work had been examined by experts from the general Land Office they had become very impatient.

Mr. Runke's announcement now was that the allotments had been approved and patents would be issued. After Mr. Runke had made this statement in English it was put into the Indian dialect by John Ortega, a young man of the reservation who

vades such an occasion, of which the Pala barbecue was an excellent example.

A great trench had been dug in which was built a fire of oakwood that was fed until the trench was filled with a mass of hard, glowing coals. Two beehives were cut up into quarters and at 3 o'clock in the morning the meat was placed on iron bars over the coals and watched and turned without ceasing under the direction of Mr. Goss and Mr. Trotted, two white residents of Pala, until at noon, nine hours after the meat began to roast, it was done to a turn and ready to be carved for the assembled crowds. Beef roasted in this way by a man of experience and skill, as was this, makes stove-cooked meats ever after seem flat and tasteless. To this roast beef was added bread by the hundred loaves and frijoles and coffee, each by the tubful.

The services of young men and young



Indian builders of ditch.



Indian school-girls in procession.



Franciscan Padres heading procession.



Headgate for gravity ditch.



Procession leaving mission.



Indian playing game.

is the only tribe of Indians anywhere in the country whose homes are clustered about an old Franciscan Mission, and who today hear mass before the same altars where the Frailles performed their duties nearly 100 years ago.

When the mission of San Antonio de Pala was established in this valley of San Luis Rey by the Franciscans in 1781 the padres went up the river nearly a mile and took out water which they carried in an open ditch to water the fields and gardens about the mission, and grain fields beyond. Afterward, the mission for a time was abandoned and fell into decay on account of the secularization of the property of the mission by the Mexican government, to which territory at that time belonged. The ditch fell into ruins. Where it had crossed across depressions on high ground it became leveled, and the upper part was entirely washed away by a flood in the course of the river.

The government, by C. R. Olberg, superintendent of United States Irrigation, has installed a pump that raises the water into a ditch which for the remainder of the distance follows almost the identical course of the ditch that was built by the Indians so many years ago. In places the ditch crosses the tops of the same hills that were put in by the padres, where the ditch at that time was protected with cobblestones, but is now lined with modern

Peter, the head of the Franciscan convent at San Luis Rey with six of his acolytes. The chants were rendered by a choir of young men who came for the occasion from the schools of St. Vincent and St. Michael in San Diego. Indians had gathered from the reservations of Pechanga, Pauma, Ripon and La Jolla, and, with the whites who came in, the large mission was filled to overflowing.

At the conclusion of this service a procession was formed led by the nine priests and a band of little Indian school-girls from the reservation, each child dressed in white and carrying a small flag, and marched to where the water would be turned into the ditch, at which point a platform had been built and prettily decorated with greenery and the Stars and Stripes. As the Franciscan padres in their brown robes and cowls passed the facade and along the side of the ancient mission with its whitewashed adobe walls and red-tiled roof one might easily imagine himself in some foreign country.

At the platform an address was made by Superintendent Walter Runke, who gave a brief review of the history of the Pala Indians since they were brought from their old home at Warner's Ranch to this new site selected and bought by the government. He reminded them that while they felt very badly at the time and thought that having lost everything they possessed except their herds and flocks they would never again

had been a student at Carlisle, for the benefit of the many elderly Indians who understood no language but their own and Spanish. When the people had grasped the import of the message there was general applause and to one who knows the reserved and dignified nature of the Indian that applause was very illuminating.

Mr. Runke was followed by Mr. Olberg, who made a short statement of the work necessary to install this system and others that are being put in under Mr. Olberg's direction on other reservations.

Then Father Peter of San Luis Rey read a most interesting paper relating how the Franciscan Frailles had carried on their wonderful missionary labors among the Indians of this Coast, labors that had been interrupted when the Mexican government had taken away the great properties held by the church; and reminding the Indians of Pala how fortunate they are to be able to worship in so antique and interesting a church, with a priest to attend to their every spiritual need.

The water was then turned into the ditch and Father Peter blessed it with a most impressive ceremony as it flowed before him. After the little school-girls had sung "America" and the "Star Spangled Banner" the people adjourned to the river bottom to partake of a generous barbecue.

Only those who have been present at a real western barbecue can understand the inspiring and enthusiastic air that per-

women of the reservation were enlisted as assistants and the toothsome viands were distributed on paper plates among the multitude until nearly 1000 people had been fed. The assemblage then took positions to watch Indian games; pelota, which is similar to hockey or shinney and gome, a game that I have never known to be played by whites. A course of one mile is marked off, straight-away if possible. The players take their positions barefoot, and a hard-wood ball, about the size of a baseball, is tossed to each one. Each man kicks his ball with bare feet to the end of the course and back, a distance of two miles.

A feature of this celebration that was very noticeable was the high character of the white visitors. It is, unfortunately, too often the case that a fiesta on an Indian reservation attracts many white rowdies, but on this occasion that element was entirely lacking.

Pala is an Indian word meaning water, so it is very appropriate that the inhabitants of the valley should have an abundance of the necessary fluid, and that blessing they will now enjoy, for besides this system on the north side of the river there is another that covers 300 acres on the south side. That system was put in by the government soon after the Indians were brought to the valley from Agua Caliente, and is entirely a gravity flow, being taken from the river at about the height from which the padres took out their ditch.



make a very valuable work of reference by clipping gaily articles from THE TIMES on subjects that may interest you personally; articles of historical or statistical value, or articles from your favorite contributor. The Sunday Times especially contains much information along these lines, which may be pre-



# Who's Who---And Wherefore.

Noted Men and Women of the Southwest.

## PRIEST AND TEACHER.

It is a great thing for any church to have a ministry native or nearly so, and educated on the spot where the ministrations are given. This is especially true in the case of the Catholic Church in Los Angeles, where there is sure to be clear understanding and profound sympathy between priest and his people.

It is a difficult thing to accomplish in a community, as is known by all the United States, as nearly every community, and all wise churches strain every nerve to overcome the difficulties and attain to it. The fact comes out in the case of the Catholic Church in Los Angeles, where the population were lobbyists and corrupt legislators, and the body of the Legislature was actually corrupted.

And then rose up Champ Clark and after years of experience in Washington, closely connected with legislative parties and of all shades of opinion, was his deliberate conviction that the people of the United States were only desirous of having justice done and laws passed would be on the whole the best for most of the people, that they were not corruptors, but not unusually so. And the Eagle proposes, in view of the sentiment, that there be sung in the churches Te Deums and Gloria in Excelsis for the three virtues.

**The Eagle**  
HIS MARK

anyway. The average household under female management is an appalling example of inefficiency, incompetency, and disorder. The help would stay in the house. Their defection so far is not so much that they dislike housework as that they hate working for women.

Whereas women certainly have themselves fairly efficient in clerical office work. Many a woman who sew a button on opposite a buttonhole proved extraordinarily competent in a clerical office. And oh, that army work would be good discipline for a woman. Why, the mere idea that such a thing come to pass makes one long to see the United States. I just love to use Mrs. Nanno Woods, a woman, using that typewriter of some really useful service for the

## The Higher Cost of Courting.

ONE of our irrepressible female had an editorial on this subject last week and she maintained that courting was done by the girls nowadays, especially if they owned cars, and could afford to stand the cost. She is quite right there. Pretty much of us unmarried men can testify to the amount of entertaining that is done on behalf. The girls provide the theater, the automobile and dinner at their house first, and all we are asked to do is to dress well and flirt nicely.

Of course it is bad for us. We know it is the line of least resistance when we can't afford to keep up the ardor ourselves and yet rather like to know is, why isn't there a law to these well-to-do young women for contributing to our delinquency. I am all for a single standard of these young women have not the intention of marrying us—not that we are deliberately pandering to the luxuries that we cannot possibly afford are unlikely to get without their contribution.

This thing ought to be looked into. It will be one more law for the California Legislature to pass. How dare these young women make our self-respect and place us in an ignominious position just for their selfish amusement.

serving the best specimens of ecclesiastical architecture, and upon his return a new temple for St. Vincent's parish will be erected at an estimated cost of \$200,000.

Dr. Glass has held other important offices, as a member of the diocesan council of the church, of the board of directors of the Los Angeles public library, honorary president of the alumni society of St. Vincent's College, and chaplain of the central council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. He is a member of the University Club of Los Angeles, of the Knights of Columbus, the Catholic Order of Foresters, the Young Men's Institute and the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

Dr. Glass knows much of a good many subjects of learning besides theology, Latin and Greek, and can beat many if not most of our professed statesmen in an interpretation of the Constitution of the United States.

## Editor Lawyer.

It is somewhat more than thirty years since I first began doing newspaper work in Los Angeles on an evening paper. The editor under whom I worked had some disagreement with the owner of the paper, and severed his connection with it. The next morning when I entered the office I found a new superior ready to boss me. I was about 40 years old, and my superior officer was little more than half that age. We worked together for about a year, doing all the work of every kind on the journal in the way of literary effort, and split nearly every task fairly between us. This team work went so far as to choose a subject for a leading editorial, divide it into half a dozen heads, and take alternate sections of it when time was short and the foreman of the composing-room clamoring for copy to close up his forms and go to press. These patchwork editorials dovetailed so perfectly that the readers never suspected that it was the work of more than one hand nor the emanation of more than one mind.

This young boss of mine who controlled the destinies of the daily paper at a period of such tender years is today a leading attorney of the city of Los Angeles, successful in his profession as he was as an editor. When we entered upon the editorial work together, the pressman was running off of an old Taylor press 500 copies a day, and at the end of our united efforts eight or ten months later the edition numbered about 650. As the growth of the population was almost nothing, the increased circulation was something to be proud of.

George Jules Denis was born in New Orleans June 20, 1859. His father was a very distinguished member of the Creole City known as Henry Denis and his mother was Georgine Cenas before her marriage.

From his fifth to his fourteenth year George J. Denis spent the time in France, where he received his rudimentary education in the Cibot-Melin Institute at Paris. Then he returned to America and attended the Beechwood Academy at Osyka, Miss., and the Christian Brothers' School at Pass Christian, Miss. He was graduated in 1878 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts from the Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va., and in 1880 from the law school of the Tulane University, New Orleans. Admitted to the bar, he practiced law for a couple of years. Then in 1882, coming to Los Angeles, he joined The Times staff as a reporter. In less than a year he was reporting on the Herald, and in that connection reported the great Tehachepi train wreck, the greatest journalistic event in Los Angeles up to that time. It was from the Herald office that he came over as editor of the Express, the two papers being owned by the same persons and practically published in the same office. This was in May, 1884, and after about a year he resumed the practice of the law. He had been a law clerk in the office of S. C. Hubbell.

In 1885 and 1886 he was assistant District Attorney of Los Angeles county, and in 1888 and 1889 was United States District Attorney by the appointment of President Cleveland. In connection with this office and being allied with Joseph H. Call, Mr. Denis recovered for the United States a million acres of land from the Southern Pacific Company. From 1893 to 1897 in Mr. Cleveland's second administration as President Mr. Denis was again United

States District Attorney, and managed all the prosecutions under the Geary Chinese exclusion act. It was during this time that the great Debs railroad strike occurred, and Mr. Denis obtained the only conviction secured from a jury in connection with these disturbances. He also managed the famous case in admiralty law known as the Itata case, involving a steamship owned by the Peruvian government. It was a complicated case, and Mr. Denis conducted it with great success.

From 1889 to 1903 he served as a member of the Code Commission, revising the laws of California.

As early as 1886 George Denis formed a partnership in the law with Max Lowenthal, and that still exists. For years the firm has been attorneys for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and in 1907 obtained a judgment against the California Development Company for \$1,500,000.

November 30, 1885, George Jules Denis married Miss Alberta Johnston, daughter of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, the famous Confederate general. They had one daughter, a lovely girl, whose recent death was a great bereavement to both her parents.

Mr. Denis is a member of the California Club, of the Annandale Country Club and of the Los Angeles Country Club.

## A Distinguished Native Son.

The Democratic party having come into power in national affairs, has the pie counter under its hand, and well supplied with pie. There are a great many hungry mouths to feed, some of them worth the provender and some of them not. The following sketch relates briefly the story of one whom the writer considers worthy.

Benjamin F. Bledsoe (of course the F. stands for Franklin) is at present judge of the Superior Court of San Bernardino county, and is spoken of with cordial approbation as a possible candidate for a Federal judgeship.

He is a young man, a native son, and a good lawyer. He was born at San Bernardino February 8, 1874, and has lived in his native town all his life. His father was Robert E. Bledsoe, and he is a descendant of the Hon. Jesse Bledsoe, once United States Senator from the State of Kentucky.

Benjamin F. Bledsoe attended the public schools of San Bernardino, graduating therefrom in 1891, then entered Stanford University, graduating from there in 1896. His father was a lawyer, and so being admitted to the bar he became his father's partner, until 1901, when he was elected judge of the Superior Court, and was re-elected in 1906. In the State primary election in 1910 he was nominated for the office of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and at the last election was elected to the Superior bench in his own county again.

December 25, 1899, Lawyer Bledsoe married Miss Katharine Marvin Shepler, and the result of the union is two daughters, Barbara Shepler Bledsoe and Frances Priscilla Bledsoe.

Judge Bledsoe takes an interest in affairs in his home town, and is a director in the Farmers' Exchange National Bank at San Bernardino and of the Golden State Life Insurance Company of Los Angeles. From 1898 to 1900 he was United States referee in bankruptcy in his home town. He has been for years a member of the board of library trustees, and also president of that body. Sometime ago he was elected president of the Alumni Association of Stanford University.

He is a Knight of Pythias and has been Grand Chancellor of the order, is a Mason, and has been Grand Orator of the Grand Lodge; is a Knight Templar and has been Grand Warder. He is a member of the Delta Upsilon and Phi Delta Phi fraternities and of the University Club of Los Angeles.

## Has Racial Sympathies.

It is my deliberate opinion that President Wilson made no mistake in selecting Hon. R. F. Del Valle of Los Angeles as special commissioner to look into affairs in Mexico. This opinion is founded upon the fact that Mr. Del Valle is of Mexican origin, speaks the Spanish language fluently, and will sympathize with the members of

his race, and also from my knowledge of the man.

Reginaldo Francisco del Valle was born in Los Angeles on December 15, 1854. His father was one of the best-known of the old-timers, Ygnacio del Valle, and his mother was Ysabel Varela before her marriage.

The boy was entered at St. Vincent's College in 1867, remained until 1871, when he went to Santa Clara College. From there he was graduated in 1873.

Having been graduated from college, Mr. Del Valle studied law with one of the best law firms in San Francisco, and being admitted to the bar, came to Los Angeles to practice his profession. He took an interest in politics, and in 1879 was elected to the Assembly of California, and re-elected in 1880. In the same year he was a Presidential elector when Gen. Hancock was the Democratic nominee for the Presidency.

In 1882 R. F. Del Valle was elected Senator from Los Angeles county, and served four years, being president pro tem. In 1884 he was the Democratic nominee for Congress from the district of California which reached from San Jose to San Diego, but was beaten by H. H. Markham.

In 1888 he served as chairman of the Democratic State Convention in Los Angeles. In 1890 he ran for Lieutenant-Governor. In 1892 he was chairman of the Committee on Resolutions of the State Convention at Fresno. In 1893 he was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States, and in 1894 was again chairman of the Democratic State Convention which met at Sacramento. Mr. Del Valle has been in every State convention of his party for more than thirty years, and has been all these years an effective campaign speaker. In 1900 he was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention at Kansas City. In the city he has served as a member of the Public Service Commission in charge of the water department.

September 2, 1890, Mr. Del Valle married Helen M. White Caystille in San Francisco. They have one child, Miss Lucretia Louise del Valle, who is the leading lady in the Mission Play.

## PACIFIC PERSONALS.

War is engaged among the Gaels in the squabble between Dist. Atty. John L. McNab at San Francisco and Atty. Gen. McReynolds at Washington. It looks as if the Californian was right, and therefore ought to win.

The fellow in Seattle who has brought suit against three newspaper men, Col. Alden J. Blethen and his son Clarence B. of the Seattle Times, and LeRoy Sanders of the Seattle Star, has a nice fight on his hands. They are charged with criminal libel against a Socialist agitator, and there are certainly some people in the world who think their language would have to be very strong to do injustice to a man of that type.

At Chehalis, in the State of Washington, a couple of weeks ago was buried a pioneer who forms a link between the present and the past. His name was August Cloquet, evidently of French origin, and he was born in Minnesota in 1826. He served for years as government interpreter in making treaties with the Indians, and came to California in the first gold rush in 1849.

John Clary died the other day at Vancouver, Wash. He was noted on the Columbia for the length of his hair, which had not been cut since the Spanish-American War. He inflicted this species of penance on himself because he was denied the right to enlist and fight for his country and his flag. He was an old-timer on the Columbia River, and had the reputation of having discovered Mt. Hood. But this is not so, for he was less than three score years old.

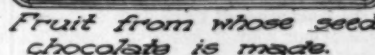
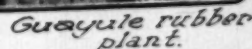
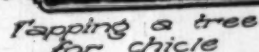
Ray Griffin of Redwood City, Cal., a senior in the Sequoia Union High School, has received the prize for the best essay in the international contest. His subject was "The Reasonableness of the Demand for International Peace," and the contest took place in Northwestern University.



*By Frank G. Carpenter.*

*From Our Own Correspondent.*

One of our Consul-Generals says that no



With the coming of peace there is sure to be a rise in Mexican lands. I am told that real estate values during the past five years have risen from 200 to 300 per cent.

You have heard a great deal  
United States about Mexican rubber  
best lands for this crop are in the

with! I ought to go home  
girl accepts with pleasure  
kind invitation to dine,"  
y.  
nd!"  
n with perfect solemnity  
against a building and  
his pocket.

make a very valuable work of reference by clipping many articles from THE TIMES on subjects that may interest you personally; articles of historical or statistical value, or articles from your favorite contributor. The Sunday Times especially contains much information along these lines, which may be pre-



most of the country. Rubber is very capricious, and it is most productive where there is plenty of water in the soil, and where, nevertheless, the dry season is long. Rubber trees grow well in Chiapas and Tabasco, two States which will be opened up by the Pan-American Railroad.

A most interesting form of the rubber now being exported from Mexico is that known as guarule. This comes from a plant which grows wild on the highlands and which is bringing in millions of dollars a year. Guarule has long been known to contain rubber, but the rubber in it was thought to be of little value. It is now found to be excellent. The supply, however, is limited. Only a little comes from each plant, and 375,000 tons is estimated to be the total possible output.

The best regions are now yielding about a quarter of a ton per acre, and although the territory where the plant grows is large, the area where it can be profitably exploited is not as great as that of South Carolina. It is found as far north as Texas and as far south as Pachuca, in Mexico, having a native habitat as large as California. But it is found only here and there growing at varying altitudes and usually on stony ground. The rubber in the merchantable plants ranges from 7 to 10 per cent. of the weight, and so far the most of the product has been from the wild plants. Salvador Madero of Monterey, who is largely interested in the industry, tells me that attempts to force the growth of the crop by irrigation have been failures. The

plants thrive, but they yield no rubber to speak of. I understand that \$60,000,000 is now invested in the industry.

#### How Mexico Works Uncle Sam's Jaws.

There is another product here in which Americans have been making a great deal of money. This is chicle, which forms the base of our chewing gums, and of which we consume millions of pounds every year. Chicle comes from the sap of the sapote tree, which is tapped for the purpose. The sap is collected in about the same way as that of the sugar maple, save that the trees, instead of having holes bored into them, are cut in V-shaped incisions and the sap flows out into a trough at the center and drops into a pail at the foot of the trunk.

The chicle trees grow only in the tropics. They are from forty to fifty feet high and they have a pear-like fruit. It costs little to take care of them. They are planted at about ten feet apart, or about 400 to the acre, and they should yield at eight or ten years. Each tree will produce five or six pounds of gum, and if carefully tapped should continue to produce for twenty years. The chicle industry is now conducted by a trust operated under a concession from the Mexican government, which gets a certain percentage of the product. In 1910 the exports of the gum were in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000, and it is estimated that in bulk they were sufficient to have made a Washington Monument of solid chewing-gum blocks.

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## The Great Adventure. By Hazel H. Havermale.

### IN SEARCH OF ROMANCE.

THIS is a tale for you who believe in Romance—Romance that slips aboard a ship in the guise of a warm-eyed, whimsical lady in a gray gown, or thumps beneath the checkered waistcoat of the stout gentleman on the omnibus top. 'Tis not for you gentlemen who call Adventure a neuter fancy and Fortune a game of wits; you who believe that heads or tails depends on a turn of the wrist had best stop reading here, and leave this for those blessed of the gods who see Cinderella in a white-faced girl or importunate Robin Hood in the highway hawker of squealing rubber pigs. The Adventure is the theme of my tale, the characters an Adventurer and Adventure, and the place that playground of Romance, that harbor of unknown things—San Francisco.

I saw you shrug! You thought: "Another story of the stale Bohemianism of San Francisco!" But it isn't so. This is a tale of true Romance, of sea fogs swirling of coconuts and coral, of gems and treasures and fat German waitresses leaning over steaming coffee cups. And you thought that the heroine would have a hoarse voice and black eyebrows, and that the hero would wear puttees. Entirely mistaken. The heroine has a humorous, hoarse voice, and her eyebrows are very dark and brown. She does fashions for a city newspaper. The hero wears gray puttees, a cynical frown and nose-glasses, is a star reporter, and does a weekly, scathing column about women—not that he has any personal dislike for them, but that the city editor says it is "good stuff." But

one early evening on Market street—where you could tell by the glow of jonquils and daffodils on every street corner, by the salty smell of the fog mixed with lamp perfume and tobacco smoke, by the bumping of the cars up the cobblestones, and the quick pace of the ferry boats. But most of all you could tell by the thrill in your blood as you glanced upon the complicated bonnets or listened to the clatter of the crowd. It was spring in San Francisco, therefore: Adventure. The star reporter had just come from the criminal court, and the dampness on his face felt fresh and good. He was a man, and, to prove it to himself, he stepped before a belle of Telegraph Hill to throw a crumpled rose. For some reason he had an impulse for rash gallantry, and he contemplated asking the Italian beauty to come and be gay with him when he heard behind him a warm chuckle, and he turned to see the Fashion Girl regarding him with a delighted grin. He swept her with a bow and addressed her: "Fashion Girl, where have you been? I haven't seen you for a week!"

The Reporter, she answered, "I've been looking—but 'in the spring,' and so forth. I hear you get in all our blood. I expected you to be so frivolous, and she nodded at his rose. "Young woman," he said sternly, "I have a reputation for gaiety and gambling. I gambled, too, and dine with me!" She hesitated a moment, but she was wearing a new hat that day, beside being that her nose was respectably powdered. Also, she wanted to go very much, and she said: "I ought to go home, but—Fashion Girl accepts with pleasure Star Reporter's invitation to dine," she ended with perfect solemnity he led her to a building and drew a coin from his pocket.

"Are you game to let this coin decide for us whether we shall be luxurious and trite or of the hot polloi and gay?" She acquiesced.

"Heads, respectability; tails, gaiety." The coin spun upward—he caught it deftly. Tails!

"Now," said the man, "now we are going to a little joint that I know. There's a very red lobster and a cold-eyed fish in the window, and inside there's a fat German proprietor and 'Mamma' his wife. Mamma is waitress, cashier and entertainer. Shall we go?"

"Yes," she agreed delightedly, "and if there is only a phonograph that plays 'Die Wacht am Rhein!'"

He eyed her suspiciously.

"You've been there before," he accused. "No," she replied, "but it's been one dream of my life to find that place. Why, do you know," she confided, "I wrote part of a novel once, as we all do in the game, and the hero and heroine met first in that very place."

She laughed, but there was a wee mist in her voice.

Down a little street of tenth-rate shops and dingy saloons, tucked in between a sailors' outfitter and a shooting gallery, was the place. They stopped before the window and looked eagerly for the very red lobster. There he lay on a bed of crisp lettuce—the same one, the man said, that had been there a month before. But his eyes were just as beady and his tail as chirky as if a Sicilian fisherman had plucked him from the traps that morning. The cold-eyed fish was there, too, and on a block of ice reposed plump bananas and gold oranges, apples that shone as Chinese lacquer, and round yellow grape-fruit. In one corner nestled a bottle of dull red, while against the steaming window at the back reclined a string of plump sausages. "It is, it is!" breathed the girl. "Man, it's the very place I've dreamed of! Don't tell me it will be spoiled when we go in!"

He assured her that no rude straw should prick the bubble, and they entered. Papa greeted the Star Reporter with that degree of warmth which says: "Yes, old man, we've seen some strenuous times together." Mamma beamed upon them, appraising the girl with a look.

"Ach, ja, we haf de noodle soup. Mamma, our friend here wishes de noodle soup," smiled Papa, and as his wife waddled off to get it, he enveloped the girl's hand in a great painful of welcome. Somehow, there was nothing of the professional in his joy; it was a spontaneous quivering of his whole body in almost childlike delight at their arrival.

It was late, so that when Papa led them to a seat, they noticed only one other occupant of the room, who soon shuffled out, leaving the kingdom of Little Germany to them by right of conquest. From their corner they could see Mamma bustling in the kitchen, catch a sound of the explosive commands hurled at the Celestial who scurried in her wake.

The table held the usual "set-ups," but—oh, joy of joys! a cabbage-rose flowered spoon-holder, full of pewter spoons, argued for the center of things with a corpulent bottle of horseradish. Mamma came in with the soup, which they ate in silence—the Fashion Girl's a silence of busy eyes, for she was exploring the checkered floor, the queer, wabbling desk where Papa was ensconced in skull-capped dignity, and the comfortable way in which Mamma rested her hands on her aproned hips. The man's silence was one of busy eyes, too, but he was watching the stray curl that bobbed over her ear, the long-lashed brown eyes

and the slim white throat opposite him. The Fashion Girl and he had become rather well acquainted during the last year, and he had thought her a charming bit of womanhood, with the laughter of the world still left in her, despite the endless grind of finding grist for her inconspicuous column. But he had never seen the witching gleam of her eyes as they were now, believed her imagination so rare and buoyant or her sense of humor so responsive. He felt as if he had drunk of some subtly golden wine that tingled in his veins when her glance met his. Verily, she was rose-hued, enchanting Romance, and he knew it, but did she really believe or was she only playing? He resolved to find out. "Well?" he questioned at last. She answered with a smile, and the man began to talk.

"Romance lives here," he said. "Thank heaven, you can realize that! Do you know that you are the only person I could bring and be sure she'd get the spirit?" "Indeed?" she replied. "You are the only man I ever knew who thought the stevedores along the water front looked like pirates!"

They laughed together as Mamma appeared with the rest of their dinner. During a pause, in which she arranged a phalanx of bird bathtubs around their plates, the man suddenly asked:

"What do you consider real Adventure?" "Why," the girl answered, "everything is Adventure. Just think, Mamma and Papa might be long-forgotten German highnesses, and in a minute a secret service agent might enter and tell them that they are to return to their castle on the Rhine. Or," she continued, "we might walk out on this street and right in front of the sailors' outfitter's see a modern buccaneer who had sailed the South Sea Islands in a black schooner and stolen somebody's pearl beds. Yes, and do you know what he'd look like? He'd have a droopy, black mustache, a coral watch chain, and a slash across his left temple," she concluded triumphantly. "This all sounds very fine, but do you truly believe it? Working on a newspaper removes so much of the glamor. Do you honestly believe that life's an Adventure, that Romance is still alive?"

Deep in his heart the man believed it, but it gave him a start of pleasure when she cried:

"Shame! How dare you doubt! Of course I believe it! To prove it I'll make a wager that some Adventure happens to you tonight."

"Agreed! And the stakes?" "Oh, I'm so sure of winning it seems almost unsportsmanlike to wager with you. The stakes—oh, I don't know—you name them."

"Well, since it is such an important wager I think we ought to have stakes worth while. I say," he concluded deliberately, "a kiss."

The girl's head went up, an angry color flamed in her cheeks as she eyed her tormentor haughtily.

"I really thought you took it in the same way I did," she observed slowly.

He looked back at her with a dare in his eyes. "Of course," he drawled, "you ought not to be afraid. You are so sure of winning!" Suddenly a demon of mischief shot up in her eyes.

"Sir," she said crisply, "nobody ever said that I was not a good sportswoman. Done!" He stretched out his hand across the table, and she, with a half-frightened smile, put hers into it. It was then that Adventure, the harum-scarum, giggled.

Papa and Mamma bade them a cheerful

good-night a few moments later, Mamma patting the girl's hand and whispering breathlessly.

"Ja, ja! He iss a goot poy. Ve know him vell!"

Then, because the girl was the girl, she told the man about it when they were outside.

"Now where," demanded he, "shall we go questing for Adventure?"

They stood on Market again, with the Saturday crowd surging around them, bustling, shoving, hurrying. Automobiles grunted hoarsely in the streets, ferry whistles sounded from the bay, a group of sailors passed with their caps on at a rakish angle, some overdressed, sniffling girls minced past. Altogether, it was a typical Saturday San Francisco crowd. From a quiet pool outside the flow of humanity the girl touched her companion's arm.

"Don't you believe that Romance is in there?" she asked.

"Perhaps," he answered cynically.

"That is for you to show me."

"But at least you must be in a mood to look for it."

"I certainly am. Haven't I every reason to be?"

The other flushed, and the man had the grace to apologize.

She hastily said:

"Oh, here's our chance! Let's go to the movies!"

He agreed, and was about to turn into one of the "High-class Vaudeville" emporiums when she demurred, insisting that their coveted Adventure was more likely to be found in a 5-cent show. So they went. The pictures were of the usual sort. One drama, almost of the melo species, one comedy, a fat man papering his walls, one educational film in which bald-headed statesmen read impressive speeches, and one Wild West reel. However, the two paid more attention to the audience than to the pictures. They smiled over Dickens's old women, O. Henry's clerks, they became absorbed in a war of glances between two burly teamsters over a doll-faced beauty. The man saw everything unusual, and because he was the Star Reporter he thought in "scare heads." He chuckled when he discovered himself mentally writing: "REAL ROMANCE REVIVES. Couple Seek Adventure. San Francisco Must Produce the Goods." He looked sideways at the girl, who was engaged in watching a young Greek make ardent and sibilant love to a young woman who failed to reciprocate.

But nothing happened to them that they could really call Adventure. Somehow, the witch lurked around corners, danced down the cobblestones ahead of them. Well, they felt her presence, but all they saw was a glimpse of her tattered crimson skirt or a gleam from her mocking eyes. Still there was the electric feeling of her nearness, and when the girl's head touched the man's shoulder in a Post-street crush, he heard clearly the clink of the Capricious Lady's bracelets. But she sped on and left them before a Chinese store, laughing at each other.

They decided to buy each other a gift, first promising not to spend more than 25 cents. At the door a courteous Chinese met them, and the girl followed him gaily after warning the man not to look. Down the aisle she trotted, pausing before piles of Oriental silks, pudgy ivory elephants, sandalwood carvings. Long she stopped before a cherry-flowered mandarin coat, wistfully she sniffed at the squat pots of eastern perfumes. At last she bought a carved wooden match case, while the man

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO.)











# The Santa Barbara Channel Islands.

By Elizabeth A. Ward.

## Fascinating Spots.

RARELY VISITED AND BUT LITTLE KNOWN.

RICH AND RARE PHYSICAL FEATURES AND IN HISTORIC INTEREST—THE STORY OF THE INDIAN WOMAN ABANDONED ON SAN NICHOLAS—WONDERFUL CAVES AND MARVELOUS COLORS.

THE beautiful ocean mountains, known as the Santa Barbara Channel Islands, although but little known to the many people who visit Southern California, are, nevertheless, most fascinating among the many people who visit Southern California, are, nevertheless, most fascinating among the many beautiful and unexpected crannies of the Pacific Coast. One of them, Santa Cruz, has been made the setting of Victor Herbert's opera, "Natoma." The other four members of the group are San Miguel, Santa Rosa, Anacapa, and, by virtue of tradition rather than propinquity, San Nicholas, much farther south.

Each one is a most interesting study in itself, and only individual sketches of each could do justice to their varied physical features, their flora and fauna and the history of their former Indian occupancy, only hinted at in the relics that have remained. It is said that early in the last century the inhabitants became practically exterminated through the bitter wars they were constantly waging.

Grazing, with occasional seal-hunting and fishing, is the chief commercial feature of these islands, and the only regular trips made to them from the mainland are the provision boats sent out to supply the caretakers. The only way, then, to explore them is to engage a launch and set out for one's self. No better way, indeed, could be devised for carrying out one's purpose, for, with chosen company, and a genial captain to direct the way, the trammels of schedules are left behind and the boat stops here or there as one wills, forgetful that there is anywhere a world of men or time or work.

### At Best in Summer.

A satisfactory trip can be counted on only in summer because of the strong winds that are likely to swoop down upon the channel from the north and west at other seasons. These winds are felt almost constantly at the west end of the group, and the swing around Point Concepcion seems to lend violence to the momentum already gained.

San Miguel the westernmost island, is about seven and one-half miles long and two and one-half miles wide, covered with low hills that furnish pasture for several thousand sheep. An abundance of fresh water is found here and on the other islands also, except Anacapa. There is practically always a sand-laden wind that works constant change and havoc. Where a wagon trail was made across the island some years ago the wind has entirely destroyed the vegetation and the depleted strip must always remain a bare scar. If the sheep crop the shore-growth too closely the increase of drifting sand is markedly noticeable. The first ranch house and barn, situated in a sheltered little canyon near the beach, were entirely buried in a single day by a terrific sandstorm; and the present house, built higher up, on a cliff, has porthole doors for windows on the west because of the disastrous action of the driving sand upon ordinary glass.

San Nicholas, at the other extreme of the group, a little larger than San Miguel, is a fairly level plateau rising 200 or more feet from the sea, but, like San Miguel, it is too far out to be visible from the mainland. There is abundant water and the island is kept well stocked with sheep.

### The Lone Indian Woman.

The human interest in San Nicholas, and the feature most commonly mentioned, perhaps, in connection with it, is the story of the abandoned Indian woman, left there alone for eighteen years and finally rescued by some white men who went to investigate the persistent rumors of human occupancy of the island. The account runs that the natives were being taken to the Santa Barbara Mission where subsistence would be less difficult and hazardous, but,

as the boat was about to push off, one of the women missed her infant and made so long a search for it that the captain, seeing a storm approaching, refused to wait longer, and set sail. The boat, the only one in these waters, was wrecked a little later, and thus both fate and neglect combined most cruelly against the poor woman whose only crime was mother-love. Legend has it that the babe was finally found by the mother, half-eaten by the wild dogs that infested the island. When the woman was at last brought to Santa Barbara no one could be found who could understand her language, and she lived only a short time after her rescue, brought unromantically to her end by over-indulgence in too rich table fare.

Anacapa, Santa Rosa and Santa Cruz are the beautiful trio of mountains in full view of the mainland.

### Somber Deceiver.

Anacapa, "The Deceiver," is said to have been so named by the Indians because of the remarkably deceptive tricks played by the mirages that find its barren, shaley cliffs a favorite playground. It is a somber rather than a gay deceiver, however, with its all-but-shoreless sides and crumbling little rock islands at the east, and an appropriation has recently been made by the government for a lighthouse here. There are only two tiny beaches on the island, and the one spring of fresh water is in a large cave that can be reached only at low tide. Although its fifteen-mile shore line is so forbidding, the top of the island, rising to a height of almost a thousand feet in some places, nourishes a rich pasture, and a few hundred sheep are maintained there, getting their water from the vegetation and the heavy dew that forms on it every night.

Santa Rosa is the largest island of the group, blocky in shape, with about 53,000 square acres, and it is the most valuable commercially, though it is, perhaps, of the least general interest to the novelty hunter. The coast characteristics are much the same as those of the mainland, with the mountains inland, affording fine pasture for the thousands of head of cattle raised there. An enthusiastic visitor described it as a typical western cattle ranch, with cowboy life in full swing.

Nearer inland, less than thirty miles from Santa Barbara, and slightly overlapping Santa Rosa as seen from the mainland, is Santa Cruz, the most accessible and the most beautiful of them all. It lies almost due south from the city of Santa Barbara, and the mountains rising to a height of over 2000 feet, are really imposing even from shore; but, when one cruises alongside and perceives the sheerness of their ascent from far below the water line, the impression is greatly deepened.

There is comparatively little shore in its twenty-five miles of length, but a number of diminutive canyons open down from the mountains and form pebbly little approaches where rowboats may land. One broader spot of beach toward the east end, called Prisoners' Harbor, boasts a wharf, but this is private property, and the chance traveler must land by means of a rowboat. At the far east end a number of detached rocks form little islands where swarms of seagulls rear their young, and in the quiet waters toward the main island there are very beautiful marine gardens, brilliant with the many-colored kelps, the hiding-places of gorgeous goldfish, grotesquely aggregated by the refracted sun rays.

### Santa Cruz, Its Cliffs and Caves.

As one cruises west the cliffs become more jagged and seals are frequently seen sunning themselves on the wet, slippery rocks. Higher up there are many narrow sheep trails, nearly perpendicular in places, and they appear to be entirely impossible of ascent for man or beast. A thrilling rescue of a sheep was once made by some men who chanced to sail by a certain cliff where a too-venturesome animal had found its way to a very narrow ledge a little distance above the water. Retreat was impossible, for the path was too narrow to permit it to turn around and the only alternative was the cruel water below. The frightened and nearly-exhausted sheep was finally induced to make the dreaded leap,

and it was then pulled into the boat and landed at a safe point further on.

Continuing west, the water's edge is punctuated with many caves, a very marked characteristic of the island. They are of all sizes and shapes, some with small beaches, some with only water for a floor. One of them can be entered to a distance of over 2000 feet. At one of the most picturesque breaks in the mountain wall of the island a series of arched, sand-paved vestibules carved out of a low spur of the mountain form a stately entrance to the little beach known as Valdez Harbor. A few hundred yards back from the water one finds a small canyon with fern-grown banks on either side of a cool, bubbling stream of water, shaded from above by live oaks and brightened by a dash of the orange-velvet mimulus that loves a haunt like this.

The most remarkable of the many caves of Santa Cruz is what is known as the Painted Cave, toward the west end. It has a triangular opening in the high, jagged cliffs about a hundred feet both at base and in altitude, allowing a good-sized vessel to enter. From here one may explore the remainder of the cave in a rowboat. One's sensations upon looking around are hard to describe: its dimensions, the absolute tranquillity of the place, the water birds floating placidly about, the occasional heavy booming from far in the interior, and then, everywhere, the wonderful beautiful, natural coloring—all these things press almost overwhelmingly upon the senses.

### Beautiful Coloring.

A wainscoting of old-rose borders, the base to a height of four or five feet in fine contrast to the subtle shadings of green above it. Now, for the first time, perhaps, the real architectural beauty is recognized in the receding arches of rock that lead to the back of the cave. The brown tones are apparent here, shading into yellows with even an occasional splash of red. Beyond the third arch, perhaps 500 or 600 feet from the opening of the cave, there is an abrupt turn to the west, or right, and one finds himself paddling along into awful, impenetrable blackness of darkness, coming into terrifying proximity to the roar of the air pockets wrenching themselves free from the compressing force of the gently surging water. It sometimes happens that, as the boat nearly reaches the limit of the cave 200 feet further on, a startled sea lion gives a mighty bellow and plunges precipitously into the water from a ledge of rock near by. Then is the time one doesn't care to explore the tiny beach where it is possible to land, but begs the boatman to pull back to the waiting launch.

The cave can be entered only on a quiet day, for a rough sea would make short work of even the stoutest launch against the rocks. To gain the finest effect for color and impressiveness, the middle morning of a clear day is the most satisfactory time. Later in the day the tones seem duller and the weaker light fails to define clearly the vaulted ceiling and the beautiful perspective of the arches.

### "Cave of the Winds."

At the far western end of the island there is another large cave suggestively named the "Cave of the Winds," but the water is not quiet enough to allow an entrance.

The south side of Santa Cruz is less precipitous than the north and there is, accordingly, less opportunity for the cliffs and caves found on the other side. There is one cave, however, that must not be passed by without mention, and this is the Crystal Cave, perilous of entrance, but of great beauty in the abundance of its stalactites and stalagmites.

The general slope of the surface of the island is toward the open ocean, and the most of the grazing land is found beyond the high range of the north side.

Trolling is a pleasant sport on an island trip, for many varieties of large, deep-sea fish are found in these waters. Flying-fish often whizz by at full speed, and the trip is sometimes further varied by an encounter with schools of whales and porpoises. The porpoises are harmless, but the danger of having the boat upset by the whales is sufficient to at least add zest to the occasion, and the solid ground of the mainland gives one a comfortable sense of security

after a fortnight among the waves and caves and monsters of deep.

### Largest of its Kind.

[Sutter County Farmer:] The distinction of having within the largest walnut tree in California, all probability in the world, on B street in the yard of Mrs. and attracts the attention of our town. It is known as a nut, a cross between the Northern black walnut and the English.

Measurements and photographs recently taken by Peter Bisset of the States Agricultural Department, D. C. The circumference of four feet from the ground is and four inches, while the greatest of branches is 108 feet. The recently obtained by W. F. known civil engineer, who to the square of the top to be and six-tenths feet. The extreme the tip of the topmost limb was or four feet more.

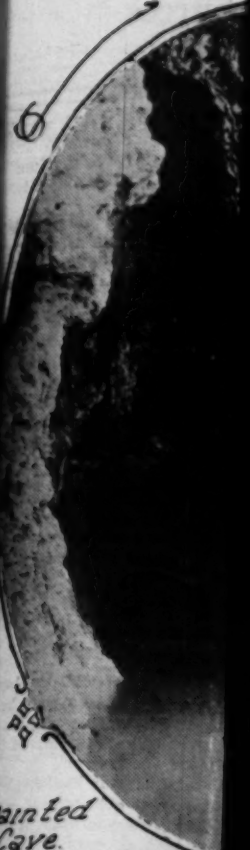
In his recent bulletin on walnuts published by the University of Prof. Ralph E. Smith says, in Paradox walnut trees: Most that called the Yuba City Tree, in the town of the above name, the street to the north of the This tree is undoubtedly the largest tree in California, and in all the largest in the world. Its growth counted for by its age, as it has been planted at least forty years, with several neighboring walnuts of the Northern California. Anyone interested in walnuts repaid by a visit to Yuba City, pose of seeing this grand tree, spicuous long before reaching rearing its enormous head to other object in the whole tree bears a considerable quantity every year, but the amount of insignificant in proportion to the tree."

### The Nose in Minnesota.

[Pathfinder:] How did States come to get that small land which juts out from the northern boundary of Minnesota, that little "nose" which sticks Canada from Minnesota and tutes the northernmost point of States is very interesting. treaty of 1783 boundary between States and British possessions certain point on the Lake of was mutually agreed to as point, this being considered waters of the St. Lawrence Lakes system. At that time known whether this point south of the forty-ninth parallel known to be close to it. The ing was that from that point should go north or south in the parallel as the case might be. more accurate surveys showed was about twenty-five miles forty-ninth parallel, and so the boundary makes a jog also. Uncle Sam thus has a little story of about 100 square miles north of the general boundary. joke of it is that anyone has in order to reach this little story unless he wants to go there.

### London and its Lanes.

[London Chronicle:] London most conservative city in the world. It loves its lanes, still see those notices on posts which announce "Hackney Carriages," or what may be, though for in case, to my own knowledge (five) no vehicles of any there. Perhaps it is as relics should remain; they of our social history. They remain when we are trying the theater in omnibus people won't know what "riage" meant, and there will in the "Notes and Queries" For each generation hands next certain nuts to crack.



Painted Cave.



Arch Rock.

famous for knowing how, and "Everybody's eyes turned toward Southern California" were some of the expressions that evidently appealed to convention delegates. "We picked out three live ones, gave

make a very valuable work of reference by clipping only articles from THE TIMES on subjects that may interest you personally; articles of historical or statistical value, or articles from your favorite contributor. The Sunday Times especially contains much information along these lines, which may be pre-



# Picturesque Islands Off Santa Barbara.

## Islands.

after a fortnight among the wild waves and caves and monsters of the deep.

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### The Nose in Minnesota

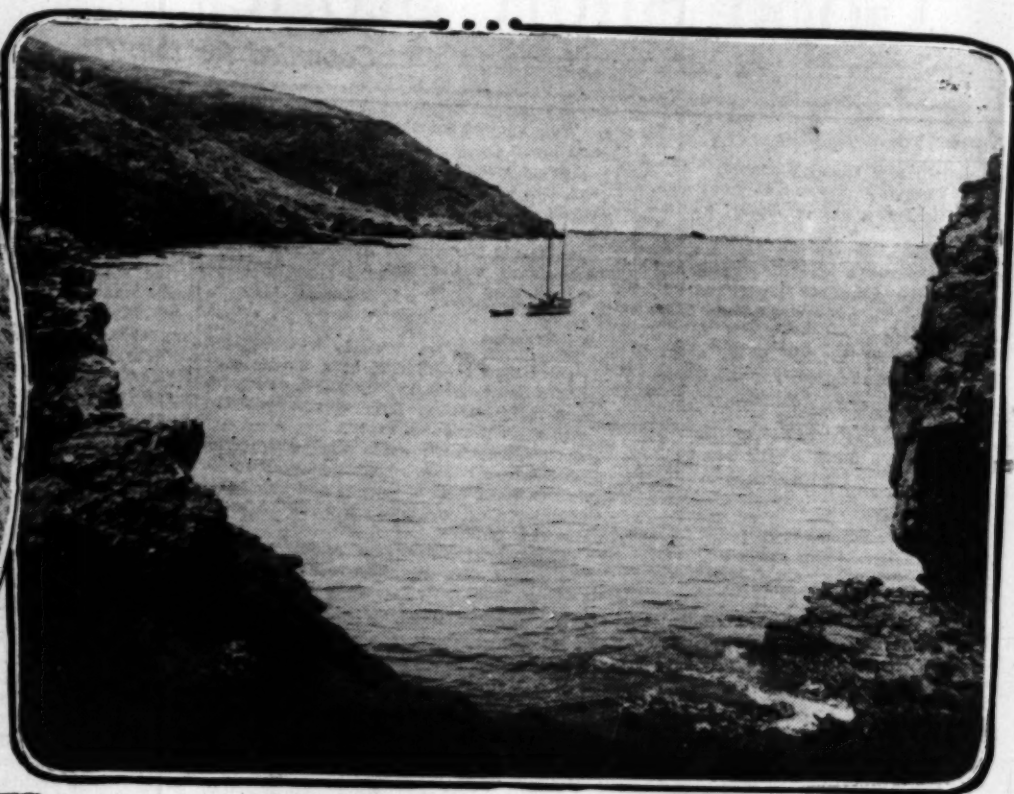
[Pathfinder:] How did the States come to get that small land which juts out from the extreme northern boundary of Minnesota? That little "nose" which sticks out into Canada from Minnesota and which marks the northernmost point of the States is very interesting. Under the treaty of 1783 boundary between the States and British possessions was a certain point on the Lake of the St. Lawrence. It was mutually agreed to as one point, this being considered the waters of the St. Lawrence River and Lakes system. At that time it was known whether this point was south of the forty-ninth parallel, known to be close to it. The question was that from that point the line should go north or south to the parallel as the case might be. More accurate surveys showed that it was about twenty-five miles north of the forty-ninth parallel, and so at this point the boundary makes a jog above the line. Uncle Sam thus has a little piece of territory of about 100 square miles north of the general boundary. The joke of it is that anyone has to go in order to reach this little piece of territory unless he wants to go through the States.

### London and its Lumber

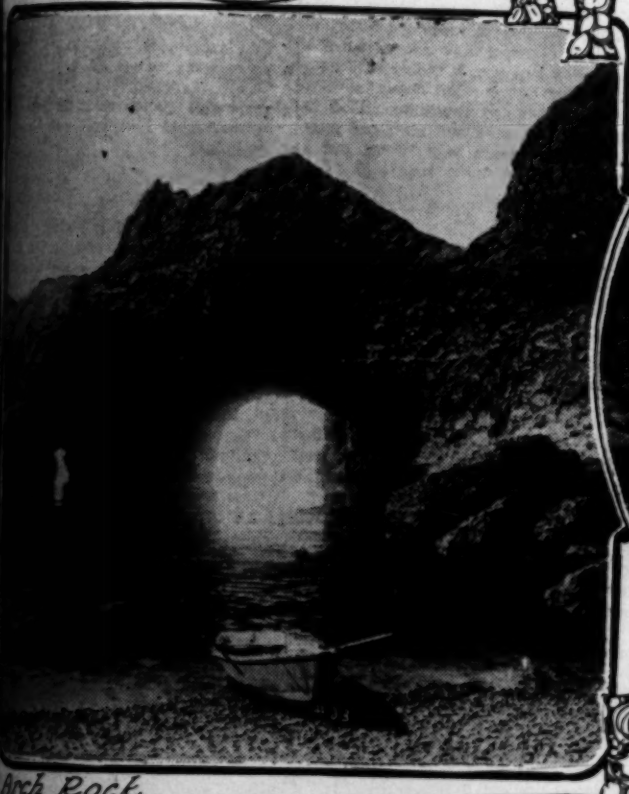
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Painted Cave.



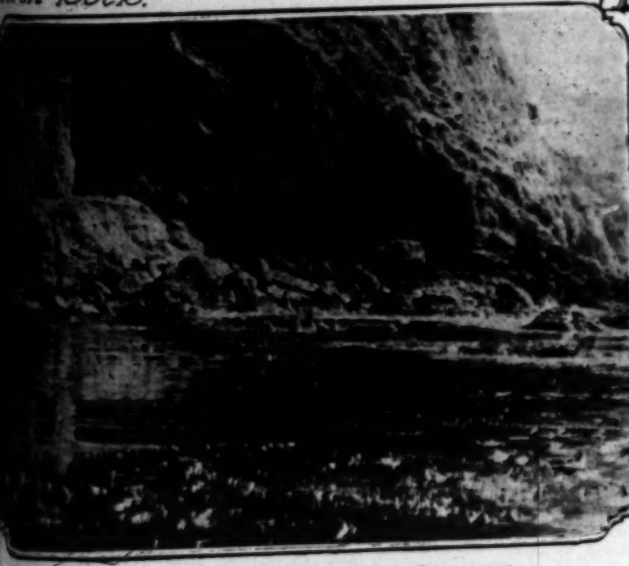
Santa Cruz Island, looking west



Arch Rock.



Ladies Harbor



Seal rookery.



Looking east from Valdez Cave.

[805]







Anecdotes Gathered  
Many Sources.

# Men, Women and Affairs in the Kaleidoscope.

By Genevieve Farnell-Bond.

## Song at Night.

"Wonder what your dream may be,  
Dear Heart, tonight—of me?  
Wonder if you feel my touch,  
And if you miss me much?"

"I gave up at the naked stars—  
I gave up their silver bars  
Withhold the vision of your face,  
And you from my embrace."

"Perhaps the starlight filters now  
To your uplifted brow;  
Oh, hear the dawning veil apart,  
And rush upon my heart!"

## Don'ts for Gude Wife.

Don't underestimate your position as  
the mother and preparer of the necessities in  
the household.

Don't allow yourself to believe that you  
are sitting into a groove to perform  
duties mechanically, which must be  
done as quickly as possible.

Don't believe that you may evade or neglect  
these duties without seriously  
endangering the household.

Don't get married unless you are going  
to work out. "Numbers are dry,"  
said the lesson more interesting.

"Suppose," she began, engagingly,  
mamma sent you to the store to buy  
pounds of lamb, two pounds of  
half a pound each of carrots and  
and one pound of tomatoes—what  
you have then?"

Tim shook his head, but Marybell  
a year older, raised an eager head.  
"Well, Marybell," said the teacher,  
a sorrowful glance at little Tim.  
"Stew," said Marybell sweetly—  
Companion.

## Grandpa's Remedy.

THEY were talking about the  
innocence of childhood in the late  
Washington hotel the other evening.  
Congressman John A. Moon of  
Iowa recalled a pretty little incident  
of his grandpa.

"One afternoon," according to the  
of the Congressman, "little Willie  
fell with his grandfather, when he  
fell and bumped his head."

"Come here, Willie," kindly  
grandpa, to the tearful youngster,  
kiss you on the head and it will be  
a few minutes."

"All of which grandpa did, and he  
while Willie was playing as happy  
fore. Two hours later the young  
cipitately rushed into the den where  
father was reading."

"Oh, grandpa," he cried, with a  
great concern, "can't you come  
a minute or two?"

"I guess so, Willie," obligingly  
grandpa. "What do you want?"

"Nurse has got the toothache,"  
startling rejoinder of Willie—  
phia Telegraph.

## His Hearing Good.

LITTLE DAVE was detected by  
in the act of stealing from  
little playmates.

The father, not believing in  
ishment, concluded to try a  
After pointing out the wrong  
act, he said:

"Always bear in mind, my boy,  
temptations can be resisted if you  
deaf ear to them."

"Dave's lips trembled as he  
"But father, what can I do?  
a deaf ear."—(Lippincott's.)

## Mother Most Troublesome.

THE old lady from the country  
small son were driving to town  
huge motor car bore down upon the  
horse began to prance, whereupon  
lady jumped out, screaming at the  
her voice. The chauffeur  
offered his aid.

"That's all right," said the boy  
edily. "I can manage the horse."  
lead mother past."—(Portland

Don't leave your food about uncovered  
for all sorts of insects to crawl over.

Don't leave hubby's shirts in a damp wad  
for two or three days because you are re-  
luctant to iron them, while he goes about in  
unclean linen.

Don't leave the house in disorder to finish  
a novel, or to go to the matinee with sister.

Don't leave hubby's socks undarned and  
his clothing buttonless because you hap-  
pen to think that you are temperamental,  
and that you were cut out for a stage ca-  
reer.

Don't come to the table ungroomed and  
undainty.

Don't send the children out to play all  
day without knowing where they are or  
what they are doing, in order to rid your-  
self of responsibility and bother.

Don't cry or have tantrums or temper  
because you have to do the same things  
over and over again day after day. It is  
just as easy to let off your emotional en-  
ergy through song, smiles and laughter.

Try to recognize the dignity of your  
labors.

Try to appreciate the sweetness of the  
dependency of your entire family upon the  
manner in which you perform these labors.

Try to realize the great wrong you do  
them when you thrust poorly-cooked food  
before your husband and children in an un-  
gracious manner.

Try to realize how easily you may en-  
danger their health and their lives.

Try to realize that you may be a source  
of life, light, vitality and happiness to those  
about you.

Try to understand that there would be  
few ailments, little ill-health in your fam-  
ily excepting through some neglect, willful  
or ignorant, on your part.

Try to realize the beauty and sanctity of  
your responsibility for you are the essence  
of the home, and may determine its spirit.  
It is Better.

It is better to do things and make mis-  
takes than to atrophy.

It is better to let your friend put it all  
over you, and think that he has done some-  
thing "darned smart" than it is yourself to

do something to him which makes you  
think of a certain odorous animal every  
time you look into the mirror.

It is better to sit quietly to listen and to  
learn in a company of wits than to let your  
approbateness get the better of you so  
that you go on record as a fool among the  
wise.

It is better to move slowly, and to accu-  
mulate a fund of knowledge and experi-  
ence than to jump into the arena of art  
action before you have anything to deliver.

## The Eternal Problem.

A young matron was telling me recently  
something of the story of a young girl—a  
sweet, modest, beautiful girl, who accepted  
the attentions of the young son of a  
wealthy family. He was a wild and irre-  
sponsible youth. He lost not time in wooing  
and winning the girl's confidence and love.  
When she had given herself to him en-  
tirely, he threw her aside with no more  
regard than he would have shown for the  
remains of the cigarette he had smoked. He  
had no principle. But he was very young. And  
he had reckoned without the natural pro-  
tectors of the girl. He was forced to marry  
her, although he left her immediately after-  
ward. The marriage afforded the girl little  
protection, for the truth was out. And we  
all know what the attitude of smug, self-  
righteous families is toward the poor little  
girl child who has stumbled into error.

The father of the young matron—then a  
girl—did not lend himself to the con-  
ventional attitude in the case. "My children,"  
he said to his daughters, "if you slight that  
unfortunate girl by word or deed, you are  
no daughters of mine. I forbid you to re-  
cognize the man—he does not exist as far  
as you are concerned. You will invite the  
girl to your parties, and treat her with all  
honor and respect, and you will require that  
your friends and guests do the same."

This was one of God's men.

Now here is the truth of the matter. Out-  
side of the man who betrays the confidence  
of the woman, and then sneaks away like a  
yellow cur to avoid responsibility, it is not

the men who deprive the woman of the  
chance of rising. It is almost invariably  
the women. The gentler sex is not so gen-  
tle as the poets would have us believe. Do  
the gentle mothers and sisters of men, young  
or middle-aged, uphold the rights of the  
woman whom the son and brother has de-  
liberately wronged, deliberately misled, lied  
to, and deserted? No—they all get together  
and fight for him, although they know that  
he is a skunk. The woman, already bear-  
ing a burden too great for her shoulders,  
they would scourge off of the face of the  
earth. The fact of the man being their  
particular son and brother relieves him of  
all responsibility, forsooth. Woe betide the  
victim if she have no male kin to defend  
her.

What do the refined gentlewomen who  
have been the friends of this miserable ex-  
cuse of male humanity do? They think it  
cute or smart or loyal to stand by him in  
his "trouble." Poor thing! He needs it.  
His Judas soul is a canker worm, eating  
out his humanity. The woman may seem  
to pay the entire debt for a time, as he  
hopes that she shall. But there is no pit  
in the Satanic kingdom deep enough to  
hide the man who has committed the crime  
of luring a woman into his toils, and leav-  
ing her unprotected for, unprotected, with a  
little blossom of humanity on her breast.  
It little matters whether the woman be  
young or old, good or bad, the shirked re-  
sponsibility of paternity will confront and  
accuse the man through the eternities. It  
will scream at him out of the darkness, it  
will point fingers of flame at him sleeping  
or waking. It will fasten its fangs upon his  
vitals. And although he may not know  
what is tearing at him, it will finally run  
him down and rend him. He thinks that he  
has played without paying. But the day  
must come when the gross laugh will die  
on his placid, paling lips. God will get his  
toll.

Come—let us who pride ourselves on be-  
ing good women stand women for women.  
And there will soon be no need to fear in-  
justice from men.

# You Can Never Tell. By Arthur W. Peach.

## TWO FOOLS.

THE coming of Ranley, Coley  
and he was going to have a rival;  
and a dangerous rival he proved.

He came in a fresh, vigorous way,  
and was well liked around the plant.  
In coming, Coley had been favored  
and that had won the hearts of all—  
Emma. She was employed with  
him in the office of the manager of  
the plant, and there they had a chance  
of each other.

Of the affair was Coley was  
thoroughly pushed out into the  
Ranley—even left to freeze on the  
Coley took it good-naturedly as he  
knew it was a hard blow. He knew  
pretty, cheerful girl had come to  
him with more than friendly eyes,  
knowledge that he had been put out  
of one-twelfth of the time it took  
him to failed to please him.

He said to him, even a little more  
usual, and he appreciated it,  
and he was pleased when the  
what fate had dishied up for  
Coley was human, and he owned  
that he was pleased when the  
him into his private office,  
that there were leaks of in-  
formation or other, from the  
were getting into their competi-  
tion. Some way or other they would  
win it.

Trying task. The office force  
and many had been with the  
plant; they would resent any  
would touch them; and if they  
from the firm, the loss would be a  
heavy one.

The following days the manager  
from his room and called Coley.  
"What could give the girl  
that expression it wore."  
Ranley in there, defiant in  
back.

"That will do, Ranley. Draw your pay  
and leave!" the manager said briefly.

Ranley left the room his fine face  
flushed.

The manager turned to Coley. "You can  
have the investigation stopped. I've got  
the man by his own confession."

"Ranley! He do it?" Coley queried, as-  
tonished.

"Yes, he's the chap," the manager said  
grimly. "That's the way you get stung—  
you can never tell."

Coley went out. He felt as if the world  
had picked up immensely in cheerfulness.  
Ranley was out of the way for good. He  
could go back to the pleasant times with  
the girl at his right.

The news got around the factory. She  
came to him to ask if it were true. When  
he told her, she smiled a little sadly, then  
immediately brightened. "Heavens! you  
wouldn't think it of him, would you, but you  
can't always tell," she said solemnly.

"No, you can't, but there's one thing you  
can tell me. Am I to see you tonight?"

She touched his shoulder with a light  
hand, signifying assent, and went to her  
desk.

Coley prepared for a happy evening. He  
engaged his theater tickets and telephoned  
for a booth in the English room of a hotel  
that was his haunt.

When he reached her boarding-house he  
found her ready. She was all her dear,  
cheery self, and the sight of her, graceful  
and slim in her soft wraps, thrilled him  
through. He made up his mind that the  
close of that night should find her his, or  
under such a bond that no newcomer should  
gracefully put him out again.

He had hired a cab, and as they sped  
along she chatted in her quick, girlish way.

"Do you know, Ranley called up and  
wanted to talk with me, but I had the girl  
talk with him over the 'phone, and say I  
was going out—"

"With me?"

"Yes, of course."

"You're a dear; that will pay him for  
some of the times he calmly walked off  
with you."

She turned toward him slightly. "He did  
attract me; but you gave up—very easily,"  
she said softly.

He started. "Verna!" He caught her  
hand. "I did give up easily, but I had no  
idea—"

"Hush, you mustn't make love to me  
here; I'll let you do that later—perhaps.  
But as I was going to say, he called up and  
said he would come up tonight after you  
had gone."

"The nerve of him!" Coley muttered.

"Yes," she said simply, "I thought it was;  
but I did think a lot of him, and I do want  
to be fair with him. But I told him there  
was no use in his seeing me any more."

Coley pressed the hand within his. His  
cup of happiness was full.

The play was good, and the dinner was  
good. All the evening she had seemed to  
grow more cheery, and his own quick na-  
ture reacted to hers until he was in the  
seventh heaven of pleasure and content-  
ment.

When he left her at her door he tried to  
hold her, but she slipped from his grasp.  
Then slowly she came back, and making  
him promise not to put his arms around  
her, came close to him. "Tomorrow I want  
you to come and see me—in the evening—  
and then I'll tell you—how much I really do  
care for you; and I'll tell you with a word  
that begins: 'L—' and so forth!"

Brightly she went, leaving him standing  
at the door loath to go, conscious of her  
nearness though she had gone.

He walked to his rooms, thinking many  
thoughts, and all tender ones that centered  
around his own good fortune. He was glad  
Ranley had decided to aid the enemy; in  
doing so he had aided him.

He was surprised to find the detective of  
the factory waiting for him in his rooms.

"Fritz, what's up? After me now?" he  
asked.

"Yes, sir, you're just the chap I am look-  
ing for," the big German said, but he was  
smiling. "I came up to get a few facts  
from you," he went on, and asked questions  
concerning the office work.

Coley answered, wondering what was up.  
As he answered the last, the German sank  
backward with a gesture of despair. "By  
George! you never can tell. Doesn't it beat  
the devil! I've got it plain as day—Ranley  
confessed to giving information to conceal  
that witch of a girl whom the manager had  
suspected of doing the trick. Ranley gets  
fired, and now what you say settles it—she's  
the one!"

"Man! you're crazy!" Coley said hotly.

"Listen, boy," the keen-eyed fellow began,  
and he went on; and as he talked Coley  
wilted back into his chair. Finishing, the  
detective said: "The manager said if we  
found it was HER, to just let her go; it's  
the best way. Well, I must beat it.  
Thanks for helping me out."

Coley sat thinking for some time, feeling  
as if he had been shot into cold water and  
dragged out to dry in the cold.

He thought of Ranley, and reaching for  
the 'phone called him up. In answer to his  
query, Ranley's strong voice came over the  
wire. "Yes; I've got the whole miserable  
truth. The boss called me up to tell me I  
was a fool, and asked me to come back  
again. I called up her house, and they told  
me she had left with a strange fellow who  
came half an hour after you. I think we  
ought to meet and drink a toast to 'A Fool  
and His Friend—'"

"Make it 'Two Fools,'" Coley broke in.

"All right. I think I can manage to stag-  
ger down to the Bronck House. Meet me  
there."

Coley turned from the receiver, and  
reached for his hat. "By George! you sure  
never can tell!" he muttered.



# The City and the House Beautiful.

By Ernest Branton.

Gardens, Grounds,  
Streets, Parks, Lakes

## House Colors.

SHOULD BLEND IN HARMONY  
WITH SURROUNDINGS.

ALL dwellings of the present day are obtrusive to as great an extent as those of any age since man first builded, but we need not add to their conspicuousness by inharmonious colors in paints and stains. Nature gives us soft colors and tints and these we should strive to imitate in the exterior adornment of all buildings.

During the long cloudless days of summer nothing in local landscapes is more offensive or harsher to the eyes of the writer than glaring white. Softened or warmed into creamy white the "glare" disappears and a softness is manifested in its stead. Pure yellow is equally harsh, and should be toned down to buff or a straw color. Greens are warmed by the addition of red, and so are stones and slates. Where mountains, hills, and plains, rocks, tree trunks, weathered lumber and a host of natural examples may be seen on all sides, it should not prove a serious task to choose a shade that harmoniously blends with immediate natural surroundings.

Perhaps some captious critics will say that sky-blue is natural and, from the writer's standpoint a fitting color for exterior decoration. For obvious reasons such a course in coloring is not advised or even suggested any more than that we should seek to imitate the blackness of a thundercloud or the bronze of the setting sun. Such colors and shades will do for neckties or hair ribbons, but who wishes a coat of bronze or trousers of sky-blue? Bright colors should be confined to incidentals.

### A Land of Evergreens.

DECIDUOUS trees in Southern California are usually lacking in the brilliant hues so strikingly shown in eastern States, and this loss is not balanced by any unusual development due to the charming climate of our Southland. There are some places where a few, or a collection of deciduous trees and shrubs may profitably and properly be planted, but they should be used with caution. Some parts of some houses need shade in late summer and early autumn and the same conditions prevail on children's playgrounds, and here the deciduous tree finds a welcome founded in utility. Nevertheless, Southern California is essentially a land of evergreens and for evergreens and, except as noted, we should confine planting to evergreens.

### Distribution of Garden Plants.

TREES and shrubs should largely be confined to border plantation where home grounds are limited in extent. Small shrubs may find a fitting place about the foundations of residences, but none of sufficient size to seriously shade any part of the building. During the present spring and early summer we have had an excess of cool, cloudy weather, when all our sister States to eastward have been sweltering in unusual heat. From this contrast it must be apparent that we do not need summer shade on our dwellings to the same extent as elsewhere, or indeed, any at all. Keep trees far enough from the house to allow a free circulation of air and the glorious beams of the sun to play on your abode throughout the year. Overplanting with vines is still more dangerous to maintenance of perfect sanitation.

### Cleaning Stonework.

IN SOME local sections cobblestones are becoming so uncommon and in such demand that they are "mined" or taken in whole or part from beneath the soil. These too often are soil-stained to an extent that largely spoils their natural beauty. Sand blasts are most effective in cleaning such stones, but if this method is not practical a washing with commercial muriatic acid will prove quite satisfactory. After washing clean with acid if an etched or bush-hammer surface is not desired the rocks should be washed with a 10 per cent solution of carbonate of soda and finally rinsed with clean water.



CALLA ELLIOTIANA.

### Yellow Callas.

THERE are several varieties of yellow callas, but of them all the one we illustrate (Richardia Elliotiana) is the one most satisfactory for garden use. Aside from the beauty of its deep yellow spathe or floral envelope the foliage is extremely attractive and interesting. The leaves are very large heart-shaped and curiously mottled and flecked with white. Callas, elephant's ears, and all the tribe of aroids are very curious plants inasmuch as the flowers are minute, very numerous, and thickly crowded on the spadix or finger-like member in the center (the "Jack" in the pulpit.) The male flowers extend from near the base up to the tip, while the female flowers form a wide ring at the base. By tearing away the spathe or floral envelope on any calla the difference in the two sexes of flowers will easily be seen.

### Preserving Wood in the Soil.

DIPPING posts in asphalt to insure their preservation when under the soil is a very common practice locally and certainly adds much to the period of usefulness and stability. Nevertheless, it is but a protective covering and in no other way may be considered a preservative. In case of subsequent cracking or splitting of timber underground the decay is then as rapid from the center outwardly as would be the case with untreated timber. Rustic fences of pepper trees, eucalypts, etc., should season at least a year, and then be soaked by standing in creosote for a week the end intended for placing in the soil. This method will insure stability for many years, whereas the same posts dipped in asphalt would last but one or two years. All this has been proven by local experiment under the "eye" of the writer and results most carefully noted.

### A Giant Rose.

ROSA GIGANTEA is the botanical name of a gigantic growing true species of wild rose which bears an annual crop of blossoms much larger than those of the common Cherokee. As a covering for large arbors or pergolas this rose would prove a fine subject. Still, for arbors the writer prefers the thornless Bankias.

### Stimulating Plants by Electricity.

THE overhead discharge system of electrifying the atmosphere produces some wonderful growth and developments in common garden fruit and vegetable. Strawberries so treated, as against a near-by

check plot untreated, though all other conditions were similar, showed an increase in yield of from 36 to 80 per cent. Carrots showed 50 per cent. increase, beets 30 per cent., wheat 35 per cent. and cucumbers 17 per cent. Tomatoes and a few other fruits appeared to be in no wise affected by the treatment.

### A Splendid Hedge Plant.

A COUPLE of years ago the writer received a few plants of Dodonea viscosa, grown from seeds sent over from India, where the sender grew it as a hedge. Since that time the Dodoneas have been rather closely observed and the opinion is ventured that we have no plant in the local market better for hedge building. As yet few are for sale, but should the demand prove strong enough plenty will soon be produced.

### A Fine Irid.

FEW herbaceous plants in bloom at the present time are so attractive as Morea Iridioides, a member of the great family of Irids so well represented in local gardens by many species and varieties of Irids. Our subject blooms more profusely and over a longer period than the Iris proper and is as daintily marked as an orchid. As a hardy plant requiring little care yet yielding heavy returns it has few equals.

### The Red Bauhinia.

ADMIRERS of the tree-like Bauhinias do not, as a rule, know aught of a fine shrubby species having brick red flowers, known as B. Galpinii. A dealer at Santa Barbara introduced it more than a dozen years ago, yet it is still so rare that none is known by the writer in or about Los Angeles. It is however, a very beautiful plant when in blossom and worthy of extensive use.

### Flowering Privets.

AMONG the many species of privets Agrown in local gardens none makes a more attractive show in flowering time than Ligustrum Sinense, a rather small-leaved species bearing large flower heads of white, pronounced by many as being superior to white lilacs. There are other and less-known species of late introduction that bid fair to surpass in attractiveness L. Sinense, but they are not yet for sale in local nurseries.

### A Fine Native Shrub.

TRICHOSTEMA LANATA is the name of a native shrub bearing long spikes of beautiful dark-blue salvia-like flowers, a shrub worthy of a place in the best of gardens. It is destined, at no long-distant date, to become a prime favorite. Mexico has a still showier species in T. Purpusi bearing large scarlet blossoms, a plant we should secure for local use.

### Value of Farmyard Manures.

IN ANSWER to two correspondents we will state that of farmyard manures easily available locally, that from sheep is the best and most pleasant to handle. It is richer in nitrogen compounds than that from either horses or cattle. Poultry manure is generally too little appreciated, yet it is one of the richest in nitrogen. Poultry-houses should be cleaned often and the manure mixed with some absorbent to prevent the too rapid volatilization of the nitrogen. With horse manure some good absorbing material should be used for bedding to prevent loss of volatile ammonia. Cow manure is colder, of less value and not so liable to loss through fermentation and subsequent volatilization. Aside from the direct value of plant foods contained therein all farmyard manures contain considerable organic matter of great value on all soils.

### An Australian Cassia.

CASSIA ARTEMESIOIDES is a dwarf yellow-flowering shrub of exceptional garden value, one producing an abundance of bright yellow blossoms under the driest and hardest conditions. All other cassias common with us are shrubs of target growth from Mexico and bearing a

blossom quite different from the Australian species. All are shrubs if planted where frost is severe. Though belonging to the same family they are not like the yellow nor yet like the nearly allied ones have flowers shaped like those of similar color.

### Clematis Gypsy Queen.

IN THE observation of clematis the present flowering season has found no other sort in local gardens long a period as the one known as Gypsy Queen. In color the flowers are rich, purplish wine far exceeding the purple of the old Jackmanii and are fully twice as large. In the bloom of all colors and shades, clematis gardens are still sending out of blossoms where all others have ceased. Give place in your garden to Gypsy Queen.

### Plant Your Garden.

MUCH trouble is found in plant names in the garden are the devices resorted to to serve them on stake or label. The way is to draw a plat of your garden, numbered and the names in a book, or on the same sheet, in this way labels may come and go, but the records remain and to this advantage is the use of garden clear of incumbrances, labels, whereas it should be plants only.

### A Glorious Trumpet Flower.

THERE is now coming into most glorious of all the Tecoma grandiflora, the largest flower of any member of the interesting family. Its only drawback is the fact that it is not evergreen to overcome this, the writer has turned the resultant seeds over to a nursery firm, hoping to see it in the hands of at least one having the character of one parent and the vigor of the other. We may expect years for results from seed.

### Auspicious.

[Judge:] Ted: How auspicious along with that new girl of mine. Ned: Fine! When I see her I don't light half the gas just yet.

## Is Your Hair



FREE TRIAL  
and Beauty Book sent  
Write for it today,  
MRS. NETTIE HARRISON

LOLA MONTEZ  
A true complexion  
beautifier

Holmes P  
DISAPPEAR

Call and See  
Holmes Dis  
Bed Ex  
Ground Floor  
618 South N

Illustrated Wlee

"Hom

HOME ENTERTAINM

cards are little telegrams, is white, printed in blue on the envelope speak of friendliness. The telegram has more to say regarding hospitality. The name, naturally, is to be written on the envelope. Two telegrams, in a box, are sold. Little letters are also sold. The envelopes have a slip of paper through the center, used by some business name, written on a card, shows through the paper. A riddle printed on the envelope, through the paper, and the riddle is printed at the top. In the upper left-hand corner, the words "Return to me," and the stamp is in red.

for Guests.  
fruits and imported delicacies and another are among the disposal of the hostess. The berries are clear with the meat and juice of the pineapple shell, and until the juice is extracted and pineapple. There are some which when combined

THE DINING ROOM  
Decorations Effective.

Science Monitor:] T quiet yet cheerful if the wall paper used with wood paneling should never have the valancing, as the effect is of the room and re goods are seldom as effective as plain material. Dining-room is an offense

in Coloring.

such suitable decorations china, pewter, silver or a possibility of bright neutral background, and is apt to select for her dining clear gray, tan, sage, brown or cream color, because colors show up the aforesaid

OR THE WINDOWS.

Curtain Silk.  
Sun-proof c of the most satisfactory curtain materials. For or summer curtains two-toned It is made now in shades of copper and bronze a black thread which g attractive used in a white cretonne are always attractive valance and side curtain several other kinds of sil can be stenciled with down across the lower edge a border across their

especially if the window panes, curtains over the necessary. If they are used they must be so hung produce the effect of a they must be wide and that when pulled back they net, scrim and swiss are curtain materials. Many







# Importance Of Shade For Chickens.

By Frank Heck.

## Easy Ways. PRODUCING SHELTER AT MINIMUM EXPENSE.

[The importance of shade in summer for fowls and chicks is emphasized in the following article. Troubles caused by overlooking this important consideration and how to avoid them are discussed from the viewpoint of a student of the subject. The writer also suggests methods for providing shade, both artificial and natural, at minimum expense, by means of awnings, trees, vines, etc.]

Sicilian Buttercups, a famous importation from Sicily, but of unknown origin, is shown in Mr. Graham's sketch. This bird has made a reputation rivaling the noted Leghorn as a layer, so much so that it is ranked as an "egg machine."

**P**ROVIDING shade for the fowls and chicks during the hot summer months is one of the important matters which a large majority of poultry-keepers entirely overlook.

Many experienced breeders, as well as amateurs, are neglectful in this respect, and it is well that we all stop to consider the question.

Constant exposure to the direct rays of the sun day after day will ruin the strongest and healthiest flocks. It will surely make the poultry plant a losing proposition, and is very apt to become the indirect cause of complete failure. Numerous diseases are the result of hot-weather conditions, and in addition to these, which are directly traceable to that cause, are many which are greatly aggravated by it. Fowls are subject to a trouble which corresponds with sunstroke in human beings, and there are many sudden deaths in the poultry yard which are really cases of sunstroke, and which the poultry-keeper cannot account for in any manner simply because he never gives a thought to the real cause.

The heat has a general debilitating effect upon the fowls, and this is usually evidenced by various forms of fatal bowel trouble, all of which are termed cholera by the average person. Real fowl cholera is comparatively rare, but this disease and other similar ones may surely be expected where there is to be found a combination of filthy houses and yards and exposure to the hot sun.

### Cholera Remedy.

The preparation known as Douglass mixture is one of the best home remedies for cholera and other forms of bowel diseases. The recipe is: Sulphuric acid, one-half ounce; copperas, one-half pound, and water, one-half gallon. A tablespoonful of this mixture should be placed in the water for about a dozen hens daily. Even though the fowls escape disease itself, they are unfitted for laying, and they drag through the summer months in a weakened condition physically, which is apt to prolong the moulting period and retard egg production till late in the winter.

The sun will also actually burn the delicate shade of coloring in the feathers, and the effect of constant exposure to the sun and rain will absolutely prevent the growth of perfect plumage, even though the birds have blue-blooded ancestry back of them. This is an important consideration to breeders of fancy fowls.

In the case of little chicks and young stock in general, there is even greater need for protection than for older fowls. Excessive heat will take the life and vigor out of a little chick, and will stunt the growing young stock to such an extent that they will never mature to full size and weight, and consequently will be of very little value. One of the somewhat common and to some people mysterious troubles with chicks in summer is the bare condition of the body. Oftentimes a chick may be seen that is almost devoid of plumage, and the skin is quite red and very much inflamed. This is one of the results of continued exposure to the sun. In mild cases, the bird may be put into good condition by confining it to a coop or protected run and anointing the affected parts with carbolated vaseline once a day, until the skin assumes its normal condition, at which time the plumage will again begin to grow. Where this treatment will not remedy the trouble, it is best to kill the bird.

The reader will get a better understanding and will more clearly realize the needs of fowls in this matter of providing shade for them if he will think of the chickens as birds and appreciate the fact that they are really birds, just as much as the creatures who live in the trees and who fly about in the air, except that chickens are domesticated.

### Methods of Providing Shade.

The most primitive method of supplying shade, and the one which can be adopted when all others are impossible or impracticable, is the stake and burlap shelter. Simply drive four stakes into the ground, forming a square or rectangular inclosure. If the inclosure is very large, a fifth stake may be driven in the center, or there may be three or more stakes on each side and opposite each other. Over these stakes should be tacked burlap or feed sacks. The shelter should be from eighteen to twenty-four inches high, according to the size of the breed of fowls to be protected. The birds should be able to stand erect under it. It can be improved upon by covering it with small branches of trees or with foliage of any kind, which cannot be easily destroyed

by the fowls. Even lawn clippings will prove of value.

The ideal arrangement for shade is an ample number of trees, and the best location for the poultry in summer is one where they may have access to an orchard or piece of woodland. Trees can, of course, be planted in the poultry yard itself, but a few years, at least, are required for their development to the point where they will really be of value. Quick-growing fruit trees should be selected, and the plum tree is usually the most satisfactory.

Berry bushes and fruit trees are not only useful for shade, but they are in themselves a source of pleasure and profit, and the fowls are instrumental in increasing the yield because they keep various injurious insects in subjection.

### Quick-growing Shade.

When there is a necessity for immediate provision of shade, one must rely upon quick-growing vines, bushes, etc., in addition to sheds and other modifications of the burlap arrangement previously described. Corn may be planted thickly as early in the spring as possible, and the fowls can be given access to it after it reaches a height of about three feet. Sun-

flowers may also be utilized in this way and the seeds kept for food for the moulting fowls. Rape will also make a shade and green food for the fowls and be given a chance to reach a point which will prevent the fowls from being it. Pole beans and peas may be sown along the fences and against trellises of wire netting placed at intervals in the poultry runs of yards. When given the vines, bushes, etc., all beyond the point of injury, and in cases this protection must be provided. Tomato plants, trained on poles or reel hoops, will provide fine shade, or three feet high. Raspberry and currant bushes of good size, when planted, will answer the purpose of the kind of quick-growing ornamental berry and bushes may be utilized.

With the suggestions made in this article and the definite, explicit instructions providing certain forms of shade, the poultry-keeper should not neglect to handle properly during the hot summer months. We have not written at length of remedies for many of the troubles from lack of shade, because in every instance there is nothing to be done to repair the injury. The prevention should be the watchword and should become imbedded with the act accordingly.

[Copyright, 1913, by the Bureau of Poultry Husbandry, U. S. Department of Agriculture.]

## An Italian Fowl Of Merit.

By Louis Paul Graham.

For a number of years the breed of fowls known as Sicilian Buttercups have appeared in various exhibitions of the United States, and, except for their oddity of comb and color markings, found little favor. Quite recently some real breeders tried them and found them to be literal egg machines.

It is a bona fide and pure Italian production, apparently native to the island of Sicily, and numerous importations have been made from that country. Apparently it has been so long bred in that island that its origin has been forgotten, for all attempts to trace it have been futile.

In Sicily they are known as the "Patera Opulentiae," meaning sacred cup of riches, and were formerly used in religious sacrifices.

The first Sicilians in America reached here through the captain of a ship trading between Sicily and Boston, which took on a crate of these fowls for food. The captain noticed that the hens laid well, and for this reason they were not eaten, as intended. They made such a good record on the voyage over that he had no trouble disposing of the fowls to a fancier near Boston. This gentleman named them Sicilian Buttercups, on account of the peculiar

comb formation, and strove to introduce them to the American public. They enjoyed a slight popularity, but the interest waned and was not renewed until within the last few years.

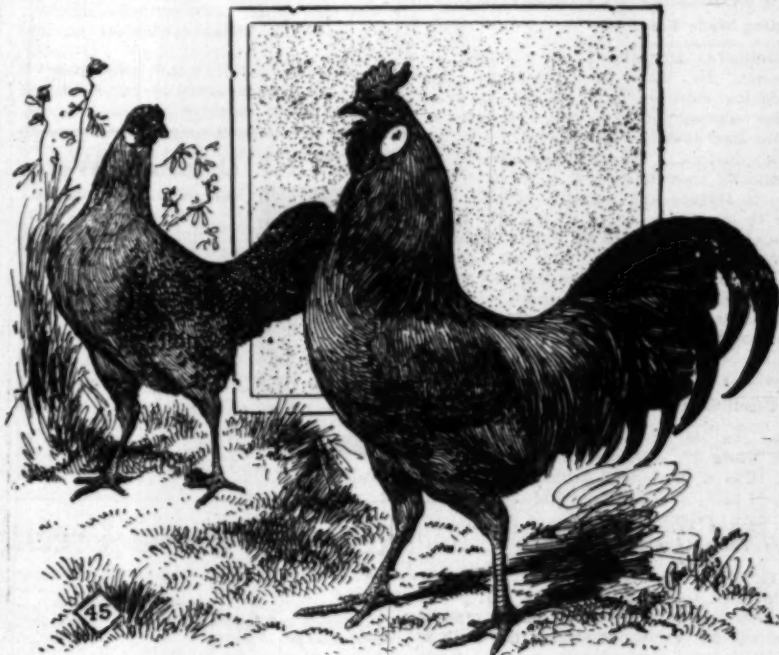
### Rivals Famous Leghorns.

Careful poultrymen have found that in this breed they have one which rivals the famous Leghorn as an egg machine.

In color the female is a yellowish buff, spotted with dark brown over the back wings and part of the fluff. The male is a reddish color with black tail and some dark spots in the fluff. Some show more spots than this (see the illustration,) but are not as desirable. Both sexes have a yellowish green leg, dark beak and a peculiar cup-shaped comb.

The chicks grow and feather rapidly and reach early maturity, beginning to lay as quickly as do Leghorns at the same age. When full grown they are about the size of Leghorns, although, like them, there is no definite weight decided upon.

The Sicilian Buttercup has apparently "made good" with American breeders and should prove a profitable addition to the list of fowls adaptable to either farm or home-flock uses.



SICILIAN BUTTERCUPS.

A fowl found in its purity in the island of Sicily, Italy, and which has been a fixture so long that its origin is unknown. It was first imported (accidentally) to America about 1860, but was never really tested until within the last few years. In size, temperament, growth and laying qualities, it equals the Leghorn, and bids fair to be in great demand for egg-laying purposes. Its oddity of comb and handsome plumage offer the fancier a new opportunity to try his skill at greater perfection.

[810]



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## Scratching



Watch any wife while she is making a fool of herself and you can. For instance, she will not stay set. But the hen won't stay set. She will away to pastures new, to spoil. A man would give a swift kick or knock her in a club for this performance. She calmly will set another and out why the first one on the nest.

Leghorns are the result of an unbalanced diet. The young chicks are to develop normal, the foods given to them are such character as will produce flesh, particularly during the growth. Give the young chicks foods from the very start. Oats, in almost any form, are ground, split or hulled. Many of the show birds are of feeding a goodly portion of the chick grow. This is an unbalanced ration. It forms a prominent part of the frame deformities and

Bringing the laying maturity is the task of the summer. Indeed, with truth that promoting growth of the pullets to lay is the one important task of that, by careful attention to the extreme task, we may obtain from our poultry. It is to the have to look for eggs at the prices, in November, December, and in order that the pullets mature and in good shape, and that time they must be kept healthy, and should reach lay in October. Pullets allowed to hatch in the company of the same hatch reached laying a month later than similar pullets separated from the cock. Opportunity to grow. Not of separated pullets slower in growth, but their average weight below that of the pullets put off by themselves on range to full size and vigor.

Many a failure among farmers, can be traced to their poultry. This is not a neglect from a desire to do of neglect. It is not attention should be done, and when mind it is generally too late. Breeders, and another year is practised. This is one of the due to the fact that get good males from outside does to select a few of the for that purpose.

In tests conducted on another successful farm we found that green food of the chicks more vigor of the chicks more other factor. We fed our fowls, and the result was a healthy weak chicks. The eggs were again when we fed the chicks showed a lower rate. The eggs were not as viable. We fed just a moderate amount gave us eggs high in fertility and the chicks were healthy, the kind that are born

The vigor determines whether they show a profit or loss. It is also to raise chicks that are weak. Therefore let us look into the influence the vigor of the results of some experiments in West Virginia to determine the results of feeding forty-five chicks hatched from pullets, twenty-one chicks







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compare with it in accuracy  
and the simplicity of its  
scientist has recently told  
of this mechanism.  
ce, our ear contains a pe  
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# The Great Adventure.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE.)

purchased a tiny laquered box with a secret spring. They exchanged them gleefully, and the smiling merchant bowed them to the door. A moment later a slant-eyed gentleman entered the establishment, leaving softly and carefully after a time. A policeman noticed an unwonted air of stillness about the place, and passing in, found the proprietor fallen among his silks in a queer red puddle. Adventure had flouted them again.

Then the two in search of Romance decided to walk through Portsmouth Square. They strolled along the dim paths lit only with the steady glow of a pipe or the ephemeral flash of a cigarette.

"Soldiers of Fortune," the girl said, "pointing to the sleeping figures on the benches, 'Soldiers of Fortune' who have danced in her train until their shoes are worn through!" And as they paused before the brave little galleon on the Stevenson statue, she added: "How he would have liked this! He would have talked to them all, and they would have talked back and told him everything."

The Star Reporter found his hat in his hand from a sudden rush of reverence for the Great Adventurer. Passing by an arc light, they noticed a man hunched in its glare, and the Star Reporter cast a curious glance at the dirty book in his hand.

"Hush," he whispered, "do you see? It's 'Treasure Island!' I begin to think that I shall lose, after all."

They saw the reader rise a minute later and lose himself in the murk, the man remarking that he probably felt the need of some "dope." However, a leading citizen of Joplin, Mo., seeing the sights on Market for the first time, recognized him as a son of Adventure by token of a missing watch and scarfpin.

At last the girl said: "We must go home. Let's walk down to the Ferry building."

He grinned at her quizzically. "Ready to give up so soon?" he queried. "No!" she flashed, "not until I can't see another chance."

His amused and derisive glance stung, and as they threaded their way down the avenue of cosmopolites she was tempted to lose herself in the crowd. All for Adventure and world well lost! She grew furious at the city—never, never had it failed her before. A tear of vexation forced its way up, making her wink hard to hide it from the keen glance of the scoffer.

The Ferry building was strangely empty; it was the hour of between going and returning theater crowds. The man steered her aboard the slowest ferry and calmly marched her to the end of the boat, where he seated her in a sheltered corner.

The bay wind blew in from the Gate, carrying half-forgotten scents of South Pacific islands, the city lights were flung on the hills in fairy garlands and spilled themselves in red and green winy color down to the water. Alcatraz Light shone now on the low hulk of a schooner from which came sounds of Lascar sailors' songs, now on the dark outlines of the prison, now on the shimmering bay itself. For a time they sat silent, until the city dreamed away into a rosy mirage. Then the man broke the quiet:

"Little lady, are you willing to give up?"

"No—o, we're not home yet."

"But is there any possible chance that an Adventure can happen now?"

"Oh, any number of things might happen! We might ram—"

"Fashion Girl," he interrupted, "you are hedging. Tell me, is there any possible chance?"

"No!" she burst out; "no, there isn't! And it is mean, mean! I did want to prove my theory. San Francisco never treated me so before, and I did so want you to have an Adventure!"

"But," he said gravely, "I did have one. And it's the greatest one of my life, too," he added.

"What! And you've been letting me think I had to pay—"

She stopped, but the man was too decent to take advantage of her confusion.

"You haven't given me a chance," was what he said.

Suddenly he bent over her.

"Dear," he said, "can't you guess what is the Greatest Adventure? Or are you afraid? Little girl, don't be frightened because I love you—love you—love you! Dear little Romancer, don't you believe it?"

She was silent a moment in his arms, then her head came up and the same demon was dancing in her eyes.

"So I don't have to pay my wages after all!" she exulted.

"But you forget that I am loser, so I must pay you!"

And he did!

Being honest young persons, so absorbed were they in the payment of the debt that they heard not the windy swish of the Capricious Lady's skirts as she slipped into the seat opposite them; the clink of her silver necklace they thought the music of their own voices—not even the perfume of her presence reached them, consciously, and yet, as the man said, she was there!

## Rest Cures for Razors.

[Harper's Weekly:] It is well known that our metals are conductors of electricity. Steel is an excellent conductor, and when this metal is fashioned into tools with sharp edges the electric current that is continually passing through the metal will leave the body at the sharp point or edge.

Barbers tell us the razor gets tired and is improved after a rest. This is true in a scientific sense. It is not exactly a rest that the razor needs, although that term will express it pretty well.

It seems that any razor, after constant use on the human face, will become not exactly dull, for the barber can sharpen it, but rather sluggish and refuse to work as smoothly as when it has lain for a few weeks without work.

Constant use and continued sharpening put the molecules into a sluggish condition, and it is impossible to get the same edge as when the steel has not been used for some time.

When the razor lies idle and the electric current is passing off at the edge the particles are being toned and tempered, and the edge actually becomes more smooth and really sharper and more fit to remove the beard.

It is claimed that a razor wrapped in rubber cloth and placed in a drawer away from any damp will not be benefited by the rest as will a razor that is simply laid away rather carelessly without any insulation. It is the same if the razor is inclosed in a glass case, for the insulation prevents the electric current from passing through the metal.

## The Weight of the "Limited".

[Harper's Weekly:] Generally speaking, the heaviest of the cars comprising a "limited" train is the diner, which exceeds the other cars in weight by about 10,000 pounds or 15,000 pounds. Such a car, with full equipment, usually weighs something like 140,000 pounds when ready to make its customary division run.

A sixteen-section sleeper may weigh from 110,000 pounds to 125,000 pounds, while the buffet library car of the transcontinental type comes at 107,000 pounds.

The baggage-car, weighing 85,000 pounds, may be the lightest in a train, but the postal car next to it weighs, on an average, 103,000 pounds.

A chair car is full weight at 87,000 pounds, while the ordinary coach tips the scales at 93,000 pounds.

With a locomotive and tender weighing, say, 260,000 pounds, it is easy to estimate the enormous weight of some of the modern through trains of seven cars.

## Veteran Mail Carrier's Travels.

Having traveled about 190,000 miles, Frank Wright, who carries the mails between Delaware City and Port Penn, making two round trips every day except Sunday since July 1, 1893, has decided to quit. "I suppose," Wright said, "I would have seen much of the country had I just kept going in a straight line. I could have driven by Salt Lake and Yellowstone Park, skirted Colorado and gone along through Oregon to California. Then I could have crossed to New Orleans and come home by way of Washington to see old Port Penn once more. That would have been only a starter. I have never missed a trip or a day in twenty years."

## Millstones on the Increase.

It is generally supposed that the use of millstones is becoming less and less each year because of the introduction of other grinding machinery, but on the contrary, according to figures made public by the United States Geological Survey, the value of the production of millstones, burrstones, chasers and drag stones in this country in 1912, amounting to \$71,414, was the largest since 1888, when it amounted to \$81,000, and was an increase of \$31,345 over the figures for 1911. The replacement of the millstones, it was assumed, would be gradual and the

value of millstones would therefore show a steady falling off. This, however, has not been the case. From a maximum value of \$200,000 in 1880 the value fell to \$100,000 in 1887; from \$81,000 in 1888 the value declined rapidly to \$16,587 in 1891; in the following year there was a rise in value to \$23,417, followed by a marked decline until the lowest value ever reported, \$13,887, was reached in 1894. Since that year the values have risen and fallen. Millstones were produced in 1912 in Alabama, New York, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. The output in New York was between two and three times that of 1911, and that State regained its lead in the millstone industry in the United States.

## A Sailor Ashore.

I hear a clear voice hailing,  
The rapt voice of the stars;  
I see a swift ship sailing,  
Slant masts and leaning spars!

Vague hills uplift around me,  
Dusk slopes above, below;  
Stern circumstance hath bound me,  
I may not rise and go.

This is my bitter hour,  
And yet—and yet—meseems,  
There is no mortal power  
Can rob me of my dreams!

—[Clinton Scollard, in New York Sun.]

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Country boy who played the village green

The Corners hero and

restless ever seen.

every line concerning him

folks read out aloud,

he's making good among

New York Giant crowd.

Seymour Keller, in New

content and Aspiration.

forth on the march I have

region of darkness;

blow loudly and stern; pon

ing I stand.

the plain of the homes of the

streets of the city,

on the smooth flowing

and the charm of the cot;

well the pleasures of love

sweet peace for the lowly;

en labor and waver; sleep

of their toll.

the mean and the base,

the marshes of Mammon

slaves of the sense, with

the vapor of lies.

Heroes' Gate, and the long

through the mountains,

and swept by the storm

footing for one;

thundering surge of the to

ing across it,

into its jaws sweeping the

dead.

byones, the crags and the

old of the mountains,

the wider domains, near

of the gods.

—[London Spectator]

Illustrated Week

Pro

GOOD LITTLE POE

Brothers.

with face set toward the da  
but the goal he hopes to g  
obstructions in his way  
rights with might and main.  
he can shuffle through his  
excuse by some false plea  
everything he asks.

with face set toward the da  
but the goal he hopes to g  
obstructions in his way  
rights with might and main.  
he can shuffle through his  
excuse by some false plea  
everything he asks.

hangs by a feeble grip,  
holds on with forceful han  
lets all his chances slip.  
bends all to his command.  
flings out his envious taunt,  
responds with gracious doe  
links down the street of W  
relieves his need.  
L. Muzey, in Youth's Cen

The Pride of the Corners  
ers doesn't bother much  
the tariff now,  
cloud doesn't shadow it;  
er did, somehow.

when the evening paper's s  
Perkins' counter, it  
busy with the leading new  
George Burns make a h

when the evening paper co  
chaps get down to biz:  
George Burns stole three bas  
made one home run—gee whi

was a time when Roosevelt  
others, I'll be blest!  
up the Corners with their fa  
they've gone to rest.

country boy who played  
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into its jaws sweeping the  
dead.

byones, the crags and the  
old of the mountains,  
the wider domains, near  
of the gods.

—[London Spectator]



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-OR-  
TRUSSES MA

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stayed for any weak or fallen  
male and female. Humatator  
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vidual case.  
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into good form, so rupture and all  
conditions have been successfully  
Cured by me for many years.  
For Comfort, convenience, satisfaction  
and holding qualities, no better  
utilities than I make, can be made.  
Correspondence Patients are especially  
And if desired—Cured—in a very  
use for the Patient as well as my  
I have several big sugar barrels  
away Trusses—simply Rupture  
money to my work.  
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And the most up-to-date Humatator  
Heating system for all Dis-eases  
the very best by many years—test  
methods of drugless, scientific  
Natural Healing, ever discovered in  
or the new.  
You can pay more but you certainly  
more than you will get here for

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Deutscher Naturadid  
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Pure Blood and Disease Do Not  
Shed. Thorough Ozonizing of  
all physical diseases and nervous  
tive cures of Rheumatism, Bright's  
betes, Catarrh, Indigestion, Time  
Troubles, Scrofula and old blood  
trial treatment to bona fide  
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meaning "Always Young."  
tion to its original beauty after sun  
all instantly relieve all irritation; due to  
scientific blend of beauty-making ingredi  
easy to apply. Especially appreciated

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Ask at your favorite toilet counter for  
Manufactured Only by  
MARIETTA STANLEY  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Products of the Poets and Humorists.

LITTLE POEMS.

Brothers,  
asleep at his work,  
thoughts are just a crazy crew  
in shifty ways to abirk  
he needs to do.  
purpose is to see  
he can shuffle through his tasks;  
because by some false plea  
whether he asks.

With face set toward the day,  
the goal he hopes to gain,  
instructions in his way  
with might and main.  
with might and main.  
but still;  
no boasts, but forges on  
his powers at work until  
is won.

by a feeble grip,  
holds on with forceful hand;  
all his chances slip,  
hands all to his command.  
out his envious taunt,  
responds with gracious deed;  
down the street of Want,  
relieves his need.  
L. Wazey, in Youth's Companion.

The Pride of the Corners.  
doesn't bother much  
the tariff now,  
doesn't shadow it;  
did, somehow.

the evening paper's spread  
Perkins' counter, it  
with the leading news:  
George Burns make a hit?"

may crawl along  
the same old poke;  
doesn't talk about  
Hawaii Valley joke.

time when Roosevelt  
I'll be blest!  
the Corners with their fame,  
they've gone to rest.

has had its day,  
the topic, yep!  
burning now with pride:  
Burns has got the pep'."

country boy who played  
the village green  
the Corners hero and  
ever seen.

very line concerning him  
like read out aloud,  
he's making good among  
the New York Giant crowd.  
the Seymour Keller, in New York

Content and Aspiration.  
with on the march I have fared  
of darkness;  
how lonely and stern; pondering,  
I stand.  
the plots of the homes of the peo  
streets of the city,  
the smooth flowing stream,  
the charm of the cot;  
the pleasures of love, calm  
peace for the lowly;  
the labor and woe; sleep is the  
their toll.

the moon and the base, souls  
the marshes of Mammon,  
the dunes of the sense, wreathed  
the vapor of lies.  
the Gates, and the long, long  
the mountains,  
and swept by the storms, dim  
waiting for one;  
the surging of the torrents  
across it,  
the jaws sweeping the bones

the crags and the hunger  
of the mountains,  
the wider domains, nearer the  
the gods.  
—[London Spectator.

The New Poetry.

Hear the bards—  
Minor bards!  
What strange phrases every poet interlards,  
lards, lards  
His verses wit; and frisks,  
Bravely disregarding risks,  
Like a phonograph cacophonous with futur-  
istic disks!  
Hear the sound  
Of Ezra P—d!  
How the harried English language he can  
hound, hound, hound!  
His idea of something new  
Is to mind nor P nor Q;  
Which he says himself's a brilliant and  
surprising thing to do,  
He is wicked, he is rash!  
Oh, such darlings—oh, such dash!  
Oh, such haughtiness, such naughtiness,  
such a splash for cash.  
All the towers of old Manhattan he would  
Simply love to flatten  
And to scatter ruin round him with one  
wild, chaotic crash!

Wild hoorays!  
Lucky days!  
Every one can go the limit, and it pays,  
pays, pays,  
Not a vowel needs to chime and the bonds  
of sense or rhyme  
We crush 'neath our O'Sullivan's in ecstasy  
sublime!  
No one knows  
Verse from prose;  
But it's, oh, to strike an attitude and pose,  
pose, pose!  
You're a realist—released  
From the past, an imogiate;  
A swami of the subtle or a high prosodic  
priest.

Whoop hurroo!  
Me too!  
For it's very easy money. There is nothing  
hard to do.  
May my sense  
Of proportion  
Revel hence  
In distortion,  
And my mind omit kaleidoscopic red and  
green and blue!  
Every bard—  
Minor bard—  
Cashes reams of his dreams while the sky's  
thus lucky starred.  
But the devil of it is  
(No, I cannot draw it finer!)  
Though they hurtle, whoop and whiz,  
They all do remain so minor!  
(Let us order up some fizz  
Or go forward in the diner!  
For the poor old patient public gets it hard,  
hard, hard!)

—[William R. Benet, in New York Sun.

The Exodus.  
We are moving to the suburbs,  
To the country fresh and green,  
Where no hint of dirt and squalor  
And of brick dust can be seen.  
Where life simply is idyllic,  
And one lolls in happy rest,  
With no troubles of the city  
Pressing sore within one's breast.

True, the cynics and the grouches  
Talk of catching early trains,  
With reluctant rise at daybreak,  
And cost of rheumatic pains,  
Of the messages and bundles  
To be brought at evening's close,  
Of the company e'er coming,  
And the cook who always goes.

And they whisper of that garden  
Full of foodstuff and of bloom,  
Wherein all your fondest hopes are,  
And they turn those hopes to gloom  
When they talk of work and failure,  
Of the ruin which one shelves:  
But we're moving to the suburbs,  
And we'll find out for ourselves.

—[Baltimore American.

Rainy Day Rule.  
Always stand by your friend,  
When stormy clouds lower,  
Always stand by your friend,  
For 'tis only a shower!  
Do not skeptical be  
Like Judaea Apella,  
Always stand by your friend,  
When he's got an umbrella!

—[La Touche Hancock, in New York Sun.

HUMOR.

[Harper's Weekly:] "Well, Walter," said  
the friend of the family, "I see you are  
through college."  
"Yes, sir."  
"And are you making a living?"  
"Yes, sir—a first-class one, too."  
"Good! What out of it?"  
"Mother."

[Harper's Weekly:] "Before I say yes,  
Henderson," said the fair maiden, "let me  
ask you—when we are married, are we to  
have a motor car or a horse?"  
"What's that got to do with it?" he de-  
manded.  
"Why, I want to know whether I am  
marrying you for wheel or whoa," replied  
the fair maiden.

[Baltimore American:] "I would die for  
you, my darling!"  
"How sweet of you! Is your life in-  
sured?"  
—[Judge:] "St. Louis society women have  
engaged a professional pugilist to give them  
boxing lessons."  
"If the man referees the bouts it will  
keep him guessing to locate the shifting  
waist line."

[Baltimore American:] "Pa, is chiro-  
graphy handwriting?"  
"Yes, my son."  
"Then is the man you go to to read it for  
you, a chiropodist?"

[St. Louis Republic:] "Say, boss, can I  
get off this afternoon about 2:30?"  
"Whose funeral is it to be this time,  
James?"  
"Well, to be honest, boss, the way the  
morning paper has it doped out it looks  
like it's going to be the home team's again."

[Louisville Courier-Journal:] "My cook  
won't obey me," complained the bride.  
"You mustn't mind her. All cooks are  
like that."  
"I don't mind her, but I don't like to  
have such an example constantly before my  
husband. Sooner or later it will have its  
effect."

"Oh, tell me, dearest," whispered she,  
"Without me what would living be?"  
And, looking up with troubled eyes,  
"Cheaper," he faintly made reply.  
—[Town Topics.

YOGHURT

THE BULGARIAN NATIONAL DISH

The Greatest Food-Tonic of the Age.  
Metchnikoff's famous old age anti-  
toxin.

It is now very simple to make this health-  
giving, delicious sour milk preparation right in  
your own home.  
The only antidote for auto-intoxication (self-  
poisoning) of the human system, caused by  
germs of putrefaction which inhabit the in-  
testinal tract. Ninety per cent. of diseases of man-  
kind ranging from constipation up to the hard-  
ening of the arteries are due to it.  
Write for descriptive circular, or better still,  
order at once a jar of this original Bulgarian  
ferment, Majamin, and begin its use. It will  
last over a month, and the price has been re-  
duced to \$1.25. Mailed postpaid to your address  
upon receipt of this amount in money order.

Order today, and address  
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Take Bath in Liquid Sunshine  
It sparkles and foams like champagne. Drink the  
most radio-active curative mineral water. It keeps  
you young, purifies blood, revivifies, rejuvenates  
your whole body. HOT BATHS cure rheumatism,  
cold, asthma, poor circulation, paralysis, diabetes,  
stomach, liver, kidney, bladder, blood, Bright's,  
nervous and female troubles. Makes skin velvety, hair  
silken. Physician in charge. Send for booklet.  
Water delivered. Take Melrose ave. cars direct to  
springs.

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Did YOU ever hear of any one who took Bislac  
and was not cured of dyspepsia or stomach trou-  
ble? I never did. Go to your druggist today, or  
sent prepaid, with book, "Health Hints," on re-  
ceipt of fifty cents.  
D. M. SHREVE, Western Agent,  
125 East Ocean Ave., Long Beach, Cal.

LOS ANGELES WEATHER.

[From The Times, July 2, 1913.]  
THE SKY. Clear. Wind at 5 p.m., south-  
west; velocity, 8 miles. Thermometer:  
Highest, 87 deg.; lowest, 61 deg. Forecast:  
Fair, somewhat warmer; brisk north winds.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] "Mrs. Brown  
and Mrs. Green seem to have little to do  
but talk across the fence."  
"Yes, they have plenty to talk about. Mrs.  
Brown has just come out of the hospital,  
and Mrs. Green thinks of going."

[Le Rire:] "How is it? Yesterday you  
were a paralytic, and now you are blind!"  
"To please the public nowadays my dear  
lady, something new is always needed."

[Judge:] Wilkins: Have you heard  
about Haveleigh's mesalliance?  
Billkins: No, I haven't; but I don't think  
it can come up to an American-made car.

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a duty to yourself to investigate what  
OXYGEN will accomplish for YOU by means  
of the OXYPATHOR.

Oxypathy has come to stay.  
And wherever the Oxypathor is introduced  
it compels belief by demonstrating its won-  
derful healing possibilities, with such amaz-  
ing promptness that physician and patient  
alike stand agasp with wonder.

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harmless, that it rapidly wins its way into  
your confidence and enthusiastic approval.  
We say most positively that the OXY-  
PATHOR gives you the best chance of re-  
covery the world has thus far found.  
This is a HOME TREATMENT which  
YOU can apply YOURSELF. It is a treat-  
ment which is the result of SCIENTIFIC dis-  
covery and investigation.  
One call at our offices will CONVINCE  
YOU, and we cordially invite you to either  
call or write for FREE LITERATURE.

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Satisfactory  
Eye Glasses  
Go to a  
Master Eye  
Specialist

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a graduate medical  
Eye Specialist, and  
treats all diseases of  
the eye, but spent a year in the most famous  
school of Ophthalmology in Europe, the University  
of Vienna. Go to a careful eye specialist.  
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Use Attig Eczema and  
Pile Ointment. It is  
worth its weight in gold  
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relieve Nervousness, Head-  
aches and Eye-strain.  
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## —A Cracker to Please YOU —Baked With This One Idea

—If you knew that someone was baking crackers with one idea in mind—to please YOU; that these crackers were being made from YOUR view point, being made to conform with what YOU would expect in a cracker—wouldn't you be more than anxious to buy this cracker.

—There isn't anything enters into the materials, mixing, kneading, baking, packing of BIS-BIS crackers that is not considered from the view point—will it give YOU the cracker that will please you most.

—When it comes to crackers, everyone's taste is about the same. If a cracker is perfect, it can't be any better, and it can't help but please everyone.

—The points about a cracker that would please YOU, would please your family and your neighbor. The

points about BIS-BIS crackers that would please YOU are—the quality first, as every material used is the best we can buy; then the baking which is done with as much care and skill as you bake a cake in your home oven; then the flavor, the texture, the packing in the sanitary dust proof package that protects them for your table, and lastly—the price—five cents. If you were to analyze the qualities that would please you most in a cracker, these are the points you would mention.

—Since we are carefully following out YOUR idea of a perfect cracker, you most naturally will be sure to buy

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**There Is No Coffee Like Newmark's Pure High Grade Coffee**

Rich Aromatic Delicious and It Never Varies

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**Promptness**—avoids annoyance and possible increase in the amount of repairs needed.

**Reliability**—good plumbing is a sickness preventative.

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**Service**—is all of the above and in addition, a sincere effort to please you and carry out your instructions explicitly.

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## JAMES W. HELLMAN

719 South Spring Street

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Uncle Sam and the Japanese  
Landlord—Editorial  
Senator George C. Peck  
You Have n't Changed a Story  
Wallace  
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Article  
Eugene  
Lucifer of the House  
Story  
William G. Be



Los Angeles Times

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"Standard"  
"LORNA" LAVATORY

W. HELLMAN

# SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE

SECTION OF

## Los Angeles Times

Los Angeles, Cal., Sunday, July 6, 1913



Hard Lines

Chas. A. MacBellamy 13

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Sam and the Japanese  
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Senator George C. Perkins

Have n't Changed a Bit—  
Wallace Irwin

Handing As a Sport—  
Eugene Wood

Master of the Housetops—  
William G. Beymer

THE MAGAZINE YOU SAVE TO READ

Los Angeles Times  
The police are searching for the Mexican  
who seriously cut three persons in a Fourth  
of July car race.

PACIFIC SLOPE. The fortieth annual  
session of the National Conference of Char-  
ities and Corrections convened yesterday at  
Seattle. It was welcomed by Gov. Lister  
and Mayor Coffey.

Chicago Unionites in Predicament  
that Probably Means Permanent  
Loss of Job, as Country Traction  
Company Makes Money by Closing  
Down—Mayor After Settlement.

Ambulances Kept Busy by Men  
and Animals Dropping from the  
Heat—Drowning and Other Mid-  
summer Calamities—Crazy Farmer  
Runs Amuck.

Says Father-in-L  
Him Out of a  
Trouble Arose fr  
to the Country."



# The SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE SECTION

## A Magazine for your Reading Table

### CONTRIBUTING EDITORS' PAGE

#### Uncle Sam and the Japanese Landlord

By the Hon. George C. Perkins  
United States Senator from California



Senator George C. Perkins

THE alien land legislation of California, barring foreigners who can not become citizens, which includes Japanese, from the ownership of land and only allowing three year leases involves three questions: the rights of California, the rights of Japanese in this country and the obligations of the Federal government to Japanese resident here under the American-Japanese treaty.

The control of land that has passed out of the possession of the Federal government has always been under state sovereignty. In whom the ownership shall rest, in what manner it shall be acquired and how it shall be held has always been regulated by state laws. Arizona, Washington and Federal territories prohibit the acquisition of lands by aliens who can not become citizens. For these reasons, California holds the state is within her sovereign rights in passing her alien land laws.

The reasons for the citizens of California demanding the legislation they did was not in my opinion based upon any assumption of inferiority on the part of the Japanese, but arose from problems born of the mixing of more or less unassimilable races. The Japanese are a bright, industrious and highly intelligent race and their adaptation of Western civilization was one of the remarkable events of the nineteenth century.

#### Race Parity the Real Issue

CALIFORNIA believes, however, that their presence in large numbers and their permanent rooting in the soil through the acquisition of farming lands will result in the division of her population along race lines. Unification of different races is only possible by inter-marriage. Californians regard this as impossible and I understand that the Japanese themselves view these unions with disfavor.

How far the mixture of the races has gone is shown by the fact that in one of the grades of the public schools at Florin which Secretary of State Bryan visited there were twenty Japanese pupils in one classroom and only nineteen American children. In Sacramento County, outside the city of Sacramento, the number of births recorded for 1912 were 274, of which 107, or 39 per cent, were Japanese.

The Japanese contend that the treaty gives them the right to own land, but their objections to the alien land legislation is mainly based upon charges of discrimination. This arises from differentiating between those who can become citizens and those who can not, as provided in the naturalization laws of this country, the lower courts so far having decided against Japanese in this respect. It is unfortunate that a friendly na-

tion should see in this an assumption of inferiority for in my opinion none was intended. No charge was made when Congress placed the provision in the Burnett Immigration bill.

#### The State's Power to Legislate

THE Japanese are furthermore naturally perplexed by the division of power in this country between the Federal and State governments. They assume that the friendly terms of the treaty estopped the division of this government from passing any legislation considered obnoxious. In addition, the Japanese point to a law recently framed permitting foreigners to own land in Japan, but not yet promulgated by Imperial decree. It is also contended that the Japanese own a very small percentage, something under one per cent, of California land. For these reasons, the Japanese insist the legislation is discriminatory and implies inferiority on their part. I think both the Federal government and California should correct this mistaken impression and show it is merely the state's objections to mixing races, greatly differing physical characteristics and customs.

The Federal government is of course bound to do everything possible to maintain treaty rights of foreigners. California, however, shown her desire to observe treaty obligations by twice deferring proposed legislation at the wish of the Federal government. I think the present case she has also religiously observed national obligations.

The treaty in my opinion does not provide for the ownership of land by Japanese. One clause grants rights to Japanese in this country accorded Americans in Japan. So far, foreigners cannot own any land of ground in Japan. It is a treaty of reciprocity and as Japan forbids the ownership of land to foreigners, it seems fair to me to prohibit ownership here when the Japanese are without offence. I think California was right in passing the law. About the time the class provided. Our treaty, as a matter of fact, provides only for the leasing of land and guarantees only reciprocal privileges under the statutory laws of respective countries.

#### The Square Deal for the Foreigner

THERE are of course national obligations to treat fairly the citizens of foreign countries. It is the duty of a government to treat its subjects as it would wish to be treated. The Japanese are not a people to be trifled with. They are a people who have a long history and a high civilization. They are a people who are capable of great achievements. They are a people who are worthy of respect and consideration.

In California, the Japanese have the privileges of citizenship. They are allowed to own land. They are allowed to engage in business. They are allowed to hold office. They are allowed to vote. They are allowed to participate in all the rights and privileges of citizenship. They are allowed to live in peace and harmony with the American people. They are allowed to contribute to the welfare of the state and the nation. They are allowed to be a part of the American people. They are allowed to be a part of the American dream.

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One of the five Superb Hotels in Yellowstone Park



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By WA

Illustration



AMBRIDGE  
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In a word, Hambridge And the intellectual soires held a true a tendency to double e...elling at outdoor sports; b...alled a three year continuo...ending a dollar in such a way...out that his father was a si...de fact, Anderson pere was a...ment—but why mar fair c...Anderson floated on the high...ational—and when the ti...he organized an all-night p...Elihu, being an extremely ne...on some others. Perhaps we a...college. At any rate, this w...ars by the skin of his teeth, pl...affing his examinations, and...lary among his fellow studen...About the time the class pro...did. Our treaty, as a mat...fact, provides only for the...ing of land and guar...only reciprocal privile...der the statutory laws...pective countries.

OF COURSE there was a g...Vonnoh—Sentimental Tom...aligently called him. He was...d blue eye and a weakness fo...th. He believed in fairies.

ernity house that saved To...eral Easy Mark of the colle...ugged" around the Yappa be...tional obligations a...ould swallow any hoax withou...a saintly sweetness of temp...Ham-And Anderson took Sent...used Ham-And when all else...hods—broke his collar-bone...ed him to hold a sack and can...dly frequented by snipe, l...eries of draw poker. For l...tuition, but he endured his...at bleating for more, after th...acter of these two striplings...college. For college is a great...haracter, is it not?

years. The ownership of the girl's name was Doris...does not seem nece...antic co-ed from the romantic...the happiness and p...of the Japanese. V...tinted her hair a deep amber...tween the United States...but the enterprising Ham...head of him, as usual. The se...wooded her with a rather batter...he took over to her sorro...very evening she would let him, a...k To Me Only with Thine E...rolled those well-accustomed...ured, "You all have a love...! But honest, blunt, gener...lashed money on her lik...the world—especially just...er game with Tommy Vonn...occasions Ham-And would...long drives behind a smart

PURE

HIGH GRADE

tures in your home.

"Standard" LORNA LAVATORY

JAMES W. HELLMA



SECTION



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Immigration bill.

#### Power to Legislate

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without offence. I think, there-  
fore, California was entirely  
right in passing the law it  
did. Our treaty, as a matter of  
fact, provides only for the own-  
ing of land and guaranties  
only reciprocal privileges  
under the statutory laws of the  
respective countries.

#### The Square Deal for the

THERE are of course  
tional obligations re-  
less of treaties and one of the  
is to treat fairly the citizens  
foreign countries residing  
here.

In California, the Jap-  
have the privileges of all  
public schools, the protection  
of our courts, the recreation  
of our parks and amusement  
places, and under the new  
bill can lease land for 99  
years. The ownership of  
does not seem necessary  
the happiness and prosper-  
ity of the Japanese. What  
between the United States  
Japan is almost inconceivable.  
When it is understood that  
present legislation does  
imply inferiority, but  
merely passed for the pro-  
tection of race integrity,  
Japan herself fosters by  
means in her power, all  
all objections will be  
drawn. There is nothing  
arbitrate.

# YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT

And the Worm Came Back and Turned

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by Herbert Bohnert



HAMBRIDGE ANDERSON, Elihu University, class of '99, attained such a degree of popularity, even in his freshman year, that he was at once nicknamed Ham-And. He business-managed class teams with the skill of an Ulysses; he whanged his way into the mandolin club, introduced the latest thing in corduroy trousers and joined the Yappa Alphabet Fraternity, a league of amateur drunkards of whom he soon became chief welkin-ringer. At the rude, unlettered poetry, so relished in our institutions of higher learning, he became adept. And even today, in Old Elihu, to him is attributed the authorship of the following Anacreontic:

Some love coffee,  
Some love tea,  
Some love the girls—  
And the girls love me;  
The girls love me,  
But is n't it queer?  
The only thing that I love  
(The only thing that he loves)

Is BEER!

In a word, Hambridge Anderson, '99, became prominent everywhere, except in the intellectual soirees held every Wednesday night along Faculty Row. It was a tendency to double chin and a certain sedentary habit prevented his taking part in outdoor sports; but at the indoor sport of draw poker he held undefeated a three year continuous championship. Ham-And had the knack of making a dollar in such a way that it sounded like five, and it became rumored that his father was a stingy meat-magnate of Omaha. As a matter of fact, Anderson pere was a hard-working bookkeeper in the Cudahy establishment—but why mar fair college days with sordid family truths? Young Anderson floated on the high tide, the admired of damsels—for Elihu is cosmopolitan—and when the time came to pay his fraternity dues or syllabus he organized an all-night game of poker. Elihu, being an extremely new University, is more easily imposed on, perhaps, than some others. Perhaps we are all worshippers of false gods at the puppy age. At any rate, this worldly wise, well-clad hero passed those perilous days by the skin of his teeth, playing sharp cards, borrowing judiciously and defying his examinations, and he still managed to hold a position of semi-herald among his fellow students. About the time the class prophet was predicting that Hambridge Anderson would become a world-famous leader of men, the latter ignominiously "flunked" and left college by request.

COURSE there was a girl in it, and the romance implicated Tommy Vonnoh—Sentimental Tommy, as his brothers of the Yappa Alphabet called him. He was scrawny and slender with a spatulate nose, a blue eye and a weakness for hero worship. He was a victim of misplaced faith. He believed in fairies. It was only the comparative exclusiveness of a university house that saved Tommy from becoming the Property Butt and the Easy Mark of the college. Even as it was, if there was anybody to be fooled around the Yappa house it was always Tommy, partly because he would swallow any hoax without question, partly because he took his hoaxing with a minty sweetness of temper.

Ham-And Anderson took Sentimental under his wing. As a freshman, Tommy had Ham-And when all else palled. He won the younger man by Apache tactics—broke his collar-bone for him in the freshman-sophomore rush, induced him to hold a sack and candle all night in the midst of a drafty field suppers frequented by snipe, borrowed his neckties—and taught him the rudiments of draw poker. For his poker instruction Tommy, it is said, paid a high tuition, but he endured his fleecing like a lamb and followed his master slavishly for more, after the manner of Mary's fabled pet. Thus was the master of these two striplings moulded. For college is a great moulder.

The girl's name was Doris Lynde, a daughter co-ed from the romantic State of Wisconsin. Slim was her waist and Nature painted her hair a deep amber to match her northern eyes. Poor Tommy saw her and the enterprising Hambridge got behind him, as usual. The sentimental Tommy was with a rather battered guitar he took over to her sorority house and, by evening she would let him, and played to her only with Thine Eyes while he gazed those well-acquainted orbs and murmured, "You all have a lovely tenah." But honest, blunt, generous Ham-And bribed money on her like a man in the world—especially just after a game with Tommy Vonnoh. Oh, how he loved Ham-And would take her and drive behind a smart bay and



For his poker instruction Tommy, it is said, paid a high tuition

in a dashing dog-cart. This triumph alone drove Tommy, the world's dupe, to despair; and he would lock himself in his little room under the eaves and weep into a volume of Keats.

It was the evening of the Junior Prom when Ham-And received his walking papers from the faculty of old Elihu. Touching and well-posed was his farewell of Doris Lynde. He chose a clump of palms for the scene with a bench beneath. With one hand on his hip, the other on the back of the seat that held her he leaned over rather gracefully for a fattish boy.

"Perhaps these college friendships don't mean anything—to you—"

"Perhaps not—"

"Then maybe?"

"Maybe—"

Tommy Vonnoh came up for the next dance and bade Ham-And an affectionate farewell, because the latter was leaving on the midnight train.

"Good by, ol' man!" he said in a choking voice. "They don't make many as square as you."

Hambridge stood for a moment and watched the Southern girl departing on the arm of Sentimental Tommy. Already she was practicing the sorcery of her eyes upon that callish youth. Hambridge smiled. Born with a worldly thermometer under his tongue, he knew she was a flirt, and he knew she knew it; and the goat, as usual, was Tommy, poor Sentimental!

Ham-And Anderson packed his trunk and vanished across that dim horizon line beyond the college walls. About all his personality seemed to go with his trunk; for his name was forgotten in a semester, save for a few bad bills and some initials roughly carved on several beer-stained tables. For all his old friends knew, Anderson might have been buried in a crevasse, latitude 86, never again to show his face in the World We Know. Never, did I say? Well, hardly ever.

This happened in the Spring of '98.

IT WAS in the winter of 1912 that Hambridge Anderson, wearing a green Alpine hat with a ribbon in the back, tan gaiters and a strap-cinched overcoat of Scottish weave, sat down at a weathered oak table in the Rollo Grill, just off the board walk in Atlantic City. It was the dull season of the year and the Rollo drooped with the fly-specked paper wisteria of last season. Anderson was the same Ham-And as of old, only about thirty-five pounds more so. Physical and moral degeneration had set in to the extent that his features gave the effect of having slid a half inch downward. His lids hung over his piggy, gray eyes, his lower lip



..... And weep into a volume of Keats



1781  
1915

the Women of



The garden gown, as you see, is hardly one at all, and (three) is said to make the young woman pictured in the garden gown with "the

OPWOOD IS  
YOUNG GAT

Says Father-in-Law Who  
Him Out of a Cafe Is  
Trouble Arose from Orde  
to the Country."

"Standard"  
LORNA LAVATORY

HELLMAN

Standard  
LORNA LAVATORY  
HELLMAN

How is Albuquerque?  
The police are searching for the Mexican  
who seriously and three persons in a Fourth  
of July crowd.

CAR FACILITIES.  
Chicago Unionites in Predicament  
that Probably Means Permanent  
Loss of Job, as Country Traction  
Company Makes Money by Closing

RELIEF TO CHICAGO  
Ambulances Kept Busy by Men  
and Animals Dropping from the  
Heat—Drowning and Other Mid-  
summer Calamities—Crazy Farmer



sagged toward his chin, his chin melted like loops of hot taffy on to his flabby chest. He might have been a traveling salesman who gambled nights, or a gambler who still maintained a foothold in two or three respectable clubs. As a matter of fact, he was neither.

Anderson called the head waiter and swept the room with an all-comprehending glance; and the quietness of the place increased his satisfaction. Two shabby vaudeville actors opening steamed clams in a far corner of the room, a sleepy, gluttonous drummer at a side table, several Micawberish waiters praying for something to turn up, completed the human aspect of the place. It looked good to Anderson who loved to feed alone, like the predatory animal that he was. As he ordered a cocktail his voice came in a rough, bronchial croak, unknown to his glee club days. He smoked with apparent placidity until the waiter had waddled away, then cautiously, very cautiously, drew from his inner pocket a printed card such as detective agencies send around for the identification of felons. And at the top of the card was a photographic reproduction of his own face, brutalized by Bertillon's skill—head thrown back from a collarless neck, mouth distorted, chin stubbed with a three days' growth.

"Hambridge Anderson," read the printed description underneath, "Alias Fred Weeks, alias Syd McGee, alias 'College Sport'; height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 215 pounds, complexion light, slightly bald; red scar over right eyebrow; well educated. Two previous convictions. Forgery."

THE original of the unflattering portrait slipped the card guiltily into his pocket and went on ordering dinner. Rollo's is famous for its onion soup with roquefort gratin and Rollo's cook can prepare a red-head duck in such a way as to defy cold storage. Hambridge Anderson ordered well, after the manner of those about to die; for his trip to Atlantic City in the dead of winter was not for health or pleasure. In a word, Anderson was running away from the police, and this stop by the boardwalk was merely another stage in a zig-zag course which he had been cutting for the past few months with intent to deceive pursuing hounds. A bogus check for several thousands of dollars, passed on a rich Philadelphia brewer, had started the trouble. That the law was tightening its circle about him, Anderson knew with a crook's instinct—and absolute advice from his friends justified that instinct. In fact "Red" Bowers, a New York confederate, had telegraphed an hour ago the single word "Pink" which, in the code, signifies "Look out for a detective."

The hour of fear, then, was upon Ham-And Anderson. He knew of a certain farm in Delaware where he could hide himself until the figurative cows came tinkling home. The last available train left in an hour with no obstacle to escape—save one. He had scarce enough money to pay for his dinner. Annoying. To raise the amount required for escape he would have to resort to some extra-hazardous expedient. He hated to pass another bad check at this perilous stage in his flight. However, he was not in a position to be too particular. If he must, he must. Therefore, he brought from his overcoat a checkbook on the Sugar Exchange Bank, New York, and while the waiter still lingered in the distance, executed a skillful check calling for \$150 under the signature of one Marietta Anderson of New York. "In case of fire," muttered the obese forger, folding the paper away. He intended to present the spurious check only in the last emergency, as it would necessitate his appearance in one of the more prominent hotels where the dreaded "Pink" would surely be lurking. Still more annoying. However, the dinner was good, the diner was fat, and help off comes to those who sit still and pray for prey.

Does heaven heed the prayers of the unrighteous? Perhaps. At any rate, help came reeling into Rollo's

Grill before the duck had reached the table. There was the bump of a wheel chair skidding over the snowy boards outside. The door breezed open and a small, dizzy man in a large, mink-lined coat skated in so recklessly as to upset a large quantity of glassware on the nearest table.

"Hello, Rol!" cried the newcomer amiably with certain vague gestures toward the proprietor of the place.

"How are you tonight?" said Rollo, advancing, professionally pacific.

"Nearly dead, thank God," replied the stranger cheerfully. Rollo led him to a table in a far corner of the room. "Gimme seven dozen steamed clams and two cold cocktails—no, wait minute—gimme seven

Anderson winced. How much he had changed alone knew.

"Same to you, Tommy!" he crowed, giving his friend an extra slap on the upper vertebral column. "Old Sentimental. What'll you have?"

"Match you for a bottle wine." The newcomer fumbled a quarter.

"I gocha!" Anderson brought out the wine, always used in such cases. Tommy lost, as a matter of course.

"Used to it!" said the latter with a weak smile. "Always los' like sport, did n't I, Ham? You always knew you played square."

Tears sprang to Anderson's eyes as he clasped old friend's hand with the Yappa Alphabet.

"Straight goods," murmured. "You have n't changed a bit!"

Tommy called a waiter and ordered an expensive vintage.

"What y' been doing since I left college?" asked Tommy thickly.

"Doin' the Gov'ner's right hand," was Hambridge's light reply.

"It's a long story. And I'm traveling for a big York concern."

Outwardly the fat forger was a rather patronizing look, who merely tolerated the other's pursuits. Inwardly he was anxious to know that his friend was getting on for a salary—probably a good one. It would be impossible to borrow the money right, if possible, and check for a last check, notoriously soft-hearted as he knew, would stand for anything if dished up with the hard-luck story. He made try for a hundred and fifty.

"Gee, Sentimental!" he claimed with feeling. "You know how good it is to see you again!"

"Wherever y' see Yappa bet men, y' see brothers on shoulder to shoulder," said Sentimental. "All for one and one for all—tell with the war!"

"You bet! Mutual aid that's the fine thing about fraternity spirit. Have a drink."

"Here's to the life that's back there!" The two raised their glasses. "Those were happy days, weren't they, Ham-And?"

"The best ever," said the fat man with a smile. "They can horse college all they please, though who never went; but we know it's the only place where our sort come from—the only place they make Men. Fill up again, Sentimental!"

"Lez sing some'n!" suggested Tommy. "You have n't changed a bit!" giggled Hambridge. Furtively he looked at his watch. Precious time flying. "Let's see—what'll we sing? 'Integer Vitae.' I hollered that song three times on the glee club, but never thought to see it meant—something about 'All stand together'!"

VONNOH was not too befogged to give a smile as he chanted the Horatian ode:

"Integer vitae  
Scelesque purus,  
Non eget Mauri  
Jaculis et arcu—"

"That means," he translated, "If you square by your pals there can't anybody go at you."

"Old Horace had the right idea, even if he write good English," quoth Ham-And. "The thing college knocked into us. 'Do the square pals'—ain't that so, Sentimental?"

"You bet!" Tommy took another drink. "We had our mix-ups and troubles with undergrads, and we got each other out—those were happy days—"

"And the chaps in our crowd will be a brother in the Sea of Trouble with him out. That's the spirit!" A sob was Anderson's voice.

(Continued on next page)



"This gun's a nine-kicker and the trigger's sensitive like a poet's soul"

dozen steamed cocktails and two cold clams," commanded the small man with a genuine air of alcoholic solemnity.

"Very well, sir!" Rollo smiled indulgently.

"Does he come here often?" asked Anderson of the head waiter, never removing his eager, piggy eyes from the small man in the corner.

"Every once in awhile. But, say—I never seen him with such a load!"

The fat crook chuckled "What luck!" to himself and controlled his features with difficulty. For the helpless individual over yonder was none other than Tommy Vonnoh, known to fame as the easiest mark ever graduated from Elihu University! What god of thieves had sent this lamb to wolfish Anderson in the hour of need?

Ham-And went on eating his dinner, outwardly serene. Years of practical experience, leading up to two previous convictions, had taught him the value of looking before a leap. He waited until his former friend was gormandizing amidst a pile of shells before giving the sign; then he half rose from his seat and began to whistle the tune beloved by every son of old Elihu, *Where Green Hills Meet the Blue*. The effect was magical. Tommy Vonnoh sent a volley of clam-shells rattling along the floor, leaped to his feet and began braying the college yell, which he had never forgotten.

"Tommy Vonnoh!" gasped Anderson, advancing.

"Palladino—gosh—ghosts!" shouted the little fellow. "Where the—"

"You regular little Indian!" Anderson began pounding him on the back, a trick at which he was adept. "When did you land in this picture post-card Paradise?"

"Been here a week. Lonesome. Say—" His goggle eyes fixed suddenly on his fat friend. "You have n't changed a bit!"

POL

By EU

Illustration

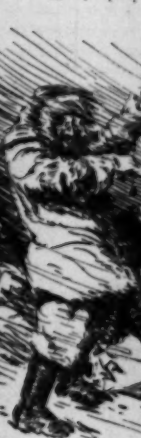
HE  
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Woolly West blew  
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the Buffalo Bill  
every bit as in  
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Whatever exped  
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the earth and not  
it. That incident  
when you come to  
ment so noteworthy  
more noteworthy or  
was n't discovered  
covered every day  
they can not run ou  
to dress for dinner,  
dence that the conti  
than Hackensack, a  
prised to find that  
and not within an  
fondly fancied.

And the thing's s  
anything like it in  
the automobile? or  
agine? or—anyth  
Tut-tut, Columbus  
mainland any how.  
ment on that I'll  
There's Leif Ericss  
ment at Vinland. A  
that fled before the  
you get me going o  
gasping for breath!

BUT, North Pole I  
And that ends it  
Repeat the question,  
the gallery inquires:  
Well, sir, I feel a glo  
that illustrious name i  
makers that have come  
I've fallen—for, excep  
the war with Spain I e  
er about that, though.  
I learned my little boo  
one can say. Others  
of Dr. Cook, but I sh  
one green and succulent  
disquisitions. Thank y  
am glad of the opport  
er



PURE  
HIGH GRADE

tures in your  
home.

"Standard"  
"LORNA" LAVATORY

JAMES W. HELLMA



# POLE-HUNTING AS A SPORT

By EUGENE WOOD

Illustrations by HORACE TAYLOR

**T**HE SPORT OF going Pole-hunting is ended. The original and only two Poles have finally been captured and their hides tacked up to dry. This practically finishes the age of exploration too.

But, just as when the Wild and Woolly West blew up and killing Indians ceased to be the cynosure of youth, the brave boy detective began to tear off the disguising whiskers from his face and foil the villain thereby, so the Old Sleuth of extensive exploration will likely take the place of every bit as interesting and exciting. Maybe more so.

Whatever expeditions of discovery there may be, from now on they will be directed to odd corners of the earth and not toward the top and bottom ends of it. That incident is closed. It's a funny situation when you come to think of it. Usually an achievement so noteworthy is only the beginning of even more noteworthy ones along the same line. America hasn't discovered once for all. It's being re-discovered every day by Englishmen pained to learn they can not run out to Chicago and get back in time to dress for dinner, by New Yorkers shocked by evidence that the continent extends much farther West than Hackensack, and by others of us really surprised to find that Denver is about half-way across and not within an hour's ride of the Pacific as we fondly fancied.

And the thing's so dog-gone definite! Never was anything like it in the world before. Who invented the automobile? or the telephone? or the sewing-machine? or — or anything? Who discovered America? Well, Columbus never saw America — not the mainland any how. If you want to start an argument on that I'll argue you to a fare-you-well. There's Leif Ericsson, you know, and the settlement at Vinland. And there are the Irish Christians that fled before the fury of the Norsemen. Oh, if you get me going on that subject, I'll have you gasping for breath!

**B**UT, North Pole Peary; South Pole Amundsen. And that ends it. I beg your pardon. About the question, please. . . . Gentleman in the gallery inquires: "How about Doctor Cook?" Well, sir, I feel a glow of personal pride whenever that illustrious name is spoken. All the resounding claims that have come down the big road in my time I've fallen for, excepting him. Why, right after the war with Spain I even voted once for — No matter about that, though. I don't begrudge that once. I owned my little book by it, and that is more than some can say. Others may grit their teeth to think of Dr. Cook, but I shall always regard him as the green and succulent oasis in a dusty desert of disappointments. Thank you for reminding me of him. I'm glad of the opportunity to . . . er . . .



"One, Two, Three for Robert Peary!"

But at either Pole there's none to chop a hand off of as warning to the idle, none to give steady employment to. There is none to skin out of what he's got and we want, not even an Arctic hare. Every living thing, excepting the explorer, has the gumpation to stay away from there. If there is gold or coal or mineral deposits at the North Pole they are under 1,500 feet of water.

What is the use of going Poling then?  
"Scientific research," some one answers.

**W**ELL, to be sure, these scientists do crazy things, or what look like crazy things. They are n't as interested in making piles of money as a normal person should be. But though, seemingly, they throw their lives away, they do it always in the reasonable hope of very practical results, not to themselves, perhaps, but for the race's benefit. Even this thing of finding out what's burning in the sun — why, we all know that it is only a question of time when the spectroscope will give us the recipe for making gold out of Babbitt metal.

The pursuit of knowledge may often take a man to where the table-board is very poor, but never to where nobody has ever been before and never will want to go again. There are several things we're not right sure we thoroughly understand, things we might know more about if all that money blown in on perfectly useless Polar expeditions had been laid out on their investigation. Infantile paralysis, for an example; or how a shop-girl can live decently on four-fifty per. Fascinating mysteries, well worth while, and yet within walking distance of the street-car lines.

Scientific research comes right down to making a large number of meticulously careful observations with extremely delicate instruments of great precision, accurately recording them, and calmly and dispassionately reasoning out what they add up to.

How can that be done, I want to know, when it's a case of dashing to the Pole, tapping the bye with, "One, Two, Three for Robert Peary!" or "One, Two, Three for Roald Amundsen!" and then beating it? You might as well expect accurate work from a census taker pursued by Indians eager to demonstrate their notion of a hair-cut. Worse, because even Indians on the war-path do stop at times for food and sleep; the Arctic cold never lets up. Even in midsummer the low-lying sun has about as much warmth in it as a lighted match across the street. Who can make meticulously careful observations with instruments of precision when he's shivering like a lost puppy on a wet doorstep?

And on that impetuous dash, when every bite of food for self and dogs is figured to the ounce, when all the fuel that you carry is alcohol to make your tea with, who's going to tote instruments of precision for any other purpose than to prove he's been there?

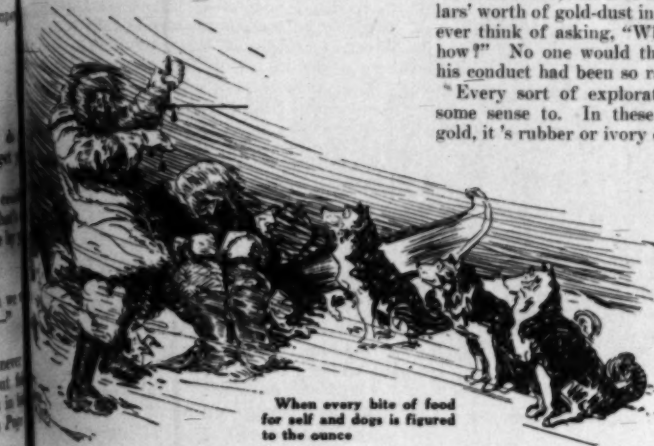
Here's the way of it: You hike along, day after day; day after day, driving a team of Arctic dogs (the meanest critters on God's earth to manage) over piled-up chunks of ice that rack the stoutest sledges all apart. Sometimes you have to go three miles around a crack that isn't more than ten feet wide. Sometimes it's narrow enough to jump; but look out you don't fall in; you have no fire to dry your clothes by. Look out the crack does not close suddenly and nip a toe off; this is no time or place for hospital cases. And all the time the wind at sixty miles an hour and sixty degrees below is pelting your face with needles of sharp ice. (Continued on Page 12)



Warming your feet under your companion's shirt

so cold as right plumb at the Pole; but when the mercury freezes solid and even whiskey is kind of mushy-like, ten or a dozen degrees one way or another do not matter much. Hardship for hardship, I suppose it is an even thing with Poling; but if a fellow came back from the Klondike with what he started out for, that is to say, two or three million dollars' worth of gold-dust in his grip-sack, no one would ever think of asking, "What was the sense of it any how?" No one would think of calling him a hero, his conduct had been so rational.

Every sort of exploration except Poling there's some sense to. In these far-off places, if it isn't gold, it's rubber or ivory or furs or coal or copper or white pine or something valuable. Always in these far-off places there are "natives," lazy do- less things, in whom it is our Duty and our Destiny to inculcate the needed lesson of unremitting industry, they to get out raw material for us, two dollars' worth every day, let's say, and board themselves, we to pay them one good lick- ing every day.



When every bite of food for self and dogs is figured to the ounce

Anderson winced. How much he had changed he knew. "Same to you, Tommy!" he crowed, giving him an extra slap on the upper vertebrae. "Same to you, Sentimental. What'll you have?" "Match you for a bottle wine." The inebriated stumbled a quarter. "I gocha!" Anderson brought out the coin he always used in such cases. Tommy lost, as a matter of course.

"Used to it!" said the latter with a weak smile. Always lost like sport, did n't I, Ham? "Cause I always knew you played square."

Tears sprang to Anderson's eyes as he clasped his old friend's hand with the Yappa Alphabet grip. "Straight goods," he murmured. "You have n't changed a bit!"

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"Doin' the Gov'nor mostly," was Hambridge's light reply. "It's a long story. And you?" "I'm traveling for a big New York concern."

Outwardly the fat forger wore a rather patronizing look, as one who merely tolerated commercial pursuits. Inwardly he was pleased to know that his friend was working for a salary — probably a good one. It would be good business to borrow the money on right, if possible, and save the check for a last chance. The notoriously soft-hearted Vermont he knew, would stand for anything if dished up with the proper hard-luck story. He resolved to try for a hundred and fifty.

"Gee, Sentimental!" he exclaimed with feeling. "You don't know how good it is to see you again!"

"Wherever y' see Yappa-Alphabet men, y' see brothers stand shoulder to shoulder," piped Sentimental. "All for one, and one for all — 'tell with the world'!" "You bet! Mutual help — that's the fine thing about brotherly spirit. Have another drink."

"Here's to the life that we back there!" The two took glasses. "Those were happy days, weren't they, Ham-And?"

"The best ever," said the fat man with emphasis. "They can horse college all they please, those men who never went; but we know it's the only place where our sort come from — the only place where they make Men. Fill up again, Sentimental!"

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Scelerisque purus,  
Non eget Mauri  
Jaculis et arcu —*

"That means," he translated, "If you square by your pals there can't anybody go at you."

"Old Horace had the right idea, even if he can't write good English," quoth Ham-And. "That thing college knocked into us, 'Do the square by your pals' — ain't that so, Sentimental?"

"You bet!" Tommy took another drink. "We had our mix-ups and troubles when we were undergrads, and we got each other out —"

"Those were happy days —"

"And the chaps in our crowd will never get a brother in the Sea of Trouble without calling him out. That's the spirit!" A sob was in Anderson's voice.

(Continued on Page 12)

"Standard"  
LORNA LAVATORY

W. HELLMAN

**How is Albuquerque?**  
The police are searching for the Mexican who seriously cut three persons in a Fourth of July carnival.

**PACIFIC SLOPE.** The fortieth annual session of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections convened yesterday at Seattle. It was welcomed by Gov. Lister and Mayor Catterall.

At Phoenix, Ariz., yesterday, a street car crashed into a trolley pole because of tracks

**CAR FACILITIES.**

Chicago Unionites in Predicament that Probably Means Permanent Loss of Job, as Country Traction Company Makes Money by Closing Down—Mayor After Settlement.

**RELIEF TO CHICAGO.**

Ambulances Kept Busy by Men and Animals Dropping from the Heat—Drowning and Other Midsummer Calamities—Crazy Farmer Runs Amuck.

Says Father Him Out Trouble A to the Cow



Saturday

# A LUCIFER OF THE HOUSETOPS

BY WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER

Illustrations by G.W. HARTING

**T**HERE WAS NO AIR that night. It is that which I remember first of all. That this should be so is strange; for, from the moment that I put my head above the coaming of the hatchway in the roof, I gave no heed to heat or cold or storm; I saw that my wife was gone. So it is ludicrous that of such a night I remember first of all so trivial a matter as the heat, yet each flutter of memory brings the same mental, fish-like gasp for air.

A little rain had fallen at dawn, and when the sun arose in a passion of heat from the very horizon, the whole city had awakened and steamed and sweated and stank. With the sunrise there had returned the celebrants of the night before, and for a few hours fire-crackers had sputtered and snapped—it was the Fourth of July—and the lifeless air had grown yet heavier with the acrid stench of burnt powder. But as the heat arose in yet higher, more shimmering waves above the softening asphalt streets, the popping of fire-crackers had grown intermittent, then had ceased for half-hours at a time. Everywhere, the streets were deserted; those unfortunates who were left in the city crept into rooms with drawn blinds and waited, just waited, for the mere of sunset. I believe that in all the kiln-like city there were left only the very poor, for it seems incredible that there should remain any who might have gone.

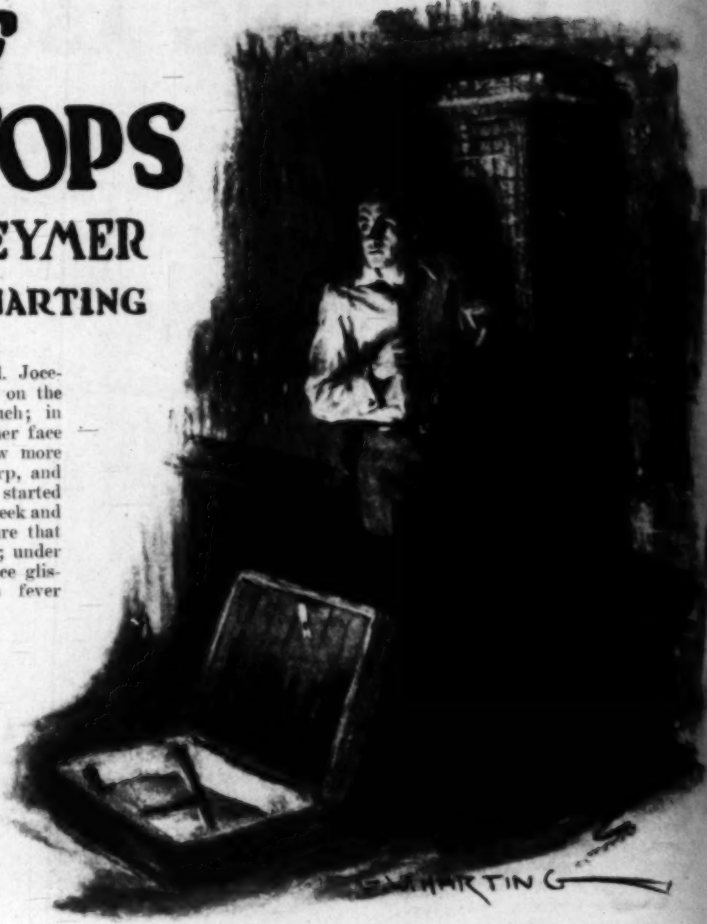
Jocelyn and I remained because we were of the very poor. We sat listless in the murky room and like the others we waited—waited. Through the time-yellowed blinds of the skylight the sun beat in without sound, or effort, or cessation. We sat silent, betraying the same unspoken thoughts by the same expression in our telltale eyes, thoughts of what we had left behind—left, to exchange for this; these four grimy walls, the dingy furniture, the sagging floors and the unblinking stare of the skylight—that eye which looked down and missed no part of our suffering—and which twinkled.

Hours passed. Jocelyn fell asleep on the moth-eaten couch; in the dim light her face seemed to grow more wan, more sharp, and hard; moisture started out upon her cheek and brow, a moisture that was like a film; under it her white face glistened; it was fever sweat; and I sat still and sullenly watched, and suffered.

On the floor around the walls stood my pictures, their bare, brown canvas backs turned outward; the half light and my hot eyes making of them some curious lichenous growth that linked the musty walls with the dry-rot of the floors. My pictures that would not sell—that would not sell. They were good; even in the cold, colorless light of discouragement I knew that they were good; but they would not sell. "Hold on for a few more exhibitions—one, two, perhaps—and your work will surely sell; it is catching on; it is receiving good notices; hang on!" they told me. Hang on, to what?



"If she walks from the housetop unharmed, will you believe?"



There came an unaccountable premonition of an immense evil

—in God's name, to what! Pack and move, from cheap studio to cheaper, till at last the shore edge of the End.

The very location of the house was symbolic of our plight; from the threshold, five paces and a rust eroded iron fence topping a rocky cliff, and at its base the river that so soon lost itself in the sea. Of the money that was to have sustained us over until success should come in the great there were left only a few dollars—the last of the iron fence; then to be without art materials, no food, shelterless—the rocky cliff; and the plunge into the drudgery of some monotonous ship—the dark river that so soon lost itself in the sea.

**A**ND who would want to hire a crippled man with but a single arm, and a hand that was trained to no craft but the beggarly trade of Art?

"Jocelyn," I cried, "Jocelyn!" But she did not hear, and in a moment I was glad, glad that I did not have to hear me confess that I was afraid, and that I knew that I had failed. The weakness of Simeon the Styl left me grim and youthless and hard-eyed, but the sun had dropped below the level of the hills, and the day was over.

Then came the old woman of the pearl shop. I started up from a doze to find her standing in the open doorway peering in at us in a strange, unkind way. I stared at her stupidly and could say no word to say. Framed in the doorway, against the dusk of the outer hall, she looked like one of the portraits suddenly stirred with life. She was in black—black silk—and round her neck was a rope of pearls; there were many rings on her fingers and she clutched a small black bag in her hand. Old and fragile and small she was, and her face seemed to have partially sunk into the soft, fleshy flesh of her face, flesh that looked as if it were to the touch like the flimsy silkiness of a toy balloon.

"Will you come in?" I faltered.

Jocelyn, startled, sat up at my words, and stared, heavy eyed, and (Continued on page 7)

It was plain at a glance

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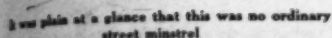


Author of *W. V. Her Book* & *The Invisible Playmate*  
Illustrations by Norman Price

me. When I dropped the last of my revisions into the post late on Midsummer Eve I felt the exaltation of a brilliant future opening before me. It was a lovely June night, and I set out for my usual stroll to the bridge. Bats were flitting, and a warm afterglow lingered on the

"It will be a pleasure, sir," raising his hat with the suggestive grace of a more prosperous condition.

"The musician, for it was he, was shaken but uninjured. 'Not a serviceable weapon,' he said, showing me his shattered violin, and dropping it over the bridge on to the embankment; 'let me thank you for your ready help. I was taken by surprise, or I should (Continued on Page 10)'



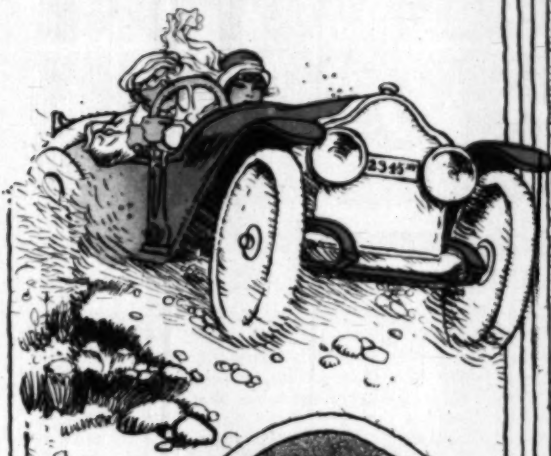
and the wide fields, marked  
white with the shadows of



S. W. HELLMAN

**Says Father  
Him Out of  
Trouble Ar  
to the Coun**





# The Nation On Vacation Cool, Comfortable

THE Summer Underwear of Americans on their vacations or at the seashore is Loose Fitting, Woven B. V. D. Relax—"take it easy"—fend off heat and fag—be *cool* and comfortable all day and all over in B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, or Union Suits that don't bind.

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tures in your home.

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JAMES W. HELLMAN





# ion On Vacation Wears l, Comfortable B. V. D.

er Underwear of Amer-  
their vacations or at their  
s Loose Fitting, Light  
Relax—"take it easy"  
and fag—be *cool* and com-  
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"Standard"  
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W HELLMAN

San Francisco, California, August 10.  
The Pacific Coast Street Car  
Company, which operates the  
San Francisco and Oakland  
Lines, has announced that it  
will not be able to continue  
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# THE GREEN STONE

(Continued from Page 7)

have given a better account of myself."

"I scarcely knew how it happened, but in the excitement of the moment every trace of the street minstrel had disappeared; I was speaking to a kindly English gentleman, and within a few minutes, as I accompanied him to the railway station, I had confided to him all that had occurred to me during the year. Before we parted he gave me his name and desired me to call upon him the next day at an address in Westminster."

"I am anxious to know you better," he said. "I think your affairs in skilful hands might be pulled into shape. And I owe you an explanation of my appearance here in the guise of a street fiddler."

"I discovered that my musician was the big engineering contractor, John Everard. To him I think I owe everything. At the outset he insisted on being my banker, till my own ship came home. He saved my book from the wreck of bankruptcy. More wonderful still, he succeeded in having my play staged. I have never looked back since."

"One evening in spring, he took me into his study after dinner, and when our pipes had been lit, he loosened a thin gold chain from his neck and passed it over to me. 'I want you to look at this, Hildred; what do you make of it?' At the end of the chain there was a small green pebble enclosed in a little case of silver filigree which almost concealed various characters or symbols finely

engraved upon it. 'Unless it is a charm or talisman,' I replied—and I make the guess because you are wearing it—I have no notion of what it may be."

"It is a talisman, a lucky stone," said Everard. "When I was traveling twenty years ago in India I fell in with an old Buddhist priest and was able to render him material service. I slept one night in his old pagoda among the crumbling images which had been the offerings of forgotten generations, and the next day the old man gave me the stone as a parting gift. So long as I wore it, he said, no serious mischief could befall me and I should prosper in all I undertook. He warned me, however, that abnormal good fortune always ended in disaster unless means were taken to avert it."

"I WAS incredulous, of course, but by some odd chance I had a marvelous run of luck. In all sorts of risks and dangers I bore a really charmed life, and everything I touched turned to success. That was all right and jolly enough, but at last my unflinching luck grew so uncanny that it frightened me. Do you remember that creepy story of Herodotus about Polycrates? His best friend was scared away by his eerie good fortune, and in the end he perished on the cross. Time and again I was tempted to drop the green stone into the sea, and take my chances like other men—but I didn't."

"Well, I cast about for some means to stave off calamity. Frankly, Hil-

dred, the dread of the green stone made me a better and more kindly fellow than ever I should have been without it. But moderation and decent living and generosity hardly seemed a sufficient propitiation of the unknown powers that appeared to be watching me. This must all seem craziness to you, but to me it was a real and dreadful necessity."

"It is curious," he went on, "what casual trifles influence us. Glancing over the papers one day I noticed a passage in a review of Asolando, in which Browning describes how the Emperor Augustus, at the height of his power, spent one day in the year disguised as a beggar in the streets of Rome. That was the beginning of my street fiddling. You may well look amazed. But even as a beggar my luck pursued me, and I saw that if I was to touch poverty twice a year and live on what charity gave me, I must go out without my talisman. You can't guess the struggle I went through to do that. Until that moment I had never realized how thoroughly I had passed into slavery to an unknown power. Still I did succeed in laying myself bare to misfortune and taking my human chances. So far, nothing worse than you know has happened to me."

"He stopped abruptly; then, after a long pause, 'What would you do?' he asked."

"If I may speak frankly," I replied, "you have put the answer into my mouth. I suppose there is no use trying to convince you that the

luck of the stone is all an illusion. 'None whatever,' he said. 'Do you not think, then, that safety from risk and the best chance in the world are too dearly bought if they enslave a man to unknown powers?'

"He nodded silently. 'Then, why hesitate?'

"My dear friend, you don't know what the word *fear* means. 'What more have you to fear?'

"The worst that can befall any of you ask what I would do. I would smash this devilish little thing of powder and drop it into the sea. 'Everard took the talisman and looked at it curiously. 'There are queerer things in the world,' he said, 'than most of us imagine. I don't believe in this green stone, but only yesterday that I knew a hard-headed old traveler who was there was a sort of primal fear in the great deserts which even men like himself to do things that were grotesquely unbecoming but absolutely right.'

"The conversation drifted to other subjects, and though we often spoke of the talisman, Everard never referred again to it. Two or three years later he was run down in the street and killed by a motor car. It was mentioned at the inquest that he was carrying a violin at the time, probably no one but myself could be anything curious in the fact that the accident took place late on a summer Eve."

## A LUCIFER OF THE HOUSETOPS

(Continued from Page 6)

vaguely alarmed. No one spoke. It was all intangibly unpleasant, like a dream that is half nightmare, half grotesquely humorous.

Her silk dress rustled faintly as if she were about to move, but she stood still and never spoke at all; her receding, puckered chin quivered like a frightened rabbit's and for an instant her pale eyes grew yet rounder with sudden fear. Then, as abruptly, the pleased look came back, and for the first time she spoke:

"And so, you too believe?" she said. She tripped lightly a little farther into the room.

"Will you sit down?" I said awkwardly.

She slipped back into the depths of our battered morris-chair and half lay there, her feet not touching the floor and swinging to and fro with little heel clickings like an excited child's; she gave a sigh of anticipation:

"Tonight he will give the sign that is demanded of him! Did you demand it too? I did not; I have attained to the Nineteenth Phase."

SHE was fumbling with the clasp of the little bag, which seemed strangely heavy. The clasp undid suddenly and a twenty-dollar gold-piece dropped to the floor; there was the tink of others from the depths of the bag. She gave the coin no heed, but proudly drew out a thin, brass circlet:

"This I am entitled to wear!" she said.

I handed back the piece of gold, and she took it with a little titter:

"When he gives the Sign—" She bobbed her head vigorously and put the circlet and the coin back in the bag. Jocelyn called me to her side:

"You will have to see if you can get her home, or at least notify her friends where to come for her—if she can tell where she lives, that is."

"Madam," I asked gently, "won't you tell me where your home is?"

She looked at me in sudden, angry suspicion.

"Where are the others? How did you get in?" she challenged; and then coming closer, she shrilled: "Do you believe?"

"Of course I believe," I said soothingly.

"Then what is the Word, the Word, the Word? What is it! You are an impostor; you do not know!" She was trembling with her vehemence.

"I am here in my own house, Madam," I said, and then: "I think that you had better let me see your home—" There was terror in her eyes again, and she seemed not to have heard my offer, only my assertion.

"The wrong house—the wrong house!" she muttered over and over; then she turned suddenly and scurried swiftly out of the room.

"Stop her!" Jocelyn cried. "We must not let her wander about the city; you must catch her!"

We reached the street door almost at the same instant, but she was out on the steps before I could seize her. A man had just passed the house and at sight of him she called shrilly a name I could not understand—it had a queer foreign tang to it. At the sound of her voice he wheeled and came swiftly back, and she ran to him and made an unmistakable, though hurried, gesture of reverence. I stood in uncertainty, watching, puzzled.

She spoke but a few words; the man hesitated an instant, then came slowly toward me; she waited.

"I hope she didn't give you any trouble? This sort of thing happens every now and then; I am her lawyer," he explained.

"Now that," I thought to myself, "is a lie." He was heavy set—not fat—a man of medium height, bald, with a smooth-shaven, pale, round face that was greasy like tallow; under each of his eyes hung a pouch, discolored, that advertised him to be ticketed for a long Journey.

"No," I answered mechanically, "she gave no trouble."

"I am glad of that," he said graciously. "And did she say anything; did she mention me at all? No?" He gave an assured, easy little laugh. "It's not always like that; sometimes she tells strangers great tales. Well, I'll just take her home. Good night to you."

He called the old lady and they went away together, she leaning forward and peering up into his face in a rapture that was reverent and awed. They went away in the direction from which he had come, and I watched them to the corner, where he gave me a polite wave of the hand—and there they turned west and disappeared.

I climbed the dark and clattering stairs. Jocelyn was silent until I finished telling of the man with the tallow-like face, then: "He did not seem to be looking for her, you said? And you did not ask why he was in this out-of-the-way neighborhood? You should not have let her go—you should not have let her! It all seems wrong."

"Yes," I assented sulkily, "it does seem wrong, all wrong."

Now that the sun had almost set, it seemed that the outer air must be cooler, that anything would be more cool than the vapid air of the close room. I raised the blinds and the sash and stared out over the river, which seemed in its coppery greens to be running hot. In the brilliant orange and vermilion first coat of the new iron bridge, in the hot flush on a late lingering cumulus cloud dropping down back of Long Island, in the listless droop of the yellow leaves of our one scrawny, misshapen tree, in everything, everywhere, noxious, pestilential heat.

The children with their fire-crackers had come back to the streets now that the setting sun gave promise of truce; some one on a side street set off a whole pack that sputtered finely

for a minute or two then died away with a few vicious pops; I had forgotten that it was a gala day.

IT WAS dusk when we finished our simple meal. If the heat of the day had been stifling, now that it was night, and the brightness was out of the air, the oppression of the night was terrible; the low ceiling pressed upon us, the close walls hummed in.

"Let us go out upon the terrace," said, "at least there will be some about us; it will not seem so sepulchral." We climbed a wicker ladder that led up out of a closet and which ended against a heavy trap-door that fitted down with a cooing. I lifted the trap-door, we stepped out amongst the dim pots on to the flat roof. It was cooler; but for the first time we got great, free breaths. There was a tone of vastness and freedom in it all that made us give little gasps of relief; it made us feel like strange limbs as if they had been down in cramped positions. I saw the black river there came a smell and a soft lapping, and sound which somehow made the cooler. We congratulated each other—laughed again.

Of the ten houses that once stood on our row, the northern five had torn down to give place to the new bridge; Jocelyn and I were tenants of the middle house; remained; the two between the bridge were condemned and vacant; the next house to the south was but lately vacated; the house on the corner owned by a man in more prosperous circumstances than most of their neighbors, closed for the summer. The last not a more lonely row in all the city.

An unwonted silence blanketed the place, a silence that could not be disturbed by fire-crackers which were mere fantasy of noise after the less clatter kept up night and day.

these people into our nation. Of course, the means of which suggest itself at once which I have already re- public school system. here I want to compliment of Boyle Heights for get- celebration. It is a step in direction, for it helps to patriotism and that of the among us. It is a means of us all together and of realize more than ever that personal interests may be ated, we all have a common ending, and working for the own locality, in our city country."

and Present.

### RELIQS IN NEW SETTING.

### FUD THINGS EXHIBITED HOLIDAY CROWDS.

Museum Opened at Exposition Park Yesterday During Splendid Celebration. Many Rare Specimens in Collection Already Among Scientists.

ation of the Los Angeles Museum of History, Science as clearly defined at the for- ing of the magnificent new at Exposition Park yester- more than 10,000 persons for the first time. To those to see what had been ac- d, the exhibits were a revela- to those who merely dropped view of the building and a assessment there was much to and many things to bring us of delight and surprise. ately and impressive dome, in gray marble and brown, lumulative and artistic col- ight, immediately brought a of the worth of the un- The entrance to either of halls which were open to ave an impression of much ll done toward bringing to "California" an institution its way will rival the famous eum of Chicago, and others

ly these institutions may ex- their present size and scope, e beauty and appointment of tures that house them they in advance of Los Angeles. stitute hall, in which are lo- cimens of birds, beasts and tains one of the most ex- collections of animals of the e age in existence, all seem La Brea fields.

nding of these specimens many exclamations from the a who gazed in awe at the s giant ground sloth skele- immense clavicle and thigh huge claws and mighty ribs, indication of size of this extinct animal that once he valleys of Southern Cali- The mastodon, the buffaloes, shed tigers, wolves, camel and helped to delight the stu- well as the lawman.

arkably complete collection of ntaining nearly 2000 varie- ted conclusively that nature eatest exponent of the shell e butterfly and moth world ed in a thousand specimens, them from the greatest col- a the world, that of Baron ld. Their glorious colors, the shades of the rainbow the prisms of the sun, sent ghts back several times them again.

neets, birds' eggs, birds ea, fish in their curious col- of many lands and many things having to do with ice of ages, are all gathered ne of them in lifelike poe- d poses. The historical hall great collection of relics from an days to the present in the

f the most striking and one that of a large and authen- tion of branding irons which r indelible stamp on cattle, and sheep that roamed the countless thousands two and erations ago. Photographs ioneers of Southern Califor- ings of some of the distin- men of early days, many unhold utensils, firearms and apone are resting securely in

ection of forty pieces of Inca- guaranteed genuine by the of the Museum of Lima.

PURE HIGH GRADE



tures in your home.

"Standard" LORNA LAVATORY

JAMES W. HELLMAN



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"He nodded silently.

"Then, why hesitate?"

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## SETOPS

For a minute or two then died away with a few vicious pops; I had all forgotten that it was a gala day.

IT WAS dusk when we finished our simple meal. If the heat of the day had been stifling, now that it was night, and the brightness of glass out of the air, the oppression of gloom was terrible; the low ceiling pressed upon us, the close walls hemmed us in.

"Let us go out upon the roof," said, "at least there will be some about us; it will not seem like a sepulchre." We climbed a wobbly ladder that led up out of a dusty closet and which ended against a heavy trap-door that fitted down over a coaming. I lifted the trap-door, and we stepped out amongst the chimneys and pots on to the flat roof. It was a cool relief; but for the first time we were great, free breaths. There was a tone of vastness and freedom about it all that made us give little gasps of relief; it made us feel like stretching our limbs as if they had been cramped down in cramped positions. From the black river there came a distant smell and a soft lapping, swishing sound which somehow made the cooler. We congratulated each other—laughed again.

Of the ten houses that once formed our row, the northern five had been torn down to give place to the bridge; Jocelyn and I were the tenants of the middle house that remained; the two between us and the bridge were condemned and vacant; the next house to us on the south was but lately vacated, and the house on the corner owned by people in more prosperous circumstances than most of their neighbors—closed for the summer. There was not a more lonely row in all the city.

An unwanted silence blessed the place, a silence that could not be disturbed by fire-crackers which were mere fantasy of noise after the less clatter kept up night and day

the bridge-workers, whose rivetings and sledge hammerings, whose shrieking of hole-machines and the pantings of whose donkey-engines filled the house with one long torment of sound. To those who could go, it became unbearable; to us who must stay, be contented; to us the cheap rents which it made, the noise was both blessing and curse.

It was quite dark now; from Jersey a great, black blanket of cloud was creeping imperceptibly nearer; above it was clear sky, blue-black and thick, studded with stars; there was no moon.

IT WAS so dark that I could not see my wife half distinctly enough; to me she was very beautiful. On this night she was wearing a clinging dress of white china-silk that gleamed lustre; from above its yellowed collar her round full face rose whiter than the dress; her sleeves came only to the elbows and from there fell in long hanging lines almost to the ground. Her celestial robe I called it. She had done her hair, childlike, in some simple knot on the top of her head, the curve of the neck nestled against the shoulder as I leant against the chimney.

The whole city seemed to be awakening from a stupor. From the side of the street we could hear the confused noise of many voices; the crackle of the chimneys increased tenfold; cheap voices soared up all about us,—once a stick struck the end roof with a sharp thud that made us both start; there was the glare of red-fire in near chimneys, and from a spray of sparks a Roman-candle balls burst leisurely out over the river. I watched in pleased silence.

"Why do you not smoke?" Jocelyn asked suddenly.

"Because my tobacco is all down in the room. Beloved, and I am too lazy. I don't go for it," I said.

"To get it," she commanded, "I like the smell of pipe smoke in the open air."

"Wait for me then, if I must go," I said.

"To the end of time," she mocked.

There have been gone quite a long time for I could not find the pouch. I went to the foot of the ladder called, but she did not hear, and I then climb the ladder—difficult with but my one arm—I went and searched anew. At last I was fired up, and climbed to the roof.

"Where are you?" I called, "where are you?"

"I am not there."

For the smallest part of a minute I thought it was play, that she had come from me, was crouching behind one of the many chimneys and was suddenly spring out and give a shout at which I must pretend to be alarmed; I grinned to myself. But in an instant I thought was gone and there came a momentary premonition of an evil.

"This child's play, Jocelyn," I thought, "I am not so easily frightened."

I called softly: "Forgive me, I am nervous, that is all." She hid behind any of the chimneys; I had known that. I went over the low coping that separated us from the roof adjoining.

I searched with quick dartings of my chimney to chimney—not as I had known. There were no signs to search over; but the thought that had tortured me from that could no longer be kept down.

I stood to the front of the roof and then stood for an instant straight out; then, sickening, I looked down. The corner glowed brightly, and I could see the entire length of the row; not

The small courts at the back of each house were separated one from the other by high board fences which threw each court into shadow; I looked down into each one, and saw nothing; had she been there I could instantly have seen the white dress even in the gloom. Thanks be to God, she was not there! And then, weak and spent, I slowly went down into the house and dully searched through each of the bare, re-echoing rooms—often holding the match until it burnt itself out against my finger, and at the time feeling no pain. I climbed to the roof again and sat there a long time, stupefied, deadened by a loss that seemed so impossible to have occurred.

Once I started to my feet and ran heavily over the housetops, looking stupidly behind the chimneys of the other houses where I had not searched before—not there. Back on my own roof again, I stumbled against the trap-door that stood up on its own edge, and it clattered down into place over the hatchway; I stared at it for an instant, and then went to a chimney and sank down against it.

A drop of rain spattered on my upturned face; I became dimly conscious of distant rumbling thunder, that the stars had disappeared, and for a moment I was aware of the hot, dead hush that precedes the breaking of a storm. Then I forgot it all, and went on with my own heavy thoughts.

VOICES of children in the little street between the house fronts and the iron fence, rose shrill and angry; the children were discharging their fireworks out over the river; now they were quarreling together because of the coming storm, some wishing to fire all the remainder at once, and to go home, the others, to save them to shoot one at a time when the storm was done. Scarce knowing what I did I walked to the edge of the roof and stood watching them; the quarrel was suddenly ended by two little boys snatching the largest rocket and running away with it; the other children chased them for a little distance and then returned; there was a salvo of half a dozen rockets, and then the children ran for home through the now pelting rain.

The shower of sparks drifted down upon the house-tops and I idly watched them strike and swiftly die—all but one, which lay upon the end roof and glowed with a steady unwavering light. Mechanically I crossed the intervening roofs, and raised my foot to stamp it out; it was not a spark, it was a tiny point of light that came from a small rent in a tarpaulin that covered a skylight in the condemned and vacant house. In an instant I had stooped and torn the hole larger. All my lethargy was gone; here was hope. At first I could see nothing, for the skylight was over a mere air-shaft; but I tore the hole still larger, and then through a small window that looked out upon the air-shaft from the second floor, I caught a glimpse of a room that seemed filled with people who appeared greatly excited; the sound of their voices came to me through the glass in a confused, indistinguishable hum; they were moving restlessly about and constantly crossed my narrow field of vision.

Almost at my first glance I had seen the old woman with the pearl necklace and the black bag; she was wearing a brass circle around her forehead—the insignia of the Nineteenth Phase. I could not see the man with whom she had gone away, but I was certain that he was somewhere near. Also, I knew, by some strange subconscious power, that Jocelyn was there.

I tore the tarpaulin in a dozen places trying to get a better view, but the skylight was so narrow that the angle was too great to allow me more than a glimpse. Nor could I hear; and because of the noise it would make, I dared not break the glass;

(Continued on Page 13)

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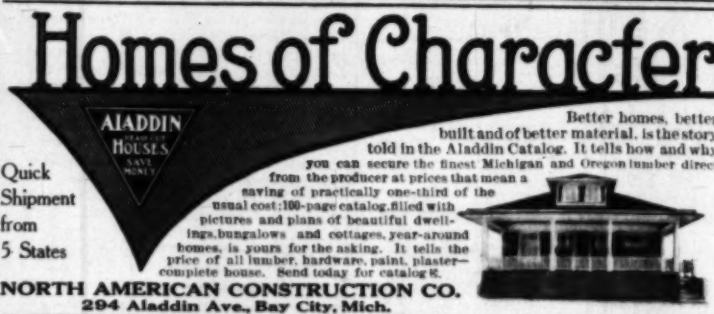
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## POLE-HUNTING AS A SPORT

(Continued from Page 5)

Then you'd smile at me, and murmur: "Close the door gently as you pass out."

"Just a moment," I would interpose, "your name was mentioned to me as that of a husky, strong young man, but now that I get a good look at you, I hardly think you'll do. It's a proposition that calls for the greatest possible endurance of the most terrific hardships ever known. By the way, what is your chest measurement? How are your biceps?" And you'd swell your bosom till your shirt creaked, and contract your arm-muscles till they were like iron.

I'd almost have to fight you to keep you out of it, and, at that, you'd never get over your regret. You see, this proposition is n't Business, that cold-hearted, calculating thing; it is n't Science, that cool-headed, calculating thing, with the additional disadvantage of being high-brow; it's something immeasurably superior to them both, it's Sport. Any man that's half a man will feel a chord in his bosom vibrating in response to my appeal: any man that's half a man. A whole man, one whose judgment has grown in due proportion with his years—why, then, of course, it's different.

Self-preservation may be, as some declare, the first law of nature; but self destruction is certainly a close second, especially among young males. War is n't always quite convenient, but in default of that, Sport is a good substitute.

REALLY high-class Sport consists in doing something useless that there was sense in once upon a time, and doing it as well as if you reaped a



Eager to demonstrate their notion of a hair-cut

golden haven for your efforts. "Tooling a coach" is Sport, but driving an engine won't be until the locomotive is as much behind the times as a four-horse stage is nowadays. Killing a deer is Sport, but working in a slaughter-house isn't, though if the price of beef keeps going up the way it has—Now, don't begin on that.

This is why the South Pole, though just as hard to get to as the North, and just as vacant and lonesome when you get there, never had the popular appeal that the North Pole had. That is why it had to wait to be discovered till after the North Pole was all through with.

Martin Frobenius in 1591 declared that the only way left for a man to win both fame and fortune was to discover the Northwest Passage. You see, after the unbelieving Turks (con-sarn 'em!) had laid unhallowed hands upon the Holy Sepulchre and the overland terminal of the trade route to the East; after Portugal had put a crimp into any other nation's right to sail around the Cape of Good Hope, and Spain had the exclusive county rights to the West Indies, it was a ground-hog case with England to get to where

there was such a right smart trade for trade.

For a long time the wish was father to the map, and any up-and-coming Briton could show you on the map just how it was entirely possible to take a straight slant Westward from the Atlantic to the rich interior of North America in hopes of finding crack wide enough to slip through to China, thereby wagging a demand hand at Spain and Portugal, and slugging the Turk the hoarse halloo.

Cracks in the continent there and wide ones at the start, but salt water always got too fresh, they'd gone, say, just about as far as Albany. A little higher up the coast and a little higher up the coast it became apparent that if there was a Northwest Passage to India, it was navigation would open up at 10 o'clock on or about August 1st, close at four of the same day, business proposition it became cult to finance; real estate speculation in shore-front property on Bay undoubtedly would be a thing.

Not till after all that could it become a high-class sporting proposition.

Besides being what once was a deductive enterprise, but is n't a more, Sport has to be tremendously expensive. It must cost lots of money, and no one but a man should expect to get that money. But money is n't really very useful unless you dig out every dollar with your own sweat and blood.

You take a big, strong, shaggy smart young man, borne with a struggling agony that I'll never whole human race die out before I'd face it for myself, and over for one-and-twenty years, defended against that second nature that makes him just possessive, and go somewhere where he'll get his father proud of him, his own thinking the sun rises and sets, both expecting of him and his own him wonderful achievements, and life opening before him—the value money can not quite equal the Jocelyn's part.

Now, in that flowering time, break his neck at polo, trample ribs at football, rupture his boat-racing, give him quick motion at sprinting, match his endurance against the Pole's less cold—who can help thrilled with admiration for his grace so splendid?

IT'S all over now, though, I know, we're lucky to have the Poles just when we did. The king is arising which does n't care much for Joseph. I think, that the age of exploration is not the only thing that is ended. It used to be when the exclusively a man's world and place was in the home, then seen but not to be heard, then horrifying details of War were printed at large length when the world was shocked and saddened by the announcement of the tragic death of Captain. His companions, only eleven from safety, you remember reporters vainly tried to get tails. The survivors of the tion, which would have been Amundsen had reached the Pole first, refused to talk. Just like the military and the Balkans keeping the war correspondents from the front.

It's just as well not to women know too much about happens in War and Sport. They bore in struggling against sexes them. When Sarah's newspapers, it makes it harder for Abraham to live of Isaac; she gets so hard and instead of winning to should—Geemintally!

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## A SPORT

there was such a right smart class for trade.

For a long time the wish was father to the map, and any up-and-comer could show you on the globe just how it was entirely possible to take a straight slant Westward across the Atlantic to the rich Orient. Expedition after expedition was dispatched against the continent of North America in hopes of finding a crack wide enough to slip through to China, thereby wagging a dagger at Spain and Portugal, and giving the Turk the horse-bah-ha.

Cracks in the continent there were and wide ones at the start, but the salt water always got too fresh, when they'd come, say, just about as far as Albany. A little higher up the coast, and a little higher up it went until it became apparent that if there was a Northwest Passage to India at all, navigation would open up at three o'clock on or about August 15 and close at four of the same day. As a business proposition it became a cult to finance; real estate speculation in shore-front property on Hudson undoubtedly would be a treat.

Not till after all that could Polaris become a high-class sporting event.

Besides being what once was a productive enterprise, but isn't any more, Sport has to be tremendous, expensive. It must cost lots and lots of money, and no one but a fellow should expect to get that money back. But money isn't really very much unless you dig out every dollar of it with your own sweat and groans.

You take a big, strong, healthy, smart young man, borne with a struggling agony that I'd see the whole human race die out entirely before I'd face it for myself; wash over for one-and-twenty years, and defend against that second law of nature that makes him just possessed somewhere where he'll get killed, his father proud of him, his mother thinking the sun rises and sets in his both expecting of him and hoping in him wonderful achievements in life opening before him—there's value money can not quite express.

Now, in that flowering moment, break his neck at polo, trample in ribs at football, rupture his heart, boat-racing, give him quick consumption at sprinting, match his endurance against the Pole's relentless cold—who can help but be thrilled with admiration for endurance so splendid?

IT'S all over now, though. And, I know, we're lucky to have him. The Poles is arising which does not care much for Joseph. I see signs, think, that the age of exploration is not the only thing that is nearing end. It used to be when this was glusively a man's world and some place was in the home, there is seen but not to be heard, that all horrifying details of War and the world were printed at large length, when the world was shocked and saddened by the announcement of the tragic death of Captain Scott's companions, only eleven from safety, you remember that reporters vainly tried to get the tails. The survivors of that expedition, which would have been sure if it had succeeded, but Amundsen had reached the Pole first, refused to talk. It was just like the military authorities the Balkans keeping the war correspondents from the front.

It's just as well not to let women know too much about it happens in War and Sport to the boys in struggling agony. It seizes them. When Sarah reads newspapers, it makes it that harder for Abraham to sacrifice the life of Isaac; she gets so nervous. If she should spell it different and instead of winning to the should—Geemintally!

There was such a right smart class for trade. For a long time the wish was father to the map, and any up-and-comer could show you on the globe just how it was entirely possible to take a straight slant Westward across the Atlantic to the rich Orient. Expedition after expedition was dispatched against the continent of North America in hopes of finding a crack wide enough to slip through to China, thereby wagging a dagger at Spain and Portugal, and giving the Turk the horse-bah-ha.

## A Lucifer of the Housetops

(Continued from Page 11)

but at last I discovered a pane from which there was one small corner broken, and at the next crash of thunder I saw up the pane, and a babble of sound poured out; at the same instant I saw the whole interior of the room—and Jocelyn.

Because the broken pane was on the same side of the air-shaft as the window, I could not see into the room, but directly across the shaft was another window, closed, of an unobstructed room; it was as though I looked upon a mirror! The reflected image that I saw was bare except for a small table, one chair, and the paragon of a charlatan; on the table stood the crystal-ball upon a plush cushion, rolled and unrolled and crushed by books and divining rods, and supported by a dilapidated skull; at the corner of the table a battered tin canister sent up a reek of pale

the tallow-faced man, clothed in evening dress, was bending over the crystal-ball; Jocelyn, her head bowed and hands clasped behind her back was toward me, but I could not see her face. At the other side of the room there huddled a small group of a dozen or more people, several were flat chested, looking men, the rest, women.

The man at the table began to talk solemnly, swinging his arms about as he had worked himself into a trance, as reflected by the dirty window pane, it was all pantomime—the distorted, distorted pantomime. The man on the sky and the thunder of the rain on the roofs drowned the sound of his shoutings, so that, strain as I might, I could scarce hear one word of his. The rain drove down in torrents that made white, opaque walls of water on the housetops into pale curtains. It beat me down as by a great weight, and took my breath from my lungs, and confused my head so that I could not think what I should do. I could not leave till I knew what was Jocelyn's part; they might take away before I could get into the

rain began to fall more steadily in a monotone roar above which I could distinguish more of what was said. Several embraced a new religion; I gathered; a quack mixture of star-worship, mystic rites and charms; a religion of amulets, talismans, cheaply done and heavily entangled. The tallow-faced man was their Prophet—and he was "Money." I heard that he was the richest of all. This was evidence of the crucial moment for the man; he had led these weaklings to this final feeling and he had led them to this; now they had taken to him and had rudely turned against him. He had overated their credulity, he had led them to the quick, and now they were stung into doubts. Was he a prophet? He must prove it. He would give them their all. He demanded a sign, any sign, that he could prove him.

He pointed to Jocelyn, who was like some spirit in the trailing, white robe, and I strained to see what he would say; but there came a crash of thunder that seemed to shake down again like whips, and I could only hear something about "this answer." It seemed to the worshippers as much as to me; they had drawn closer to the Prophet and sullen; they shook their heads—his Sign was about to come. The old woman of the Nineteenth century suddenly stepped out from the crowd and pointed an accusing finger at the Prophet; I could hear the shrill cry of her voice, but not the words; she was telling them

that his Sign was only the girl from next door—she knew! The Prophet, as if to confirm his statement, pointed dramatically to the crystal ball; they all shouted, "NO"—I heard that; the old tricks were played out. He paused for a moment, irresolute; there was a baffled look in his face; a wit's-end struggle for the next move. He flung up his hand, and they gave him a reluctant silence. I do not think that he knew then what he should do; for he did not speak at all, but turned his back to them so that he faced Jocelyn—and me—and stared in desperate abstraction, unconscious that he was staring straight into her eyes.

Suddenly I saw his jaw drop in surprise, and then his face lit up with an expression of relief and of evil joy. Instantly his old time mask-look came back, the eyes stared cold, fixed; imperceptibly he bent his body and thrust forward his face closer, closer to Jocelyn, all the time making queer, delicate wavings with his hands and fingers, which were hidden by his body from the worshippers behind him.

I could not comprehend, not until I saw him move one hand as if softly beating time, saw Jocelyn's lithe body sway and follow the rhythm of his motions, saw in distorted reflection the smile of triumph on his round face; only then did I realize that he had hypnotized, mesmerized my wife to do, I knew not what; I sprang to my feet with a cry of fear.

As I raced across the roof toward the hatchway, there came a flash of lightning that blinded me and I tripped over one of the low stone copings and fell, and scrambled to my feet again and ran on. Not until I reached the trap-door and stooped to raise it did I realize that my only arm was broken, and that I was trapped and absolutely helpless.

And then I raged up and down the roofs and screamed in my utter helplessness to lift my hand to save my wife from harm. I rushed to the end of the row next the street, and shouted and only the thunder answered me, and I raged and roared against the louder voice of the thunder; but from the empty streets there came no help, no sound from fellow men. And then, dizzy with pain I ran back again to the trap-door; it fitted down over the coaming of the hatchway like a lid on a box, and I could not kick it aside and I could not raise one corner a hair's breadth though I got down on my knees and tore at it with my teeth. Then I fainted.

WHEN I regained consciousness the rain had ceased and the thunder was a mere mutter in the distance. I scrambled to my feet and tried in a dazed way to remember; then I stood staring from behind a chimney, in wonder at what I saw. They were upon the roof—all of them upon the roof! They knelt from the skylight to the back edge of the roof, in a long single row, black and motionless against the wet shine of the rain-washed housetop, and down and along the line, backings-step by step toward the edge, there passed the Prophet, drawing Jocelyn after him foot by foot.

It was still early in the night, not eleven o'clock, and from the little street in front of the house there came the voices of children quarreling. For an instant their shrill voices caught my ear, then were instantly forgotten.

The Prophet was very near the edge now; I stood like one who is dead. Slowly he backed away, and slowly, a few feet between them, she followed after, her long white robe trailing and her arms outstretched, like one who walks in her sleep, swaying gently from side to side to the rhythm of his slowly motioning arm. He held up his hand and she stood still.

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and that nothing else since has been found to surpass them. She knows that these oils soothe irritations.

She knows we blend them into Palmolive by our own process, which greatly increases their efficiency.

Palmolive is more than mere soap. Hard milling makes it lasting and economical. 15c a cake.



## Thousands of Folks Merely Play With Corns

They daub them with liquids. They pare off the top. They apply just a felt protection.

The corn remains, and twice a week the treatment is repeated. That's playing with a corn.

A Blue-jay plaster takes the whole corn

out—root, callous, everything.

One applies it in a jiffy, and the pain stops instantly. In 48 hours take off the plaster and lift out the loosened corn.

No pain, no soreness, no inconvenience. You simply forget the corn. When it is gone it's gone for good. That corn won't come back.

The inventor of Blue-jay spent years on corns. And now a million corns a month are taken out this way.

A In the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.  
B stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.  
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.  
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

## Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.



(329) Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.



## The Man who put the EEs in FEET

Look for This Trade-Mark Picture on the Label when buying

## ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic Powder to be shaken into the shoes for Tender, Aching, Swollen Feet. The standard remedy for the feet for a Quarter Century. 30,000 testimonials. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.



## MAKE \$10 to \$25 a Week EXTRA

DON'T be an underpaid, overworked clerk. Get out of the wage-slave's class and into the big field of business. Be successful. REALIZE the best that is in you. Show the world what you can really do. Here is your chance. The Mail order business is the greatest field today for the man of limited means to strike out for himself. Get out of the rut and MAKE \$25 to \$100 A WEEK.

We are manufacturers and market our Patented Hospital-sterilized, exclusive through our dealers. We furnish everything. Big profits, small capital. No experience. No expensive equipment. Rights at your own home, spare time, strictly F.O.B. opportunity. Write at right now for full particulars (copyright) plan, even statement and positive proof.

J. N. PEASE MFG. CO., 510 Peace Bldg., Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

"Standard" LORNA LAVATORY

W. HELLMAN

How to Albuquerque.

The police are searching for the Mexican who certainly cut three persons in a Fourth of July crowd.

PACIFIC SLOPE. The furthest annual session of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections convened yesterday at Seattle. It was welcomed by Gov. Lacey and Mayor Cotton.

At Phoenix, Ariz., yesterday, a street car

CAR FACILITIES.

Chicago Unionites in Predicament that Probably Means Permanent Loss of Job, as Country Traction Company Makes Money by Closing

RELIEF TO CHICAGO.

Ambulances Kept Busy by Men and Animals Dropping from the Heat—Drowning and Other Midsummer Calamities—Crazy Farmer

Says Father-in-Law Out of a Trouble Arose











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working these people into our national life. Of course, the means of doing this which suggests itself at once is one to which I have already referred—the public school system.

"Right here I want to compliment the ladies of Boyle Heights for getting up this celebration. It is a step in the right direction, for it helps to arouse our patriotism and that of the newcomers among us. It is a means of bringing us all together and of making us realize more than ever that though our personal interests may be far separated, we all have a common bond of destiny, and working for the best in our own locality, in our city and in our country."

#### Past and Present.

### ANCIENT RELICS IN NEW SETTING.

WONDERFUL THINGS EXHIBITED  
TO HOLIDAY CROWDS.

County Museum Opened at Exposition Park During Splendid Celebration—Many Rare Specimens Included in Collection Already Famous Among Scientists.

Appreciation of the Los Angeles County Museum of History, Science and Art was clearly defined at the formal opening of the magnificent new structure at Exposition Park yesterday when more than 10,000 persons visited it for the first time. To those who went to see what had been accomplished, the exhibits were a revelation. To those who merely dropped in for a view of the building and a little amusement there was much to marvel at and many things to bring expressions of delight and surprise. The stately and impressive dome, finished in gray marble and brown, with an illuminative and artistic colored skylight, immediately brought a realization of the worth of the undertaking. The entrance to either of the two halls which were open to visitors gave an impression of much work well done toward bringing to Southern California an institution which in its way will rival the famous Field Museum of Chicago, and others in the East.

Certainly these institutions may exceed in their present size and scope, but in the beauty and appointment of the structures that house them, they are not in advance of Los Angeles. The scientific hall, in which are located specimens of birds, beasts and fish, contains one of the most extensive collections of animals of the pleistocene age in existence, all secured from La Brea fields.

The handling of these specimens brought many exclamations from the thousands who gazed in awe at the monstrous giant ground sloth skeleton, its immense clavicle and thigh bones, its huge claws and mighty ribs, all an indication of size of this strange extinct animal that once roamed the valleys of Southern California. The mastodon, the buffaloes, sabretoothed tigers, wolves, camel and horse, all helped to delight the student as well as the layman.

A remarkably complete collection of shells, containing nearly 2000 varieties, proved conclusively that nature is the greatest exponent of the shell game. The butterfly and moth world is exhibited in a thousand specimens, some of them from the greatest collection in the world, that of Baron Rothschild. Their glorious colors, radiating the shades of the rainbow through the prisms of the sun, sent many sightseers back several times to study them again.

Birds' nests, birds' eggs, birds themselves, fish in their curious colorings, coins of many lands and many ages, and things having to do with the science of ages, are all gathered here, some of them in lifelike postures and poses. The historical hall holds a great collection of relics from the Indian days to the present, in the southwest.

One of the most striking and one typical is that of a large and authentic collection of branding irons which left their indelible stamp on cattle, horses and sheep that roamed the hills in countless thousands two and three generations ago. Photographs of the pioneers of Southern California, paintings of some of the distinguished men of early days, many small household utensils, firearms and other weapons are resting securely in the cases.

Saturday



Has  
Character

Drink

**Coca-Cola**

This is no ordinary "drink-it-just-to-be-drinking-something" beverage. Coca-Cola has distinctive, individual qualities that you will recognize. Just to look at a glass of it tells the story—bright, sparkling, clear.

Delightfully refreshing—completely thirst-quenching—absolutely wholesome. It's worth repeating.

**Delicious — Refreshing  
Thirst-Quenching**

Demand the Genuine—  
Refuse Substitutes.

Whenever  
you see an  
Arrow think  
of Coca-Cola.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

tures in your  
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"Standard"  
"LORNA" LAVATORY